

JUNE 1902

VOL XIV NO 8 M.N 164

COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES

Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and the Home Circle.

NEW YORK

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOSTON

Copyright, 1902 (Trade Mark Registered), by
W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Incorporated.



Design Copyrighted 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

COMFORT

THE KEY TO

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

It has the largest sworn circulation of any publication of any kind, anywhere.

The Only Monthly in the World

Printed in five to eight bright colors on a perfecting press, which takes the paper from rolls, prints and binds it complete.

It is regularly read by more people than any other paper or magazine in America.

Its matter is original, copyrighted and cannot be found elsewhere.

Its watchword is "Onward and Upward." It presents something new, novel and entertaining for each and every member of each and every household.

IT IS THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.

TERMS: 25c. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are entered on our books as soon as received, and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise ordered. POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is prepaid by us. CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When ordering change in address, be sure to give former as well as new address. We cannot find your name on our books unless you do. Due notice given upon expiration of subscription.

COMFORT was started and its subscription price fixed on the basis of an 8 page paper it has been voluntarily enlarged to 12, 16 and 24 pages. When more than 12 pages are now given the subscriber can consider it a gift from the publisher.

Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine, as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly at Augusta, Maine.

Boston Office, Hancock Building.

New York Office, Temple Court. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.

It is claimed that this is an age in which the reading of the Bible is entirely or almost omitted. While this may be true as a question of religious application it is no less true that as a matter of literary importance Bible reading is on the increase. A recent edition of the Bible arranges its contents in a purely literary form and classifies it as history, genealogy, prophecy, poetry and philosophy. Within the bounds of the Bible are more than sixty books, the product of different writers, produced in different ages and languages. Part of the Bible was written in Greek, part in Hebrew but there is a spiritual unity which gives the book cohesion. The literary version of the Bible prints the Psalms as poetry in rhythmic form and also gives this form to the prophetic books. New force and significance is given by this plan while more of the spiritual meaning upon which the Bible has been wont to base its demand for reading is lost.

So many humorous paragraphs have been written on the variety of uses that women make of a hair pin that the mere word "hair pin" is a text upon which to pin a smile. It has long lived the double life of a button hook and a paper cutter but at last it has attained to real dignity of existence. A famous surgeon has noted the number of practical uses to which hair pins are put and has written an article on the surgical uses of the hair pin. The hair pin when taken seriously seems to offer a compendium of possibilities. No small basis to its claim for serious recognition lies in the fact that it is almost universally present. However, the doctor suggests that the hair pin may now be added to the articles a man carries in his pocket or may even be raised to the dignity of a place in the instrument case. As a working member in the "first aid to the injured" cases, the hair pin will be seen to take first honors. It may compress a blood vessel in controlling a hemorrhage, pin on a bandage, be used as a probe, wire bones together, heated to redness may be used as a cautery. These are only a few of the uses to which this article of feminine convenience may be applied. The world will watch with amused and curious interest the passage of the hair pin from jest to earnest.

The coronation of King Edward in June will be one of the notable events of the twentieth century. One feature connected with the ceremonies of coronation week is of particular interest to Americans. The Crystal Palace of London celebrates its golden wedding. It is just fifty years ago that international expositions were inaugurated by the opening in 1852 of the Crystal Palace. The development of the idea in national and international exhibitions has revolutionized the industries of the world. Fifty years ago at this first exhibition it was evident that England led the world in the variety and extent of her manufactures. Today America claims the commercial empire as her own. The manager of the Crystal Palace has announced that the special exhibition during coronation week will consist exclusively of American products. English companies organized to manufacture and exploit American inventions will be eligible as exhibitors. There is no doubt that American manufacturers will seize this opportunity for in ordinary years over two and a half million people visit the Palace and at this time the attendance will be greatly increased. The opportunity for reaching representative men from all over the world is unequalled. This gracious compliment from the old commercial ruler of the world to her young and vigorous successor is only another illustration of the kindly feeling between England and America.



CHAPTER IV.

Rose's consternation at this discovery was very great. The cry that rose to her lips was instantly suppressed. In an instant, she had assumed the most nonchalant air.

"Pray walk in, Major Cleveland. You've come opportunely. Let me make you acquainted with Captain Fuller. A friend of my father's. A neighbor. Captain Fuller, Major Cleveland. Allow me to commend you, gentlemen, to each other's better acquaintance."

"A rebel officer!" said the major, stalking stiffly into the room, "this is really very extraordinary."

"Let me see you shake hands, gentlemen," continued Rose, "for here, you know, you must be friends. Of course, you sheathe your swords, and swear peace in the presence of a lady."

"Miss Elsworth will rebuke us," said the major, walking over and offering his hand. Armstrong took it ceremoniously.

"Now, gentlemen," said Rose, "sit down. You, major, shall have a seat upon the sofa by my side. Captain Fuller, please take the chair near you. Now, you see," said she, "I am between you, and shall prevent warfare. I here proclaim a truce. The captain, major, wants to join our ball tonight. I have promised him my hand the next after yours."

"I'm quite ready, Miss Elsworth," said he, "to laugh at a joke, but really I cannot understand."

"Why two gentlemen cannot meet under my father's roof, as his guests, and not fall to tearing each other to pieces! Is it the modern way to make war in parlors, instead of the field?"

"Strange, very strange," resumed the major, without replying to Rose, still closely scruti-

really Captain Fuller, I shall be very glad to shake hands and drink a glass of wine with you; if Captain Armstrong, you must become my prisoner."

"I have but one reply to make," answered Walter; "if you attempt to arrest me, I shall defend myself—and will escape if I can."

While these words were exchanging, Walter stood near and with his back to the window. The major stood near the center of the apartment, with a table before him. Rose, meanwhile, unobserved, had closed the door; and standing erect by a chair, with pale cheek and glittering eye, watched the progress of the scene.

At this juncture a couple of shots were heard, and suddenly a figure came bounding through the window into the room, followed almost instantaneously by two soldiers. The soldiers, surprised to find themselves in the presence of their commander, fell back and stood erect. The pursued was no less than Mr. Metcalf, the schoolmaster, who upon seeing Walter, ran up to him, exclaiming—

"Bless me, Captain Armstrong—"

"Oh, then, he is Captain Armstrong," broke in the major.

"All is lost!" said Rose, and dropped into the chair by her side.

"Eh? what?" exclaimed the poor pedagogue, a good deal confused, and with a bewildered idea of being guilty of some mischief.

"What was the cause of those shots fired now?" inquired the major.

"This fellow, sir, attempted to pass without the countersign," responded one of the men.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Metcalf, whose droll humor could not be silenced by the occasion or the presence, "you see, sir, I was just about to



A WHOLE PARTY OF SOLDIERY WITH TORCHES CAME RUSHING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE—AMONG THEM MAJOR CLEVELAND.

nizing Walter. "Your pardon, Captain Fuller, but I cannot help remarking that you closely resemble a description I have received of one Captain Armstrong."

"Dear me," said Rose, "and who is Captain Armstrong, pray?"

"A rebel, madam."

"I like him for that."

"A spy."

"But what has all this to do with Captain Fuller? I have known the captain, major, for some years, and I think you can take my word for it, he is no spy."

"Do Captain Fuller and Captain Armstrong wear the same colors?"

"All continental officers wear the same colors," said Walter.

"The same complexion, height, and—" rising, walking over to Walter and pointing to his scarf, "the same love tokens? Does Captain Fuller wear Captain Armstrong's scarf, worked with Captain Armstrong's name?"

Walter's scarf was a present from Rose, with his name embroidered upon it. Most unfortunately, neither Walter nor Rose had observed that the name was partially exposed. This discovery therefore startled, and threw them both into consternation.

"Miss Elsworth," said the major, freezing politely, "I'm under the necessity of a disagreeable duty. I am compelled to consider our truce at an end. Young sir, you are my prisoner."

The major walked to the window, but Walter drew his sword and threw himself before him.

"If you speak aloud," said Walter, "or attempt to call aid, I will strike you dead. I shall not yield without resistance. If you molest me, blood will be shed."

The major smiled, and drew a small pocket-pistol from his breast, and placed it by his side.

"I am better armed than you supposed, sir," said he; "it would be awkward for any collision to occur in the presence of a lady, and yet I shall not hesitate to do my duty. If you are

"DO YOU KNOW, THAT I WISH TO SEE YOU UNITED TO SOME ONE WHO COULD GIVE YOU THE PROTECTION WHICH ONLY A HUSBAND CAN EXTEND?"

enter to call on my friend Mr. Elsworth, to sip an afternoon glass with him, when a big-booted fellow cried out, halt. Now, sir, the idea of asking a man well in both legs to halt, is preposterous—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the major, and with a significant gesture, he motioned the men to Walter's side. They stepped up, and placed their hands on his shoulders.

"You will resign your sword now, I trust, Captain Armstrong. Resistance would be entirely useless."

"I am, indeed, your prisoner." He dropped his sword upon the floor, and folded his arms.

"I am desirous of giving you," said the major, "every opportunity to disprove your identity with Captain Armstrong. I chance to know that gentleman's handwriting. There is a desk with pen and ink. Will you stand that test?"

"I decline to do or say anything," was Walter's reply to the major's request.

Mr. Elsworth, alarmed by the shots and the confusion, now entered the room. He started back in dismay upon seeing Walter a prisoner in the hands of his guest.

"I regret to say, my dear Elsworth, that this gentleman must for a few hours remain my prisoner. I shall have to make use of one of your out-houses, sir. It is really a pity that the captain must be deprived of the dance tonight, but I will take care that his confinement shall not be severe."

"This, sir," said Rose, "is a shameful breach of hospitality. Captain Armstrong is my father's guest, no less than yourself. Every consideration of delicacy and honor requires you to consider him so."

"Miss Elsworth, I could wish you not to consider me wrong or cruel in this."

"I judge, sir, by what I see."

"You are severe."

"I am glad you find me so."

"Will you not say peace?"

"War, Major Cleveland, to the last."

"Daughter, more courtesy." "Oh! father, they may claim and bind our poor country, but they cannot find a way to chain a free woman's tongue."

Rose walked the floor with blazing eye and cheek. The major gave his command, and Walter was led away under guard. Major Cleveland had stepped into the hall, and given his orders respecting the prisoner to a subaltern. As he did so, a sudden thought seemed to flash on Rose's mind; and, upon his re-entering the room, her whole manner changed, and flinging herself upon the sofa, she burst into laughter.

"Really, Major Cleveland, this has been an absurd scene. Poor fellow! There won't be anything positively serious, will there, eh? But, don't you think, major, I made a good champion? It was really presumptuous for the fellow to come here, though. These rustic clowns thrust themselves everywhere."

Major Cleveland stared, and exclaimed—

"What, Miss Elsworth, Captain Armstrong then is nothing—"

"Nothing in the world, I assure you, but a harmless country lad. Do tell me, major, am I not a good actor?"

"Excellent!" cried he, but at a loss to know whether the previous or the present scene was acted.

"Your arm, major. There come some of the guests. I remember that my hand is for you in the first dance."

Major Cleveland offered his arm, and they left the room together.

"I really could have supposed," said the major, "that this American stood high in your esteem."

"Oh, I like him well enough. He is among the best the country affords, but that is very bad, you know."

"Then you bear me no malice?"

"Not enough to kill a gnat."

"Ah, Miss Elsworth, this assurance gives me greatest pleasure."

"Don't hurt the poor fellow though, major, I beg of you. I should be quite sorry if anything happened to him. He is a good-natured, useful neighbor enough—an unpolished jewel, papa calls him."

"The affair will prove a bagatelle, dear madam, I assure you."

"Ah, major, our social wants in this community are lamentable enough when we are obliged to content ourselves with such poor substitutes as you have seen, for all the polish and manner of London circles."

"Lamentable, indeed, Miss Elsworth."

"The war brings one boon, at least," continued the lady, "the society of gentlemen."

"Very true, indeed," was the complacent rejoinder.

The major handed her to a seat in the parlor, and begged a moment's leave from her side.

"Humph, Major Cleveland," muttered she as he walked away, "I'll so wheedle you this night you shall cry enough to a woman, even if it so happens that you have never done it to a man."

CHAPTER V.

It was very evident that Major Cleveland was completely fascinated by Rose; and from the moment of Walter's unlucky discovery our heroine exerted all her powers to render the control she had over him secure and lasting. Her power of pleasing was very great. Few men could resist the charm of her smile, or the fascination of her glance. Her spirits were fine, her wit joyous, her manner agreeable beyond description, and her beauty superior. It would have been hard if a colder man than Major Cleveland had not yielded to a combination so powerful and so rare. As for the major, he was completely overcome. He was spellbound by her side. He was enraptured, and did not attempt to conceal his rapture. Rose smiled upon him, shot glances at him from her glorious eyes; her wit played about him in one incessant stream, spirited, brilliant, glad; she tickled him with the adroitness of compliments, flattered him in a thousand ways; in short, with diplomatic skill, played her part to perfection. Bold, dazzling and daring, she conducted the intrigue and yet all the while her heart shrunk from the course. She felt, however, that Walter's only hope of safety depended upon the extent of the influence she could obtain over the English officer. To save Walter Armstrong was her resolve—she could not be scrupulous about the means.

Twilight was settling down, and while those of the guests already arrived were gathered upon the piazza or about the lawn, Rose and her admirer, by a movement which the major must have learned in his tactics, found themselves sauntering off apart from the rest through the mazy turns of the garden. They came to a bower, and the major gently urged Rose to take a seat upon a rustic bench there provided. She did so, secretly trembling, but resolved to dare all, when all was at stake.

"Do you know, that I wish to see you united to some one who could give you the protection which only a husband can extend?"

"Ah, Major Cleveland!" said Rose, sighing behind her fan and dropping her head plaintively. He took her hand.

"Miss Elsworth! Rose!" He bent over her until his cheek touched her curls and whispered, "Confide in me. I am your friend."

"I believe you, Major Cleveland. I—I really sir—I have nothing to confide."

This she said confusedly, and with agitation. "Do not be offended, Miss Elsworth. I have your interest at heart. Pardon me—but Captain Arballd—"

A little start and appearance of agitation from Rose.

"Captain Arballd, Rose, believes, or at least hopes, that he is acceptable to you. I am very deeply his friend—very deeply yours."

"It is very pleasant to hear you say so, Major Cleveland."

"Then you do look upon him with favor?"

"Alas, Major Cleveland, these wars, these wars! They separate us from those who are dearest to us—they come between us and our hearts' affections. Do they not daily threaten us with a heart widowhood?"

"Ah, Miss Elsworth, I see you are thinking of the young captain. You love him!"

"Major," exclaimed Rose, "let me beg of you one thing—let me hear you promise what I will ask you. You assure me you are my friend. Then grant me a pledge, Promise me to—to protect—"

"The captain—"

"He who is to be my husband."

"You delight me. Are you then pledged?"

"We are. His life is almost in your hands. Often you can save him from danger."

"Will you marry—"

"Yes."

"I give you the pledge then, you ask. Make him your husband, and for your sake I will defend and protect him to the extent of my power."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)



2. Countess Cassini.



1. Col. Nicholas Smith.

PORTRAITS AND PARAGRAPHS OF PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.



3. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.



4. John Dillon.



5. Miss Lotta Greenup.



6. A. R. Peacock.



7. Mrs. Conger.



8. Mrs. Wm. B. Leeds.



9. Miss Louise Fletcher.



10. Mr. James Jeffries.



11. Robert Fitzsimmons.



12. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington.



13. Santos Dumont.



14. Judge Noah Davis.

1. Not a great many years ago there were in all the newspapers, pictures of a man whom Queen Victoria had said was the handsomest man in the world—Colonel Nicholas Smith of Kentucky. He married a daughter of the famous editor, Horace Greeley, who was rich, and he flourished mightily. Then for years he was heard of no more. His pictures are again in the papers but now as old and poor and moving to prevent paying rent. His wife is dead, her fortune spent, and he and his two daughters are struggling to live.

2. During the past winter, no one in society in Washington has been so much talked about as the young Countess Cassini, niece of the Russian Ambassador. The particular thing talked about is the wonderful variety and style of hats that she wears, designing them herself. Just before Easter she celebrated her twentieth birthday by a party at which all the ladies wore headresses of the olden times.

3, 4. According to European ideas no statesmen forget their dignity and act like ruffians, except Americans, but there have been some samples of late years in Europe, quite as bad as anything we have ever had in our halls of legislation, and the latest was shown in the English House of Commons when during a discussion of Irish affairs Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, got into a wrangle with Mr. John Dillon, an Irish member, and the latter called the former a "d—liar." Dillon was suspended by a vote of two hundred and forty-eight to forty-eight.

5. Kentucky girls are famous the world over, and the last one to come into public notice is Miss Lotta Greenup, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Judge Greenup, of Paducah. Her father is making speeches in his campaign to get the nomination for Congress, and she accompanies him and at every meeting plays a number of selections on the violin, opening and closing with "Dixie."

6. One of the discomforts of being rich, when one has a family of children, is the danger of having them kidnapped and held for ransom. Recently A. R. Peacock, a multi-millionaire of Pittsburgh, Pa., gave up his fine home in that city and came to New York to escape from kidnappers who threatened to steal Mr. Peacock's three children unless he paid them \$25,000. The children were guarded by detectives in New York, and have now been placed in a school where they are under the eyes of their teachers at all hours.

7. Mrs. Conger, the wife of the American Minister at Peking, has broken all social records at the Chinese capital by giving a luncheon at which there were eleven princesses and ladies of the Chinese court and the Dowager Empress sent her greetings. This departure from the traditional Chinese exclusiveness never before occurred. Mrs. Conger was assisted by the ladies of the American Legation and the Missions.

8. Mrs. Wm. B. Leeds, wife of the President of the Rock Island R. R., and a steel magnate, has recently bought a great place near New York and will entertain lavishly this summer. Mrs. Leeds was a noted belle of Cleveland, Ohio, (Miss Worthington), and in order to marry her it is understood Mr. Leeds paid his former wife one million dollars to release him by divorce.

9. The famous Indiana author, Booth Tarkington, has recently succeeded in securing the Republican nomination for the state legislature, and it is said the suggestion to try for it came from Miss Louise Fletcher of that city, to whom it is understood he is engaged to be married. She is the model of his heroine in the novel he is now completing.

10, 11. Two of the best known prize fighters in the world are James Jeffries, present champion heavyweight, and Robert Fitzsimmons, from whom he wrested the belt. Jeffries at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., and Fitzsimmons at Bensonhurst near New York City, are now in daily training for a fight to the finish for the championship. It will occur somewhere in the West during the summer.

12. The widow of the late Collis P. Huntington, railroad magnate, has discovered that the estate, supposed to be worth seventy millions of dollars, has shrunk at least a half. It was found that Mr. Huntington had loaned two millions of dollars in small loans, mostly to women who appealed to him for help, and none of it can be recovered. His adopted daughter, Princess Hatzfeld, to whom he left a million dollars, threatened to sue and her portion was increased to six millions. Even yet the widow is not in poverty.

13. Santos Dumont, the wealthy young Brazilian who has made himself famous by his ballooning, has come to America from Paris to consult with the authorities of the St. Louis Exposition about giving aerial races during the show. He is anxious to have balloon races this summer in the United States, but thinks that

a prize of fifty thousand dollars should be offered.

14. Judge Noah Davis, who died recently in New York at the age of eighty-three, was for twenty-eight years a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, half that time its Chief Justice. William M. Tweed, the most gigantic robber of modern times, was tried and convicted before Judge Davis, as was E. S. Stokes who killed the notorious Col. Jim Fisk. Judge Davis was born in Haverhill, N. H., in 1818, Sept. 19th.

15. Twelve years ago Mr. Frank Conger, the Brooklyn millionaire, who died in Detroit in March, found in a railroad wreck a little girl two years old, lying beside her dead father, Rev. E. S. Stewart of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Conger had no children and they adopted little Oressa Stewart, who became the idol of her foster father. After Mr. Conger's death it was found that he had left six millions of dollars to Oressa. Though she has an income of \$250,000 a year, she is simple and democratic, and is very popular.

16. Queen Alexandra of England has been over to Denmark to assist at the birthday festivities of her father, King Christian. She is a dutiful daughter and fond of her father, a very nice old gentleman, though a King and father-in-law to more royalty than any man in the world. The Queen will be crowned in June.

17. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, has had charges filed against him at Peking by the Six Companies of San Francisco, with whom he is not in favor. He says the charges are made by disgruntled high-binders whose practices he condemns. Consul General Ho Yow, Wu's brother-in-law, is included in the charges.

18, 19. Edward H. Green died at Bellows Falls, Vt., his home, several weeks ago, at the age of eighty years. Though a man of means, Mr. Green was unknown except as the husband of Hetty Green, "the richest woman in the world," so called. At one time Mr. Green was doing an immense business in New York, and becoming involved, his wife came to his rescue. She was the heiress of \$9,000,000 when he married her. In her work to save him she acquired business habits which remained with her, and for many years she has been a noted figure in financial circles in New York, and no one knows how many millions she has accumulated. She is very eccentric and penurious. She opened an office at her husband's home with a corps of clerks, and remained near him during his last illness. There are two children, Edward R. H., a power in Texas Republican politics, and Sylvia, who is her mother's constant companion.

20, 21. General Miles, Commanding General of the army, has been having more trouble with President Roosevelt, and it is currently reported that he will be forced to give up his position and go on the retired list. It is also reported that the President is anxious to have his friend, General Leonard Wood, in charge of affairs in Cuba, created a Major General and put at the head of the army to succeed General Miles.

22, 23. John D. Rockefeller may be the richest man in the world, but he is not the happiest. For a long time he has had stomach trouble which has prevented his receiving proper nourishment, and all his hair has fallen out, and he has lost eyebrows and whiskers. The great strain of his enormous business has made him extremely nervous and he is now trying to get relief by letting part of the burden rest upon the shoulders of his son, John Jr., who was recently married and is a young man of ability and high character.

24. Very few serious scandals have grown out of the new relations assumed by the United States since the war with Spain, but one in Cuba involving postal officials was bad enough to count for many. However, the offenders have been brought to justice, and at the trial in Havana, C. F. W. Neely, an Indiana man, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and fined \$56,701. His associates, E. G. Rathbone, got ten years and a fine of \$35,324; and W. H. Reeves, the same time and \$35,516 fine.

25. Every rich man seems to feel the necessity of having a yacht among his various pleasure vehicles, and Mr. Frank J. Gould, of New York, aged twenty-four, who came into ten millions from his father's estate when he was twenty-one, and took to himself a wife about six months ago (Miss Helen Kelly of New York, aged eighteen), has recently launched his new yacht "Helenita," so named for his wife. Her picture herewith shows her to be a very handsome young woman, and both she and her husband are fonder of each other and the plain things than they are of society.

26. Within a very few years the game of golf has spread all over the United States and it is now one of our most popular sports. It is an ancient Scotch game. The United States Golf Association has recently elected as its President, Mr. R. H. Robertson, a New York

architect, and a good player, though not a champion.

27. During the illness of the President's son, Theodore, at the Groton school, Miss Helena Ethel Ciscle, a little twelve-year-old girl of Baltimore, Md., wrote and mailed a poem to Mr. Roosevelt which so pleased him that he sent a letter of thanks to her. It is needless to say she will cherish the letter always, even though she may become one of our great poetesses.

28. The most noted philanthropist in America, if not in the world, is Andrew Carnegie, an American born in Scotland, and beginning life as a poor boy at three dollars a week. He retired from business several years ago with over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, made in the iron business, and has been giving his money away for libraries all over the country by the millions, his last gift being ten millions to the government to establish a national scientific school at Washington. There are very many people who think Mr. Carnegie could do much better with his money than by founding libraries with it.

29. Probably the most widely-known police officer in the United States is William S. Devery, former Chief of the New York police force. And Chief Devery's fame was not creditable to him, for all kinds of charges were made against him for getting money from violators of the law. Whether the charges were true or not, he has brought himself into notice since leaving his office by buying property at auction to the value of \$377,500.

30. Our American girls are leaders among foreigners in whatever field they attempt, and the latest to appear at the front is Miss Ann West Shaw, a St. Louis girl of twenty, who has secured an order to paint a portrait of the Queen of England. Miss Shaw, though so young, has painted the portraits of many notable English women, and this portrait of the Queen will crown her ambition. She inherits her talent, being a grandniece of Benjamin West, one of the greatest of American painters.

31. No song written in the United States is better known than "Ben Bolt," which was given a new life and popularity by the novel "Tribby." But not so many persons know who its author was. The words were written by Dr. Thomas Dunn English in 1843, the music by Nelson Kneass, a German American. Dr. English died at his home in Newark, N. J., in April, aged 83. He was born in Pennsylvania. He left a son and two daughters. He had been a writer, journalist, member of the New Jersey Legislature and a member of Congress. He did not like to be known as the author of "Ben Bolt."

32. Cecil Rhodes, called "the uncrowned King of South Africa" died recently near Cape Town after a long illness. He was but 48 years old and a bachelor. He was born in England, the son of a clergyman, and went to Africa with his brother at the age of sixteen, for his health. They mined for diamonds and Cecil was driven by a desire to obtain great wealth. He succeeded after many years in combining all the diamond mines of South Africa, and at the time of his death was supposed to be worth nearly one hundred millions of dollars. He founded Rhodesia, brought on the Boer War, and was said to be anxious to become ruler of Africa. He made many mistakes and at the last he had lost much of his power.

33, 34. The most prominent gambler in New York City, which means the Western hemisphere, is Richard Canfield, who owns a great establishment in New York, and one at Saratoga Springs, where he makes, it is said, \$200,000 in the eight weeks' summer season. His patrons are men of wealth, and recently, young Reginald Vanderbilt played for two nights in the New York "den" and lost \$138,000. The young man is at Yale College, and he has promised he will gamble no more.

35. Possibly the women readers of COMFORT are not aware that there is such a thing as the Dressmakers' Protective Association, but there is, and it recently held a meeting in New York. Its president is Miss Elizabeth White. Members from all parts of the country discussed all kinds of women's wear and how to protect themselves in making it and getting pay for their work, and other troubles they have in their business. The session was held in the midst of a fine display of Paris gowns, hats and other finery.

36. Occasionally we have an American who deserts his country and swears allegiance to some other, but it does not happen often. This country is good enough for most of us. The latest deserter is C. W. Lynde, a millionaire living on Long Island, near New York City, whose ancestors came over in 1660. Mr. Lynde's wife got a divorce and \$50,000 from him, which hurt his feelings so much that he vowed he would not live in such an unjust country, so he has sold all his property and will become a British subject.



24. C. F. W. Neely.



25. Mrs. Frank J. Gould.



26. Mr. R. H. Robertson.



27. Miss Helena E. Ciscle.



28. Andrew Carnegie.



29. W. S. Devery.



30. Miss Shaw.



31. Dr. Thomas Dunn English.



32. Cecil Rhodes.



33. Richard Canfield.



34. Reginald Vanderbilt.



35. Miss Elizabeth White.



36. C. W. Lynde.



15. Oressa Stewart.



16. Queen Alexandra.



17. Wu Ting Fang.



18. Edward H. Green.



19. Hetty Green.



20. General Miles.



21. Gen. Leonard Wood.



22. J. D. Rockefeller.



23. J. D. Rockefeller.



THE HOME WORKERS OF COMFORT.

Modern Lace-Making.

LACE is made the world over, it is a very old art, one that has flourished for centuries and then waned only to be revived again. More than one million people in Europe earn their living by their needles. In Belgium alone there are nine hundred lace schools. Of all valuable collections of lace, Pope Leo, who has always encouraged the art, owns probably the most notable in the world, its value approximating a million dollars.

European laces are always very expensive on this side of the water, only a few can afford to buy the quantity which Fashion now demands. The vogue for lace in an endless variety of dainty dress accessories, such as neckties, turn-over collars, yokes, jackets, vests, handkerchiefs, lapels and revers is now at its height. It is being used more extensively for all kinds of ornamentation than ever before, and our women are just beginning to realize the possibilities of this line of decoration, and with realization comes the desire to learn to make it as thoroughly as possible. With many it is simply pastime or rest work, and as the work proceeds slowly the temptation is to hurry or slight it, but each little stitch must be put in faithfully or the finished piece will only be a disappointment.

For the benefit of those of our readers who wish to take up lace-making and have had no instruction, we give a number of illustrations showing plainly how the simpler stitches are put in, then we also present a few practical and simple designs, for more advanced workers, which will add a touch of daintiness to any gown. The designs used for our illustrations are both varied and pleasing and the woman would be difficult to suit who does not find one or more to meet her needs.

It may be well to give a few hints on lace making in general. It is such a delightful occupation that a skilled work-woman wonders how any one can hurry through such a pleasant task bestowing neither care nor pains.

A beginner should choose patterns in which the stitches are often repeated as they are easier to manage than where the stitches change. In this way one learns thoroughly and after making a few of each, the work becomes mechanical and goes easily on. Once master a stitch and it is not soon forgotten. The main essential in lace-making by amateurs are thoroughness and neatness. Beautiful edgings which are almost impossible to wear out, can easily be made and are good practice before more complicated designs are undertaken. The braids most generally used in this work are Honiton, Russian, Duchesse, Italian, Marie Antoinette etc., and can now be purchased at any store where materials for fancy work are sold.

After selecting your cambric pattern baste it onto a piece of oilcloth to keep it firm and smooth. In doing this take small back stitches in the open edge of the braid and on the outer edge of all curves. This keeps the extreme edge of the braid exactly and securely in place and prevents it from curling up.

In basting on the braid, knots and fastenings should be left on the under side of the pattern as otherwise they greatly interfere with the work. Some lace workers use the hoop in putting in the filling-in stitches and the work is usually smoother when it is employed.

Whip the inside of all curves of the braid and draw it up smoothly before sewing it on the pattern. In making the filling in stitches the eye of the needle should pass through the work first, the point resting upon the thimble. This avoids splitting the thread.

Directions for making some of the most popular and simple stitches.

Figure 1 shows the simple Point de Bruxelles, which is formed with successive rows of buttonholes. Start on the left of space in upper corner and make a loop across the work; return by making a loose buttonhole into first loop, forming two loops. For each row fill every loop of the row just made with a loose buttonhole. For filling in where heavier work is desirable, put two stitches in each loop instead of one.

Figure 2 shows the Spinning Wheel Rosette, which is made of twisted threads which cross in the center. The working thread is carried around the circle and drawn firmly into place, after which the needle is passed under the first and over the second of these threads where they join in the center, and is drawn tight, and close, to form the star.

Figure 3 shows the Maltese Cross in the center. To make this, cross the space with two threads at right angles to each other; knot and add another line on each side of these, radiating from the center; proceed with under and over stitch until the four arms are of equal size.

On either side we illustrate the Point de Bruxelles, made with both single and double buttonhole, described above.

The center loop is filled in with the Cobweb. Cross the space with four threads, then circle

around twice, securing to each thread with loop stitch, cover with buttonholing.

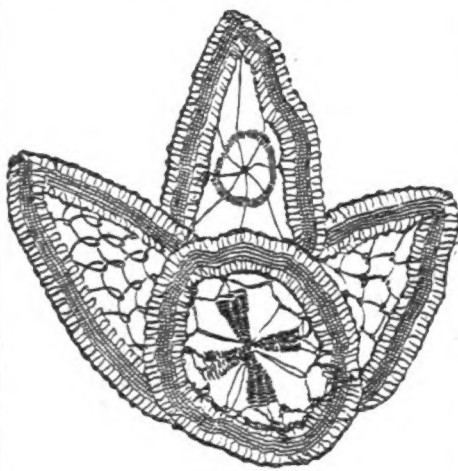


FIGURE 3.

Figure 4 shows the Point de Reprise. Begin at the left, pass the thread over one bar and under the opposite until space is filled. Pass to the corner of the next and repeat.



FIGURE 4.

Figure 5 shows Point de Angleterre. Fill the space with single thread at equal distances apart and in one direction after which cross the threads in the opposite direction and pass the needle over and under the lines in alternation. Be careful that the last thread is fastened well to the edge and twisted over with the needle to where the first lines cross; then work around the cross six or eight times and pass the needle over and under to make a spot over the thread to the next cross, twist again and repeat. Continue until all the spots are made over the spaces.

Figure 6 shows a combination of the Ladder Stitch, Point de Angleterre, Skeleton Spider and Point de Reprise.

Each of these are described above excepting the Ladder Stitch which is shown in the center

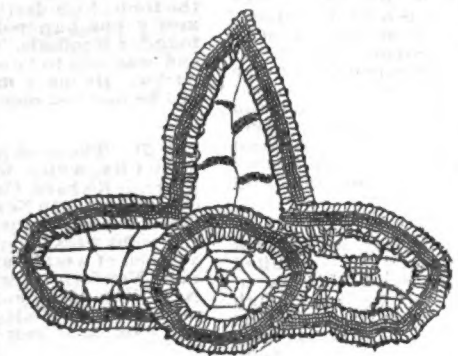


FIGURE 6.

loop. For this start the thread near the apex of the braid laid in leaf design, on the inner sides; cross to the other side at an angle, buttonhole half way back, then cross half way with single thread on an angle, and buttonhole half way back. Repeat until space is filled.

Patterns We Furnish.

In addition to the patterns described above we illustrate and describe a series of Battenburg style designs below, which as you will notice, we have arranged with the manufacturer to furnish free to our subscribers and club getters, stamped on pink linen. The whole lot and several patterns not here illustrated, come stamped on one large piece 18x24 inches in size, containing over four hundred square inches of material. This set of stamped patterns will be furnished by itself, or we will supply material enough to work several of the patterns, as per our club offer, further on, and as before stated all patterns here illustrated, come stamped on pink linen or cambric and this paper can furnish them without cost to all subscribers who will take the trouble to secure only one new 10c. trial six months' subscriber. Besides the patterns illustrated, we also furnish several other decorative articles stamped on the same sheet and included free in above offer.

One of the newest effects in lace is the handsome yokes, which can be worn either with low neck toilettes or as an addition to different

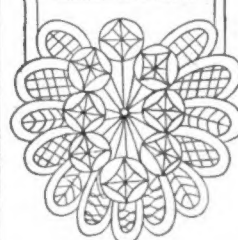
waists. The beauty of the one here depicted



DESCRIPTION OF THE DIFFERENT PATTERNS.

lies in the many graceful curves and the cobweb-like stitching.

4 1/2 INCH
LARGE TIE END.



If the pattern is copied accurately the result will be a yoke about 12 inches in width, more nearly resembling real lace than those of a still more complicated design.

Plain Point lace braid is here used, the background being formed of the different stitches. A handsome yoke can be made by using the cream braid in either

fine or coarse quality as preferred.

THE TIE ENDS.

The tie ends for a scarf of lawn or net are very handsome and fashionable and if made well will stand frequent laundering.

The 4 1-2 inch design is more elaborate, the beauty lying mostly in the stitches.

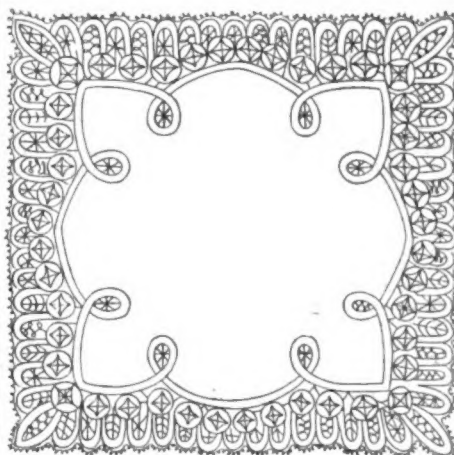
Plain Point lace braid is employed in either white or cream. The smaller design, which is three inches wide, is developed with a fine Honiton braid and any of the simpler stitches are suitable.

SMALL
TIE END.



THE HANDKERCHIEF.

The handkerchief is a very pretty and popular design and requires plain Point lace braid



HANDKERCHIEF 9 INCHES SQUARE OR 81 SQUARE INCHES OF PINK LINEN.

and fine pearling for the finish. The stitches employed are carefully and accurately marked on our designs and selected as those most likely to add to its beauty; the worker, however, if a beginner may employ a simpler stitch to suit her own taste, as long as the outline of the braid given in the pattern is carefully followed, the beauty of the piece will not be marred. For the center a delicate sheer lawn is used.

BABY'S CAP.

The infant's cap is a very dainty design of Princess lace and is made throughout with fine

plain Point lace braid, the stitches used are simple and the leaf effects are finished with tiny hand-made rings. No pearling is used as in the other designs, the outer edge being worked with the braid which gives a durable as well as a very handsome finish to the cap.

COLLAR AND CUFFS.

The collar and cuff designs are especially effective and handsome and may be made in cream or white. The collar is in the new French shape and closes in the back. It is made of fine



BABY'S CAP 6 1-2 INCH.

12 INCH COLLAR.

Point lace braid and finished with a little pearling. Any of the simpler stitches will work in prettily.



5 INCH CUFF.

There is no reason why any woman should not become proficient at this work if she has enough patience.

Not how much but how well, must be the motto, to succeed.

In order that our subscribers can easily secure enough materials to go with some of these patterns and do the Battenburg lace work without going to any cash outlay we make you this special club offer for outfit.

To furnish material for the above patterns free we make the following offer: Send us a club of two yearly subscribers at 25c. each and we will send all stamped patterns here illustrated and material enough to make either one of the tie ends or enough for collar and cuffs as desired.

For a club of three at 25c. each, 75c. in all, we will send material to make either the lace dress yoke, or handkerchief or baby's cap, including all patterns as described. The material consists of braid, pearling, Columbia ball thread No. 300, covered rings, etc. as necessary for each pattern. Be sure and state which designs you want material for in sending in your club. If you want the complete lot of stamped patterns only, without any material, we will send all designs here illustrated, and several others besides, Free for only one new six months' trial subscription and 10c. to pay for same and address COMFORT LACE DEPT., Augusta, Maine.



for possible use during the summer are the ones that need constant attention, once a week being none too often for taking out and brushing and looking over carefully.

Closets, drawers and boxes should be cleaned now. Get an ounce of oil of cedar and apply with a small brush to all the cracks and grooves of boxes and drawers and to the tops of doors and baseboards in closets. Use only a little of the oil, as it will soil anything with which it comes in contact, but this treatment will make things moth-proof if closed at once.

Anna M. J. of Oberlin wants some ideas for using up small pieces of silk into a quilt. We illustrate two blocks of a quilt that is easily made, because the very smallest pieces can be utilized, and which is beautiful when finished on account of the opportunity for the fancy stitches which the use of small pieces necessitates. The fans in the corners are very decorative, as the small corner piece and the large quarter-circle strip are of black satin, and allow of beautiful decoration in the line of painting and embroidery. The fan shown here has orchids in purple, lily of the valley in white and green, and

the cardinal flower in the natural color in oil paints, and this combination of color on the black satin is very effective.

To make the quilt, cut pieces of cotton cloth fourteen inches square. Have as many of these as will make a quilt of the size desired. Baste one thickness of cotton batting onto each piece and then baste on your pieces of silk, being careful to turn the edges in deep enough so they won't work out with wear. Arrange your pieces of silk on all of the squares except four, which are for the corners. Make four one-fourth circles of black satin, about four inches wide and baste onto the four squares. Take your longest pieces of silk or ribbon and lay them in lengthwise strips from the inside of this piece of satin to the corner. Then baste on a piece of black satin to fit this corner, and so cover the ends of the strips, which resemble the sticks of a fan. In the remaining corner fill in with small pieces of silk.

When all the blocks are basted, work all the basted edges with fancy stitches, and embroider or paint or applique something on as many of the plain pieces of silk as you have a desire to.

It is suggested that the sticks of the fan be blind-stitched, instead of fancy stitched, as the resemblance to a fan is thus more marked. Use taste and skill in combining colors.

When all are finished, seam together carefully and line with whatever you desire. Of course silk is the richest and lightest lining. Edge with lace if possible, or with a ruffle of ribbon or silk. A silk or ribbon binding may be used if desired.

We illustrate a new table mat which will appeal to housewives who are particular about the appearance of the table and don't care for the rush mats for hot dishes.

To make the mats, cut an oblong piece of linen the size desired and embroider with a conventional design. Then cut two pieces, each half as large as the top, for the under side. Have these two pieces on the selvedge, and place the two selvedge ends across the center of under side of mat. Baste all together and work the scallop around edge through top and under side. Trim out scallop. Now you have a double mat with an opening across the center (the short way) of under side. Have a piece of



FOR EACH CORNER.

asbestos paper, which is pliable, a little smaller than the mat. Slip this between by means of the opening. When the mat needs laundering, slip out the asbestos and launder the mat same as doilies or tray cloths, and then slip the



TABLE MAT.

asbestos back inside. If there is not enough selvage on the piece of linen you are cutting from, of course the openings would have to be hemmed.

Asbestos is inexpensive and can be bought at a store where lamp shades are sold, in any size sheets required.

There is a new material on the market for entire table covers, in place of the silence cloth, called Asbestos Cloth, which does away with the necessity for table mats altogether. This can be bought in the city stores for \$2.25 a yard, and is forty-eight inches wide.

Those who are fond of old-fashioned odors will enjoy a scent bag filled with the following mixture:

Half a pound of dried lavender, an ounce each of dried thyme and mint, two teaspoons of ground cloves and caraways and an ounce of well-dried salt. Put into little silk bags and slip under the pillow.

CROCHET TERMS.

Ch, chain; sc, single crochet; dc, double crochet; tc, treble crochet; stc, short treble crochet; dte, double treble crochet; p, picot.

The pattern of Grecian lace was sent in by Miss H. S. and will be found very pretty and desirable for pillow cases, skirts or any articles needing wide trimming.

GRECIAN LACE.

Make chain 40 stitches, turn.

1st Row. Shell of 6 tc, ch 2, 2tc in 3d stitch, 1 sc in next 3d, ch 2, shell in next, ch 2, skip 2, 4 tc, in next 4 stitches, * ch 2, skip 2, 1 tc, repeat from * 3 more times; 4 tc, ch 2, skip 2, 2 shell in 3 d stitch, 1 sc in next sc, ch 2, skip 2, shell in next, ch 2, 3 tc, ch 2, 3 tc in same stitch, turn.

2nd Row. 3 tc, under 1st ch 2, ch 2, 3tc, under next, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sc in last shell,



GRECIAN LACE.

ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sc in last shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, 4 tc, on 4 tc, 2 tc under each next 4 spaces, ch 2, 4 tc on 4tc, * ch 2, shell in shell, * 1 sc in last shell, repeat from * to *, ch 3, turn.

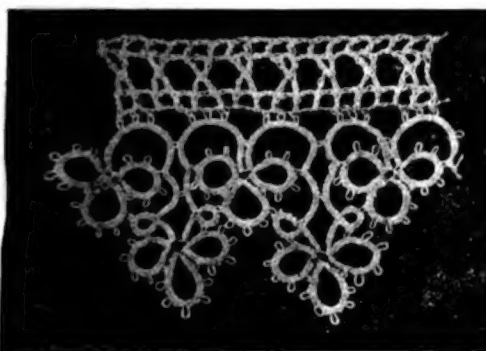
3d Row. Shell in shell, 1 sc in last shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, 4 tc on last 4 tc, ch 2, 4 tc on 4 tc, ch 2, 4 tc, ch 2, 1 tc, ch 2, 4 tc, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sc in last shell, shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tc, under ch, ch 2, 3 tc, under ch, ch 1, turn.

4th Row. 3 tc under ch, ch 2, 3 tc under ch, ch 2, 3 tc under ch, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sc in last shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, * 4 tc, ch 2, repeat 3 times from *, shell in shell, 1 sc, ch 2, shell in shell, turn.

5th Row. Shell in shell, 1 sc in last, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, 4 tc, * ch 2, 1 tc, repeat from * once, ch 2, 4 tc, ch 2, shell in shell, 1 sc in last, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tc in each space, separated by ch 2, turn.

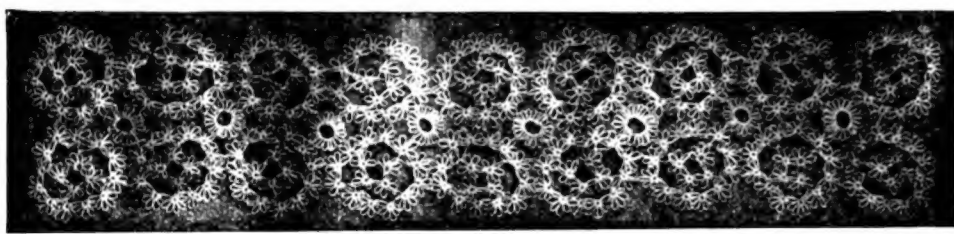
6th Row. 3 tc, ch 2, 3 tc in each space, separated by ch 2, shell in shell as before directed, ch 2, 4 tc, ch 2, 24 tr, ch 2, shell in shell as before, turn.

7th Row. Same as 1st row. Continue next six rows like the first 6. At point of 12th row work 4 tc between 2nd and 3d tc, * ch 2, 4 tc under ch, repeat from * 4 times, ch 2, finish like 6th row.



TATTED VANDYKE LACE.

This lace is easily and rapidly made and is a suitable trimming for handkerchiefs, scarf ends and many other ornamental purposes. For the clover leaf at the top make the side rings of 5d,



NO. 3 TOP FOR NEW OBLONG PIN CUSHION.

then 6p with 3 d bet. each 5d and close. The middle ring consists of 5 d 7 p, each separated by 3 d, 5 d and close. Join to the 1st ring by 1st p on the side and join 2d ring by 1st p on the other side.

After making the first clover leaf, use 2 threads and make a ch of 12 d, 3 p, each separated by 3d, 6d, then very small p, 6 d, join to center p of 2d side ring of clover leaf. Make 6 d, very small p, 6 d, now make a small ring of 5 d. Join to 6th p of middle ring in clover leaf, 5 d, 1 p, 3 d, close, ch 6 d, then another clover leaf like 1st one, joining 1st side ring by 1st p to 2d p of small ring last made. When this clover leaf is finished make ch 6 d, then small ring 3 d, join to 1st p of side ring in clover leaf, 5 d, 1 p, 5 d, close.

Make ch of 6 d, join top of opposite, ch 6 d. Reverse the work, make p, (thus bringing the p on the inside of ch), reverse again, 6 d, join top on opposite ch, 6 d, 3 p, each separated by 3 d, 6 d, very small, p, 6 d.

Make 3d clover leaf like 1st, joining 3 p of 1st side ring to the p that was made on inside of ch, and the middle ring by the 2d ptc the p of small ring. After 3d clover leaf make ch, 6 d, join to p on opposite ch, 6 d, 3 p, each separated by 3 d, 6 d, very small p, 6 d, join to middle p of side ring, 6 d, then small ring like 1st one, join it by 1st p to 6th p of middle ring, continue in this way, following directions to length desired.

For crochet heading use thread size finer than that used for tatting. Fasten in 1st p at top of chain.

1st Row. * Ch 1, fasten in next p, ch 1, fasten in next p, ch 5 fasten in next p and repeat from * to the end.

2d Row. Ch 5 * miss 2 stitches, 1 tc in next, ch 2, repeat from to end.

3d Row. Ch 5 * thread over hook twice, hook in next tc, draw thread through, then through 2 stitches on hook, thread over, insert hook in next tc, thread over and work off loops by twos ch 2, a tc, over the tc made where they meet, ch 3 and repeat from * to end.

4th Row. Same as 2d row.

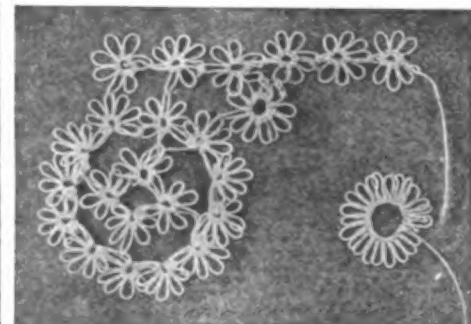
TERMS USED IN TATTING DIRECTIONS.

D, double, P, picot, ch, chain, bet. for between, S. P., short picot, L. P., long picot.

TATTING DESIGNS.

These were sent in by one of our Busy Bees, Mrs. M. H. C. This work is easy to do and also very pretty and effective. Illustration 2 is a doily and No. 3 represents top for the new oblong pin cushions, which at present are so popular. When made of fine thread and placed over a silk cushion it is very handsome; one can either finish simply with bows of ribbon on the ends, or with full ruffle of silk or Swiss.

In illustration No. 1 we have the wheel which is used in both designs. The doily consisting of 7 of these, is made by joining the picots in the manner illustrated.



WHEEL ETC., USED IN NOS. 2 AND 3.

For the pin cushion cover, it takes 18 large wheels and 8 small ones.

Directions for large wheel: Make 7 dp stitches, draw up, 1d join to 1st, 6 d, draw, repeat twice, fasten and break thread.

Now make 1 d, join to center p, make 7 d, draw, continue thus, joining every 3d one to one of the center 4. This outside row consists of 12.

The small wheels each have 22 dp stitches and are joined to large wheels by the 6th, 11th, 16th and 22d picots.

A Girl's Wit.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

"Oh, major, you make me happy. I have been tormented at the prospect of some dreadful fate befalling him. I am, major, a foolish girl—I place, perhaps absurdly, so much confidence in your ability to rescue him from many dangers—that I should like—should like—sir, let me wear this ring" (slipping one from his finger) "as a friendly pledge that you will be his guardian, his watchful protector."

"Let me kiss the ring upon your hand as a formal seal to my pledge. Your husband, while under my command shall be my special care." "Do not mention this to him, major." For my sake you will keep your pledge."

"As you wish, my dear Miss Elsworth."

The promise obtained from the major was in view of a bold and daring plan vaguely and dimly forming in her mind. Inasmuch as Captain Armstrong could only be saved by some desperate means, her quick wit had suggested the way it might be done—through the medium of the spell she held over Cleveland, and by an act which though she shrunk from performing, she yet was resolved to attempt. She had adroitly drawn a promise from the

major which left her at liberty to construe in favor of anybody she might elect. He thought it was her intention to marry Arbald—she secretly meant it for Walter, and if necessary, she was resolved by some means to clandestinely marry him that very night, if no other chance offered for his safety.

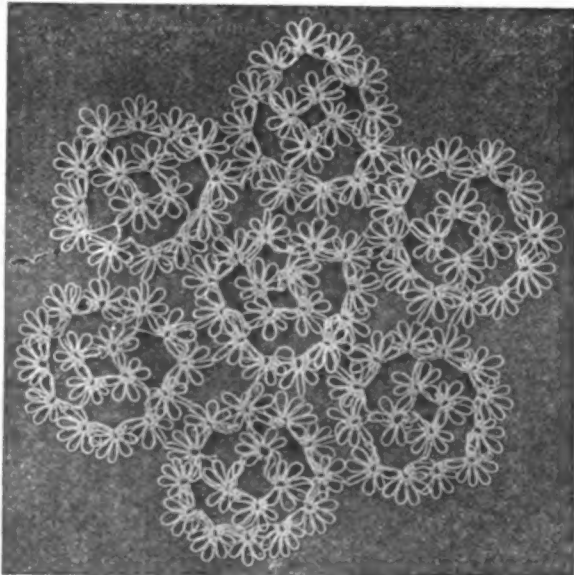
"Bold! bold! what will he think of me? It must be done. He will understand—forgive." She did not know how circumstances were to precipitate her action, and force her to a rapid decision as to her course.

After leaving the bower they walked slowly but by devious paths, towards the house. Suddenly the two young officers, Arbald and Marvin, came hurrying towards them, in some excitement of manner.

"The rebel has escaped," exclaimed Arbald. "Ha!" cried Cleveland. "What do you mean? How?"

"It is uncertain how," said Marvin. "He must be about the grounds concealed somewhere. He could not pass the guard. Put your fellows upon his track."

Rose, whose blood tingled with wild delight at the intelligence, at this moment heard the slightest possible movement in the shrubbery behind her. She gave a rapid glance and saw a form gliding away she could have sworn was that of her lover's. A cry of surprise and



NO. 2 DOILY.

terror almost escaped from her lips, and for a single instant her presence of mind forsook her. The major had, mean while, given some rapid orders to the officers.

"Hunt him out," said he; "I wouldn't lose my hold on him for the value of a dozen ordinary rebels. If necessary, set the whole regiment to work."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried Rose in great apparent consternation, as she unseen, unclasped a bracelet from her arm and flung it far over her head into the shrubbery, "gentlemen, I've lost my bracelet—a valued bracelet. Five minutes ago I had it on my arm. Major Cleveland—Captain Arbald—I beseech you to search for it. What could have become of it?"

This outbreak arrested the departure of the young officers, who had started to execute the orders of their superior.

"Gentlemen, I implore you to search for it. Major, it may have dropped in the bower. Go look for it, sir. Captain Arbald and Lieutenant Marvin, why do you stand idly there? Do you refuse to search for my jewel? I've lost my bracelet, I tell you, sirs. Is this the way you attend upon the wishes of a lady?"

"Really," broke in Cleveland, "duty—" "Don't talk to me of duty, sir. I would not lose my bracelet for the wealth of the world. A valued token from a dear friend; I swore never to part with it. I tell you I value that bracelet with my very life."

"But the escaped prisoner, Miss Elsworth," interrupted Major Cleveland, who was not willing to lose the hold he fancied he possessed upon Rose by any act of opposition to her will, while at the same time he felt himself imperatively urged to secure the escaped rebel.

"What is the prisoner to me," passionately exclaimed Rose, "what is he to my bracelet? Must I lose my bracelet for the sake of a runaway rebel—a miserable clown who may either hang or run, I care not. Some one will tread upon my bracelet. I would not lose it for worlds."

"Indeed, Miss Elsworth, I assure you—" interrupted Arbald.

"Oh, no assurance, sir," turning upon the captain like a tigress; "where is your devotion to me? Where your willingness to sacrifice everything for me, as I have heard you swear more than once? If you ever expect to come into my presence again, you must first clasp that bracelet on my arm. I will hear nothing, listen to no excuse, and if you refuse to obey me, never let me see you again."

Major Cleveland saw his great object in danger and hastened to retrieve matters.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do you remain with Miss Elsworth, and search for the missing jewel. I will myself give the necessary order for the search for the missing prisoner." He lifted his hat to Rose, and walked away.

Rose immediately dispatched the young officers in different directions, and no sooner was she unobserved than she darted into the shrubbery in the direction she had seen Walter gliding away. He was nowhere to be seen. Had he escaped? The hope was so promising, that Rose's cheeks glowed with delight. She hastened towards the outer limits of the garden nearest to the forest. In that direction, he must have effected his escape. To her consternation, as she approached, she saw a strong guard posted there. The shrubbery here was

dense, consisting of thickly tangled lilac bushes, snowballs, a few evergreen and the like. In the midst of these bushes, thickly screened in front by dense spruces, the captain lay prostrate upon the ground. Through the bushes he saw Rose and whispered her name.

The light by this time had nearly faded out of the west, but there was a full moon, riding clearly and directly above their heads. The moonlight rendered the open walks almost as bright as day, but the shadows were dense and black.

"They are searching for me with torches, Rose," whispered Walter, "and will be sure to find me. Is there no opening by which I can glide through to the forest?"

Rose looked around. Not a chance seemed to offer.

"No, Walter," said she, "but I might get you to the house. There you could effect a disguise."

"We must, at least, try it," was the reply. "I saw your bracelet trick, dear Rose, and found it for you, before I crawled away. Why it is the very one I gave, and had a kiss for once."

"Hush!" muttered Rose; "be cautious, Walter, I implore you!"

Rose and Walter succeeded in getting to the shadowed side of the house unobserved; but between the screenwork of shrubbery through which they had forced their way, an open space was to be crossed—a space in shadow, to be sure, but dangerous and exposed, nevertheless. After a consultation, they made an attempt to cross, but at an unfortunate moment. They had not run a dozen yards, before a whole party of soldiery with torches came rushing around the corner of the house—among them Major Cleveland. Walter turned and darted back, but he was seen and a rush made in the direction he disappeared. Several shots were fired, and the clamor that arose was startling. The whole scene, indeed, was wild and picturesque.

Rose stood spellbound, with palpitating heart, looking at the scene. The power to move seemed to be suspended. Her cheek looked blanched even in the darkness in which she stood. Suddenly a voice fell upon her ear, close at her side. She started, and looked up. Major Cleveland's face was bending over her shoulder.

"What am I to think, Miss Elsworth?" said he. "I find you assisting at this fellow's escape."

"Think!" exclaimed Rose, vehemently, "that I would give the world for Captain Armstrong's escape."

"Humph! That would be a useless gift. Look and see for yourself."

The major pointed to where the torches had congregated, and were swaying to and fro in the struggle of the capture. In a few moments more, a party of a dozen soldiers came crashing through the shrubbery, dragging the unfortunate Walter a prisoner in their midst.

"Great Heaven!" cried Rose, burying her face in her hands.

"How's this, Miss Elsworth?" whispered the major in her ear. She started and stared at him proudly, with all her self possession regained.

"I rejoice that we meet again," said Cleveland, lifting his hat with mock politeness to Walter, as the party came up. Walter shook off the hands that were upon him, and folded his arms in silent disdain. As he did so something glittering dropped upon the grass at his feet. A soldier picked it up, and stepped forward to present it to the major. As Cleveland received it, he started with undisguised surprise. It was the very bracelet he had seen on Rose's arm and the one she had lost, and for the discovery of which she was so clamorous.

A light broke upon the major's mind. He began to divine matters. A torch was at his elbow. He held the jewel to the flame, and read the inscription—"To Rose, From Walter." He smiled, though at heart deeply chagrined and enraged, and stepping up to Rose, extended the bracelet to her.

"I am glad, my dear Miss Elsworth, to be the means of restoring this valued token from a dear friend. Would it not be a strange coincidence if the finding of the trinket should be the means of losing the friend?"

Rose violently compressed her lips, but did not reply. The major whispered an order, and Walter was led off to his former quarters. Rose stood with tightly clasped hands her eyes following the cortege. Cleveland uttered her name in a low tone, when, starting from her reverie, she turned upon him fiercely.

"Major Cleveland, Captain Armstrong must be allowed to go free. I have your promise. I hold you to it. He must—he shall be free!"

"My promise, madam?"

"Look!" exclaimed she vehemently, holding up her hand and pointing to the ring he had given her in the bower.

"Aha! I was beginning to suspect the trick!" "Your shrewdness would have done you more credit if you had detected it before. As it is, I have your signet and your promise to save Captain Armstrong!"

"But the promise referred only to your husband."

"Captain Armstrong is my betrothed husband."

"Aye, but at present is a prisoner. You see, madam, I hold the trump card."

"Your pardon, sir, but I have the game."

"Eh! Is not the captain in my hands?"

"Before tomorrow morning he shall be in mine."

"Confound it, madam," exclaimed the major, allowing his rage to escape, "I'll keep so strict a guard upon him, a fly shall not light upon him without my knowing of it."

"Do so, and if you were argus-eyed into the bargain, I'd marry him before tomorrow morning."

"Ha, is it come to that? I'll march this hour."

"It would be too late."

"This moment, then."

"I would anticipate you." Could any one have seen the blaze and flash in Rose's eyes during this scene, he would have remembered it to his dying moment. She was superb, beautiful, grand, in the full sway of her reckless, vehement purpose.

"Madam," exclaimed the major, astounded at what appeared her audacity, "you talk idly."

"Sir, you talk without reason."

"Why, madam, I'll go to him at once, put a pistol to his head, blow his brains out—"

"And make me his widow!"

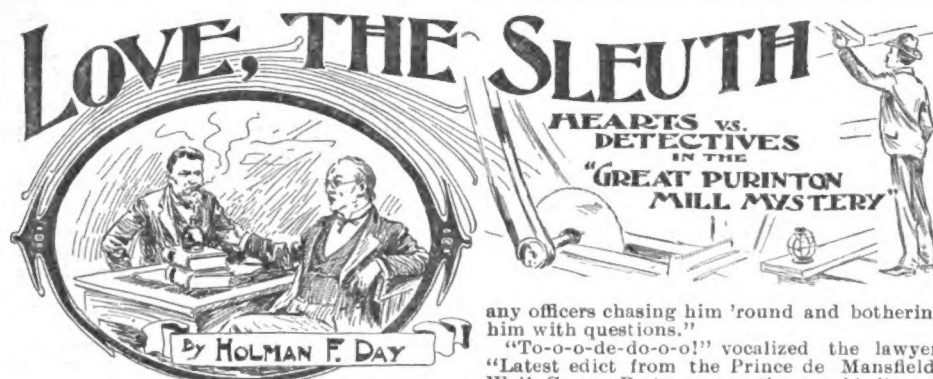
"Deuce take it, you're mad!"

"Mad, if you will, Major Cleveland. It is a struggle between us. Look to it, sir. You may be bold, valorous, cunning, but you have a woman's wit against you, so look to it."

"A challenge, Miss Elsworth?"

"A challenge, Major Cleveland!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



CHAPTER II.

The opening chapter of this intensely interesting story appeared in May Comfort. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing two cents to Comfort, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

"I COULD PUT MY FINGER ON THE MAN, BUT I WON'T."

"**W**HEW!" blew the big high sheriff of Walton county through his red whiskers. He slicked the perspiration from his forehead with his fingers.

The time was three o'clock of the afternoon following the day of the disappearance of Squire Caleb Brett of Mansfield village. The sheriff was standing in the broad doorway of the Purinton Mill. Round about the door, along the fences in the locality and in scattered knots in the upper section of the establishment were townspeople and strangers who had been attracted to the place, newspaper reporters and anxious men of affairs from distant cities, men whose business dealings with Squire Brett were left uncomfortably in the lurch by his mysterious taking-off.

The sheriff had arrived in the early dawn and had led the search. From the mill, after the old structure had been ransacked in all its parts, the quest extended to the fields, pastures and the waters. The water was drawn out of the mill's pond, the brook was searched and boats patrolled the salt water bay. Back again to the mill came the sheriff and his satellites and at the starting place he frankly avowed to the crowd standing about that he hadn't the least idea what had become of the Squire—if he were alive—or what disposition had been made of the body, if he were dead.

"Keep on hunting, boys," advised the high sheriff. "Maybe you'll dig something up, though it does seem as though we had given this place 'round here a fine-tooth goin' over. I'd stay with you but the county attorney has sent for me to come to the tavern."

The county attorney had unpacked his bag in a stuffy little bed-room at the village hotel. On top of two law books sat a fat bottle built on the same expansive model as the attorney. "Help yourself, Hiram," he said, and the sheriff prepared himself for the interview.

"Well, what have you done?" the attorney inquired briskly.

"Hunted everywhere, squire," replied the sheriff, wiping his beard with his broad handkerchief.

"Have you been all through the mill basement to see if the dirt has been disturbed?"

"Been over every square inch with lanterns."

"Not a clue, then?"

The sheriff unrolled some articles from a piece of newspaper. They were the battered beaver hat of Squire Brett and the piece of peeled orange that had been found on the top of the slab pile. "Those seem to be the only things the Squire saw fit to leave, except ye reckon in them snips of cloth sticking to the slivers in the sluice."

The two men sat for a space and looked at each other. Then the sheriff, giving the attorney a keen look, remarked:

"You've probably heard more of less of the talk that's flyin' round?"

"Sure."

"What do you think of it?"

The prosecuting attorney squinted one eye at the sheriff. "You say," he remarked enigmatically.

"Well, this is 'tween you and me and the bedpost there," the sheriff said rather hesitatingly, "and I don't want to start in jumping at conclusions or suspecting my own neighbors, as you might say, but—"

"What you mean is that at least three persons here in this town were a little too closely bunched up with the Squire along about half past ten yesterday?"

The sheriff leaned back, stretched his right leg and drew a long slab of tobacco from his trousers' pocket. "That's nigh enough to what I'm thinkin'," he replied.

"Now, Hiram, we are alone and we can talk plainly. How do you figure it? Accident or suicide or murder?"

"Old Cale Brett never committed suicide in the Lord's world," the sheriff snapped. "As to accident—wal, he might have tumbled down there, but most of us know the Squire too well to size it up that way. And then again the body was moved—hid."

"That's the singular part of it," broke in the attorney. "Supposing any one had an interest in pushing the Squire down that sluice, why didn't they push and then let well enough alone? With the body on the slab pile the accident theory would have been a hard one to disprove."

"You never can tell what the chief operator in such a case will do," said the sheriff. "There was the Walker case in Monburn. Some one killed old Gus Walker in his barn, left the pistol to indicate that the old man had done it himself and then went to the mow and took a forkful of hay and carefully dumped it over the corpse. You see you can't reckon on what a green hand at the murder business will act out."

"Has the family any suspicions?" asked the attorney.

"The women folks are too much broken up to say a word," said the sheriff. "Last night George Brett was on a toot and today he's on his high and mighty; says he don't know anything about the case, and don't want to have

any officers chasing him 'round and bothering him with questions."

"To-o-o-o-de-o-o-o!" vocalized the lawyer. "Latest edict from the Prince de Mansfield! Well, George Brett can run the grand balls over to the Corner and he can boss the bartender at the Oriental hotel and can make certain women stand around but he can't tell the officers of this county what to do."

"Well, you can make him talk when he is under oath at the coroner's inquest. That's the only way to drag evidence out of some of these suckers around here. They won't talk straight unless they are on the witness stand."

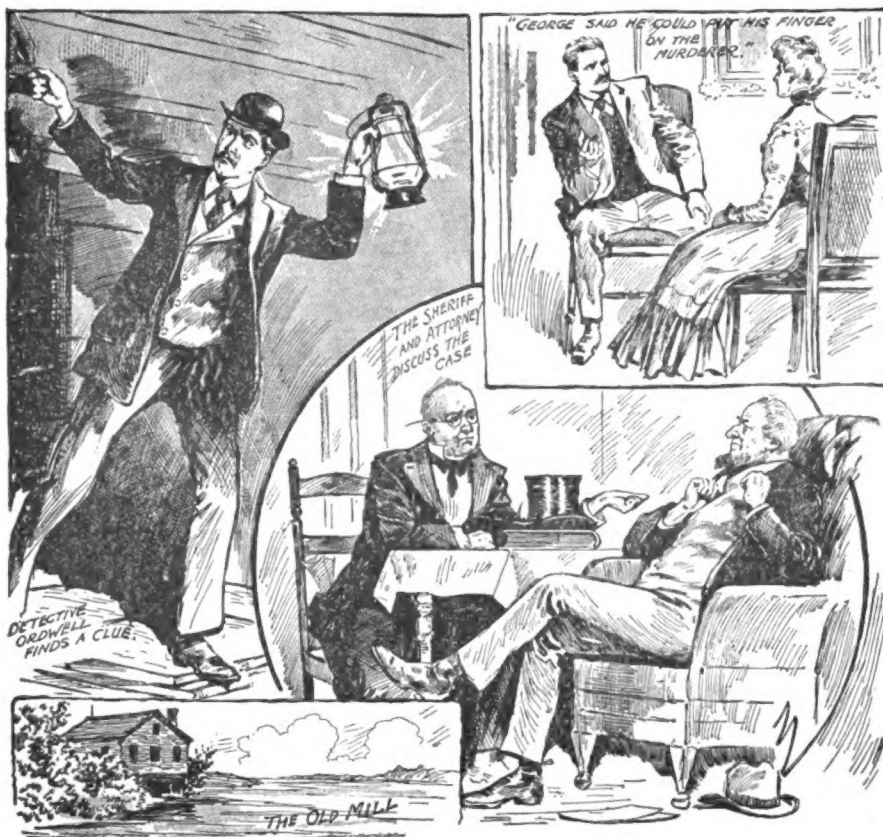
"How in Tophet are you going to call a coroner's inquest without a body to view," demanded the attorney. "We haven't proved death yet."

"That's so," murmured the sheriff, somewhat abashed. "I've got so used to thinkin' that the Squire is dead I've forgotten all about we haven't found the remains." He looked regretfully on the jammed hat and the orange. "You can't even arrest any one for murdering the old man till we prove that he's been murdered, eh?" added the sheriff.

"We can arrest if there are reasonable grounds for suspicion but there's a provision in the law regarding corpus delictum that a shrewd lawyer for the defense would be sure to take advantage of. That is, a man can't be convicted of murdering another man until some portion of the victim's body has been found."

"And hats don't count," remarked the sheriff with grim humor.

"It is one of the cases, Hiram," said the county attorney, replacing his law books and



the bottle in his bag, "where the law must be slow and sure. The only persons open to suspicion are—well, we won't mention them now. They occupy such positions in this community that the law mustn't even blow the breath of suspicion on their good fame just now. Keep at work and consult me every day."

During the next twenty-four hours these matters had been accomplished: the town of Mansfield had offered a reward of \$500, supplemented by another \$500 from the Brett family, "for any information leading to detection of the person or persons who removed the body of Caleb Brett from Purinton's mill on the 24th day of June." It was thought best not to allege foul play at first.

Within twenty-four hours, several state detectives, as these licensed constables are termed, were at work as volunteers, their expectation of recompense the reward. A dozen newspaper reporters from big city papers were skirmishing over town with equal zeal and half the people of Mansfield had constituted themselves detectives pro tem. Advised by a lawyer in a near-by city, in whose hands Mrs. Erskine and Grace had placed their affairs, Thomas Ordwell, licensed state detective, was employed by the family. Ordwell was spare and sallow and as matter of fact as a book agent. He didn't disguise the circumstance that he was a detective and he went about his work as regularly each day as though he were an apple tree agent.

He spent two days in examination of the mill and its immediate surroundings. Every time he came on the upper floor he looked at the myriad footprints in the dust about the mouth of the sluice and sighed. The whole story of the struggle, if struggle there had been, would have been clearly told in signs had he been the first man to enter that mill when the search for Squire Brett commenced, so he pondered.

On the second day of the search the detective was sitting on top of the slab pile with a lantern between his legs. He was alone and was looking about him and meditating. How and where?

He stood up and raised the lantern. The height of the slab pile lifted him close against the beams supporting the flooring. The beams were huge stringers and here and there from them projected the ends of rusty spikes. From one of these spikes he pulled a frayed remnant of cloth. 'Twas worsted. He sat down on the

slab pile and from his wallet produced one of the snips that he had pulled from a sliver in the sluice. Minute as was this fragment there was no mistaking that both pieces had come from the same weave of cloth. Therefore it might be concluded that in some way the Squire's body had come in contact with the spikes in that beam. The relative positions of sluice and beam precluded the possibility that the body could have struck the spikes in the downward rush. Was it raised afterwards and hung on these spikes for temporary concealment? The detective indulged his suspicions and reserved his conclusions.

Then day after day he proceeded on his quest for information among the people of the town. He held many conferences with the heart-broken women of the Brett family and to them as his employers explained his progress. Mrs. Erskine still hoped desperately that her father was alive. It was this hope, vain as it was, that had provoked a bitter quarrel with George Brett, one of the three heirs to the large Brett property. At first Mrs. Erskine kept the knowledge of this dispute from the detective. It was as though she were afraid to reveal her suspicions. And if suspicion had grown in her mind she was at the first unquestionably willing to sacrifice her desire for vengeance to her pride in the honor of the family.

Despite Detective Ordwell's unvarying rule to search all motives and glean all information before allowing his prejudices or opinions to get at work, he found his suspicions leaning more and more toward George Brett. He had discovered that since his uncle, the Squire, had established him in business at Mansfield Corner the young man had been leading the rapid life of "the rural sport." His affairs were in such shape that his creditors would have closed his store were it not for the fact that he would one day come into a share of the Squire's estate.

It was known to every one in town that during the few weeks before the Squire's disappearance he and his nephew had been having a bitter quarrel over the woman George wanted to marry. She was a flashy girl whose employment had been in the cloth hall of the local woolen mill. Her reputation was not of the sort to be tolerated by the Brett family and the Squire had declared that George must forsake her or be disinherited. The young man while in his cups had discussed the affair in

have tried and tried, Mr. Ordwell to drive suspicion out of my mind, but I cannot. George has been here time after time during the past few weeks and each time he demands that the estate be administered upon."

"Appears to be pretty certain that his uncle is dead, eh?" said the detective grimly.

"Isn't it horrible, Mr. Ordwell? He says he needs money badly and must have it. He vows that he will marry that girl, even though his uncle's last demand was that he should give her up. He has raved at me and threatened me until I am nigh distracted. The last time he was here he said that he had married the girl secretly some time ago. Perhaps that was why he was so persistent in fighting his uncle's wishes."

"I have found out that the marriage actually took place some time ago in New Hampshire," said the detective.

Mrs. Erskine's face grew white. "I am willing to stand by my family and kin until the last ditch," she said, "but when a member insults and disgraces the rest of us it is only fair to retaliate. There is one thing that I have not told you, Mr. Ordwell, for I hoped that the suspicion of this crime might be diverted from George—and—and others."

"If you want this case ferreted out, Mrs. Erskine, I think I ought to have your full confidence. If not—"

"I shall be party to no step to hide a crime, Mr. Ordwell. The last time George was at the house he left in a great passion because I would not hasten matters to a division of the property. On his way to his team he met Grace in the path. 'I want you,' he said 'to prevail on your mother to settle up this property matter. Uncle is dead and I won't be kept out of my money any longer!' Grace told him there was no proof of the Squire's death. 'He's dead,' George repeated, angrily. He had been drinking that day and perhaps he said things that he didn't intend to let out."

"Drunken men lie and bluff quite as often as they confess," commented the detective dryly. "But go on."

"He's dead," he repeated. "I'm sure of it for I know who killed him. I can place my finger on the man in ten minutes, my dear cousin, and if I should do so it would tear your heart into inch pieces. There are two reasons why I don't want to lead the sheriff up to the man. In the first place he did a trick that has helped me out of a tight place. I'm always grateful whatever else I am. In the second place, my dear Grace, I don't want to hurt your love affairs. I know what it is to be in love and have things go wrong. Understand, eh? But mind ye, you swing your mother into line or I'll forget that lovers ought to stand together, and I'LL PUT MY FINGER ON THE MAN THAT KILLED UNCLE BRETT!" The intensely interesting solution of this fascinating story can only be solved by at once sending your subscription to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Next month we have another dramatic story to announce, and by subscribing or renewing your subscription now either for six or twelve months, you can keep in touch with all of the good things being added to COMFORT from month to month.

Don't fail to at least take advantage of the special six months' coupon offer on another page, as all old subscriptions are now promptly removed on expiration.

HAY FEVER and ASTHMA cured to stay CURED. Book 6 FREE. Dr. Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.

CASH SALARY. Twenty dollars for a few hours' work. No canvassing. Rare opportunity either sex. Send stamp for particulars. The Oriental Rug Company, Flatbush, N. Y.

Free Pass to Washington, D. C. Send 3c. stamp. Address: E. R. Ticket Dept., National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

\$3 a Day Sure furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 464, Detroit, Mich.

PRICES REDUCED FOR 60 DAYS!

\$4.00 VAPOR BATH CABINET, \$3.25 each
\$5.00 QUAKER " " 3.50 each
\$10.00 " " " 6.10 each
\$1.00 Face and Head Steaming Attach 65c
Quality best. Guaranteed. \$2.00
FREE with all "Quakers." Write for our New Catalogue. Special 60-Day Offer. Don't miss it. Your last chance. New plan, new prices to agents, salesmen, managers. Hustlers getting rich. Wonderful sellers. Plenty territory. World Mfg. Co., 97 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Bicycles Below Cost

5000 Bicycles, overstock. For 30 days only we will sacrifice at less than actual factory prices.
New 1902 Models.
"Bellise," complete \$8.75
"Gossack," guaranteed \$9.75
"Siberian," a beauty \$10.75
"Neudorf," Road Racer, \$11.75
as fine as any made at any price.
Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. Strongest guarantee.
We SHIP ON APPROVAL C.O.D. to anyone without a cent deposit before purchase is binding.
500 good 2nd-hand wheels \$3 to \$8.
Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 25, Chicago

STEM-WIND WATCH

We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 19 packages of BLUINE at ten cents each. Bluing the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the Bluing and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the Bluing, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid.
BLUINE MFG. CO.,
Box 556, Concord Junction, Mass.
Two Million Premiums given away during the last 5 years.

TWO-STEP.

BY MARTINA MATTINGLY.

INTRODUCTION.

ff

Con spirito.

ff

ff

ff

ff

marcato il basso.

ff

ff

Copyright, 1901, by MARTINA MATTINGLY, Oxon Hill, Md.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



of his countrymen. And yet he has not lacked readers and admirers among those in the higher walks of life and those of the highest intellectual attainments.

Very few writers have attained the high de-

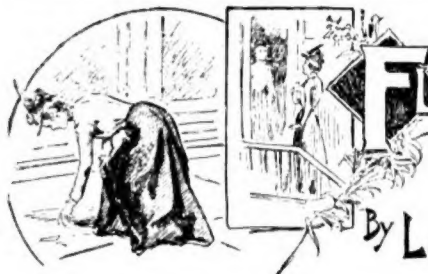
Very few writers have attained the high de-

These early efforts found many admirers and were widely copied and led to the young poet becoming regularly connected with the Indianapolis Journal. Many of his best poems have appeared in this paper and his reputation has

'He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
We often supped on dewberries,
And slept upon the hay,
And oft at eve the farmers' wives
Came out to hear us play
The dear old songs, the sweet old songs,
We could not want for long
While my man had his violin,

His poems "Knee-deep in June," "The Old Swimm'n' Hole," "Jim" and "Little Orphan Anny" are among the Hoosier poet's best dialect poems. One has only to read them to understand the secret of James Whitcomb Riley's large audiences and the hold he has on the affections of so many of his readers.

Russian lace makers are a very industrious people. They make exceedingly long days, rising at four or five in the morning, and seldom retiring before eleven or twelve at night.



FLOSSIE FIELD'S FORTUNES

The Story of a Poor Girl

By Lucy Randall COMFORT

CHAPTER I.

ARE you asleep, mother? Oh, mother, I am so sorry I disturbed you, but I'm all ready to go for the medicine and the other things!"

"Asleep? Yes—no—perhaps I might have been dozing a little, Flossie, dear." Mrs. Field sat up among her shabby sofa pillows, passing one hand dreamily across her brow. Yes, she must have been asleep, for it seemed to her that she was back in the leafy lanes of her old country home, with her dead husband walking at her side, and the scarlet foliage of the maples rustling overhead. Not much like this dreariest of tenement rooms with its worn carpet and weather-stained ceiling and the solitary window opening on a brick wall. Was it any marvel that life, also, was gray and cheerless in such surroundings as this?

Involuntarily the tears filled her eyes—but she strove to smile bravely for the sake of the daughter, who stood before the cracked mirror, adjusting her hat, a pretty, slender girl, with large blue-gray eyes fringed with thick, dark lashes and a complexion like a rose.

"I do think, mother," said Flossie Field, speaking with a hat-pin in her mouth, "that it's a positive disgrace for old Wurtemberg to give us such a glass as this, all dim and distorted, and a big crack down the middle, too! Why, it isn't fit for a second-hand shop! I mean to speak to her about it!"

"Don't, dear," pleaded Mrs. Field, apprehensively. "It is two weeks since we have paid her anything and she didn't speak to me when she passed me on the stairs this morning."

"Ill-mannered old thing," said Flossie. "I'd have made her speak. We're going to pay her, aren't we, when the money for this embroidery comes? Now, mother, am I all right?"

Involuntarily Mrs. Field's care-worn countenance turned, smiling and dimpling, towards her. It was as if a sunbeam had burst from the gray sky overhead, illuminating all the dreary room.

"But, Flossie—I wouldn't wear those scarlet quills in my hat if I were you," she hesitated. "Why not, mother?" And Flossie turned a wondering gaze to the blurred glass, then back again.

"It—it makes the hat rather showy, don't it? Where's the black ribbon bow, dear?" "Oh, mother, and they didn't cost me anything, after all," pleaded Flossie, a shade of disappointment overspreading her face. "Mrs. Joycotte gave them to me. She said they were just the color I ought to wear. I thought it would be such a pleasant surprise to you, and you don't like my poor little red feathers, after all!"

Mrs. Field sighed. In the picturesque head-gear, Flossie's bright young beauty only glowed more radiantly. It was the dimpled face, with its tendrils of beech-brown hair and liquid, dark-lashed eyes that was noticeable, not the vivid plumes. In a nun's coil, Flossie Field would have attracted equal attention.

"Shall I change them, mother?" asked the girl.

"No, keep them on, darling. After all they are pretty, and why shouldn't my little girl look as well as the others?" said Mrs. Field, striving to smile.

"I am so glad!" chirped Flossie. "I do like the red quills, and the rest of my outfit is rather shabby. If ever I am rich—"She stopped abruptly. "But, mother, do you think we shall ever be very rich?"

"No, Flossie, I don't think we ever shall," sighed Mrs. Field. "But here is Mrs. Joycotte's parcel. Don't be long. I think there is snow in the air."

Flossie stooped and left a light kiss on her mother's brow, a poor care-worn brow all traversed with fine wrinkles, and ran down stairs. Mrs. Field looked sadly after her.

"I think," she mused, "that the child grows prettier every day. 'I cannot feel easy to have her out alone in the streets; and yet what is there to fear?' Mr. Joycotte says I ought to trust more in Providence, but Mr. Joycotte has never been tried as I have. Flossie is so young and beautiful. Oh, if I could only be sure of what Heaven has in store for her!"

While poor Naomi Field fretted herself into a fever over life's possibilities, Flossie tripped lightly along the streets, carrying the needlework on which both mother and daughter had been toiling for long days—a table scarf which Mrs. Joycotte, the minister's wife, had ordered for some wealthy parishioner. It was a raw December day and the girl's poor little gray cloak was sadly insufficient to ward off the biting wind. But Flossie was young, with the blood dancing in her veins like wine, and as she walked swiftly along, she could have sung and danced through the very joy of life. How gay the streets were, how musical the rumble of carriage wheels. Oh, to be rich, to dwell in houses like these—to wear silken garments and ride in luxurious carriages, for little Flossie had a good deal of Mother Eve in her composition! A girl with a face like hers, however, could scarcely evade unpleasant observation, and more than once she nervously quickened her pace when a bold passer riveted his gaze on her bright cheeks with too evident admiration. She did not like people to stare, yet how was she to avoid it?

As she drew near the great Music Hall on Fifty Seventh Street, her quick glance perceived an oblong slip of paper lying as if it had just fallen on the gray expanse of pavement and unconsciously she stooped to pick it up. Did her eyes deceive her, or was it—yes it really was—a ticket for a concert at Carnegie Hall on that very day, a ticket for the Paderewski Matinee!

A dark blue victoria, drawn by a high-stepping horse and driven by a coachman in sober livery, had just rattled away from the curb. Possibly the ticket had been dropped by the occupant of that nest of satin-cushioned luxury, but Flossie Field saw that it was too late to restore it now, nor, to tell the truth, did she just at first think of restoring it to the rightful owner. She could only reflect on the bliss of having found it. Had she not always longed to see the inside of this Palace of Music?

Had she not yearned, with a yearning beyond description, to hear the great Paderewski? And not for a second did Flossie doubt that this ticket was her own by the primal right of discovery!

A hurried glance at the clock in a neighboring jeweler's window told her that the hour for the concert was very near, and our little heroine flew like the wind to Mrs. Joycotte's house with her parcel.

"Not at home? Well, it don't matter," said breathless Flossie. "I'll leave the scarf and call again."

The sour-faced old servant looked askance at Flossie's bright eyes and glowing cheeks as she took the bundle. This new protegee of Mrs. Joycotte's was far too pretty for her mind. Half an hour afterward Flossie found herself seated in a box on the third tier of the glittering semi-circle at Carnegie Hall, surreptitiously nibbling a bun, while her heart pulsed wildly with the haste she had made, partly, also, with triumph at finding herself in so novel and delightful a position.

"Mother will be uneasy about me," thought she, "but there was no time to tell her, and how pleased she will be when she hears of my adventure!"

But as the big hall began to fill and the huge vacant spaces became packed with brilliant humanity, Flossie Field grew uneasy.

"I wish people wouldn't stare so much," thought she as she edged behind the box-curtain. "I don't see why they are so rude."

For it never occurred to her how unlike she was to the rest of the gay throng, in her plain brown serge gown and cotton gloves, to say nothing of the dimpled freshness of her face, with its Madonna curves and long-lashed eyes.

Suddenly the doorway in the rear was darkened by a swift shadow, the curtain was lifted,



and a tall handsome man swung himself into a chair beside her.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Why it isn't Miss Vaillant at all!"

CHAPTER II.

With a surprised gasp, the young man paused a moment as if uncertain what to do.

"But here"—presenting her with a bouquet of white and mauve orchids tied with mauve satin ribbons. "This is the offering I brought for Miss Vaillant. I may as well transfer it to her substitute on the spot."

Flossie turned first red, then white, as she looked down at the exquisite things, whose like she had never seen before, save in the Broadway florists' windows.

"I—I don't understand you," she faltered. "Isn't this box 547?" said the stranger, his brilliant black eyes seeming to take in every inch of her with half amused, half wondering sparkles.

"I don't know," said Flossie. "Please take back your flowers, sir."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said the stranger. "Don't move, pray," lifting his hand. "Don't stir, or the whole thing will go to pieces like a lime-light show. I say, how did you come here, any how? Sure you're not Miss Vaillant in disguise?"

Flossie sat silent, wondering if the tall gentleman with the flashing eyes and the heavy black moustache were crazy.

"Don't be frightened," he said, his manner suddenly changing to an exquisite courtesy. "The lady I expected to meet is not here—but I've no fault to find with the present arrangement."

He stooped and, picking up the fallen orchids, laid them on her lap.

"Do you like Paderewski?" he asked.

"I don't know whether I do or not," said Flossie, while in her heart she was saying to herself: "It must have been her ticket that I found. I wonder if they can arrest me for stealing! Oh, I wish, I wish I hadn't come!"

"Who on earth can she be?" thought the handsome stranger. "And how came she here?"

Upon my word, this is the strangest adventure I ever stumbled across!"

At this instant, however, a breath of divine music stole like a spell across the silence, and as the heavenly phrases followed one another with ever-increasing volume, Flossie leaned forward with clasped hands and cheeks aflame, the young man watching her the while. At the close of the first number he spoke again.

"You are fond of music?"

The spell of the melody had freed Flossie's tongue.

"Oh, very fond!" she cried. "But, Paderewski—" She did not complete the sentence. The brown eyes shone, the cheeks were suffused with vivid rose; she was prettier than ever!

"He's very fine," acknowledged the stranger. "Isn't it queer, though?" pausing to fasten a milk-white orchid in his own coat. "I came here expecting to meet quite a different person, and here I am, seated beside you!"

Again Flossie was silent.

"And without in the least knowing who you are."

Still she did not speak.

"Won't you tell me by what name I may call you?" he persisted.

"I—I don't think I ought to."

"Now I am rebuked!" he retorted, lightly. "But you'll have to. It's Kismet. Do you know, I had my fortune told this morning by an old hag on Herald Square. I was to meet my fate today. I didn't believe it then, but I do now."

"Hush!" Flossie lifted her finger as the pianist once more crossed the stage. She wished the man would stop talking. She knew now that she had made a mistake in being here at all, still more in allowing a stranger to sit beside her and address her. All her mother's warnings recurred to her and her poor little frightened heart fluttered wildly.

"Oh, if I only were at home again!" she thought.

The electric lights, the diamonds, the brilliant toilettes swam before her eyes the dreamy, rocking refrain of the "Minuet" sounded far away and indistinct, and it was not until the audience rose en masse, that she knew the concert was over. She started up.

"You have dropped the flowers again," said the low, soft voice of her companion.

"I don't want the flowers," almost sobbed the girl. "I'm in a hurry."

"No, don't be in haste," smiled the gentle-

man, in every shape, and such a gray life before her!

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Field shook her head when she heard the story of Flossie's escapade, but it was not in human nature to frown at the pretty young creature who was so sure of her sympathy.

"But you mustn't do it again, Flossie," said she. "Promise me—never again."

"I promise, mother," assented the girl. "For I was a little frightened—just for an instant, when he looked at me so hard. And now, mother, I'll go to Mrs. Joycotte's for the money."

"No, dear, no. It is growing dusk," said Mrs. Field. "And a young girl like you cannot be too careful."

"But Mrs. Wurtemberg wants the rent."

"Mrs. Wurtemberg must wait another day," said Mrs. Field, with gentle firmness. "There are some risks that you must not run, dear child."

"What a dear little care-worn mother you are!" laughed Flossie, but nevertheless her eyes brimmed with loving tears.

Early the next morning she went to the minister's house. Kind Mrs. Joycotte met her at the door.

"Oh, my dear," said she. "I am so sorry, but Mrs. Vannecker has changed her mind and concludes not to take the scarf after all."

Flossie started back in dismay. "Oh, Mrs. Joycotte, and we worked so hard at it, and there's the expense of the materials, too."

"To be sure, my dear," said Mrs. Joycotte. "And it's a heartless thing for the woman to do, but one never considers other people."

"But what am I to do, Mrs. Joycotte? We need the money so much," pleaded Flossie, with a trembling lip.

Mrs. Joycotte reflected a moment. "Have you five dollars, Flossie?"

"I haven't five cents, Mrs. Joycotte," confessed Flossie, flushing crimson with shame.

"Then I'll lend it to you," said Mrs. Joycotte, taking a new clean bill out of her purse.

"Hush, Flossie, you don't understand. This is only a loan. It will pay your entrance fee at the Art Exchange on Fifth Avenue and you can leave the scarf there on sale. A great many nice people go there—it's quite exclusive, you see, and when this is sold you can put in something else."

Flossie's face brightened. "Oh, Mrs. Joycotte, how can I thank you enough?" cried she. "And I'll pay you soon as ever I can."

"There is no hurry, child," said the minister's wife, smiling, as she wrote down the address.

So it happened that Flossie Field, beaming like a rose, passed under the Persian draped archway of the beautiful Art Exchange on Fifth Avenue, where tall palms drooped and wine-red satin folds hung over the windows and all the shelves and pedestals were crowded with pretty things. As she turned to admire a beautiful piece of tapestry, her elbow struck against a small oil painting—"Moonlight on the Ocean"—and knocked it from its insecure vantage to the floor. As she uttered a little cry of dismay, a gentleman who was leaning against the counter stepped forward and raised it from the floor.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried. "The frame is broken!"

"Not broken, only fallen apart," said the gentleman, courteously. "Pray do not annoy yourself. There is no harm done. The picture is mine, and I can easily set it right."

"Thank you so much," faltered Flossie, but she trembled violently in spite of herself as she turned to the waiting attendant.

Mrs. Joycotte's card, with the hurriedly scribbled message, proved an excellent recommendation, and Flossie left the needlework with renewed hopes.

As she turned to leave the Exchange she came face to face with the same young man who had been her companion at the Paderewski Matinee. Involuntarily her face brightened. It was like meeting an old acquaintance. He doffed his hat with smiling welcome.

"I'm glad to see you again, Miss Paderewski," said he lightly. "But you oughtn't to have run away from me so unceremoniously."

Flossie laughed in spite of herself, and just at that moment the gentleman who had rescued the moonlight picture went out raising his hat in response to the other's greeting.

"Who is that gentleman?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh," cried the black-eyed stranger, "so you have a human element of curiosity about you, eh? You are not merely a disembodied spirit?" And as Flossie looked puzzled, he added: "It's a chap I know. Quite an art enthusiast, I believe, in his way."

"Oh, then," said Flossie, "he had painted that picture himself."

"I dare say," assented her companion. "He's rather an experimenter in art and that sort of thing. Why do you look so sober?"

For Flossie did look rather grave. She was saying to herself: "And he wanted to sell it, I suppose. It's hard enough for a woman to be poor—it must be a cruel thing to a man's heart." But she said aloud: "Good morning! I'm rather in haste."

"Mayn't I walk part of the way with you? Really, you know, we are quite old acquaintances."

"I had rather be alone, thank you," said Flossie. "I've something I want to think about."

Nevertheless he would have followed her, in spite of all, if a carriage load of ladies had not drawn up to the curb, beckoning vehemently to him, and before he had answered the questions with which they bombarded him, Flossie had disappeared down a side street.

"That's twice she has given me the slip," he muttered. "Who could have believed it? Well, better luck next time. For she is a beauty!"

The streets of New York were an unknown riddle to Flossie Field, but by dint of asking many questions she at last reached her own home, starting when a stout gentleman stepped before her, arresting her entrance.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Field," said Mrs. Wurtemberg's familiar voice. "It's Mr. Joycotte, the parson. I didn't know who else to send, and I couldn't shoulder the whole of the responsibility myself, so I got my little boy to go for him."

Flossie glanced up and tried to smile. She had seen Mr. Joycotte a few times before and there was something reassuring in his kind face, and yet—

"Did mother ask to see you, Mr. Joycotte?" she questioned. "We didn't like to trouble you, but—"

What a mild, infinitely pitiful face it was, shadowed with silver hairs! "Trouble?" repeated he. "As if that signified! Come in, my child. We could not think why you were gone so long."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



DOMESTIC AND FANCY COOKING

Hints for the Household
By Christine Terhune Herrick,
Daughter of MARION HARLAND.

Desserts of Small Fruits.



HERE are some persons who always like uncooked fruit. There are others who once in a while fancy it cooked. They grow tired of seeing berries appear in their natural state and long for a change.

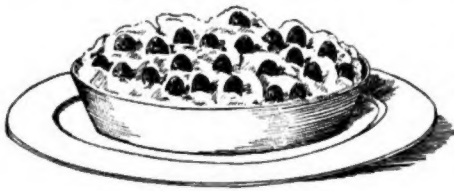
This change they can very easily have and with little trouble, yet many women seem to think that the only way to make a dessert of fruit is to put it into a pie.

Now a pie is a very good thing in its way and when it is well made there are few desserts that taste better. But pies are more or less bother to make, especially in hot weather, and they are not always the most wholesome dainties one can have for summer. So it is as well to learn how to make other sweet dishes. If they do not take the place of the pie in the affections of the family they will at least have the advantage of making them appreciate the pie all the more when they get back to it. And it is quite possible that the other desserts will win a place of their own in the fancies of those who learn to know them.

With the coming of berries a way is made plain for the housekeeper. They are good in so many different dishes that one is almost at a loss what to choose. The beauty of giving a recipe for one kind is that it will very often serve for cooking another sort. For instance, suppose that one has a recipe that calls for raspberries, red or black. It makes no difference, in the first place, if these are the berries that ripen in the garden or if they are those that the children gather in the fence corners where they grow wild. Then, too, if the raspberries go, blackberries, low bush or high bush, can be used in the place of the raspberries and will be just as good. The blueberries, too, can be put in dishes that call for blackberries and when you have recipes that demand blueberries, the shiny black huckleberries can serve in their place.

So, too, with the currants and cherries. They can be used in much the same way and either one is so good that it is hard to choose a favorite between them.

It is worth while now and then to put one's self out a bit to make a new dish for the sake of the pleasure the surprise will bring to the members of the family who had looked only for the same dishes they had been eating along steadily. Such a change brings an appetite even to a tired worker and is much more in value than the time and trouble it has cost. Change of fare may not do so much good as change of air, but it does not fall far behind it in its effect upon the appetite and so upon the health.



BERRY MERINGUE PUDDING.

Rub a tablespoonful of butter into one cup of sugar until they are a cream and stir into them the beaten yolks of three eggs. While you are doing this have a cup and a half of fine white bread crumbs soaking in three cups of rich sweet milk. Stir these with the butter, sugar and egg yolks and put into a buttered pudding dish. Cover it, set it in the oven and bake until it is firm. Then draw it to the door of the oven and on top of the pudding strew two cupfuls of fresh berries. Strawberries make a delicious pudding, but raspberries are about as good. Whatever the berries, sprinkle them with sugar, using a little more of this with strawberries than with the sweeter raspberries. Have ready a meringue made by beating the whites of the three eggs stiff with a half cupful of powdered sugar. On the top of this stick half a dozen half strawberries, or strew a handful of raspberries. Put the dish back in the oven, brown the meringue lightly and set the pudding aside to become ice cold. Eat it with sugar and cream and return thanks for a delicious dessert. This has sometimes been called the Queen of All Puddings and it deserves the name.

CHERRY OR CURRANT OR BERRY DUMPLINGS.

Sift a saltspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three cupfuls of flour. Work into it a tablespoonful each of lard and of butter. Make it to a soft dough with sweet milk. The dough should be as soft as it will handle easily. Roll it into a sheet about half an inch thick and cut it into squares about three inches across. In the centre of each of these heap as many cherries or currants or berries as the square will hold, strew sugar thickly over them and bring the corners of the paste together in the middle, pinching the edges so that they will not let the fruit escape. Lay with the pinched edges downwards in a floured pan and bake half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

HOT BERRY SHORTCAKE.

Rub two tablespoonfuls of lard into four cups of flour and add to it one beaten egg. Into two cups of sour milk stir a teaspoonful of salt and an even teaspoonful of baking powder dis-

solved in hot water. Pour this upon the flour you have mixed with the shortening and egg and make into a dough. Do not mix it too stiff. Roll it out into two sheets,

the size to fit a baking tin, making one quarter of an inch, the other half an inch thick. Lay the thinner in the bottom of the tin, first greasing this and strew over it thickly berries of any sort. Raspberries, red or black, or blackberries or blueberries may be used or currants or cherries. The latter will need more sugar than the berries. Sliced apples, even, may be used, or sliced peaches. Over the berries lay the thicker sheet of dough and bake it in a good oven. When it is a fine brown, cut the shortcake into squares and pile them on a hot dish. When it is to be eaten, split it open, butter the inside and sprinkle with sugar. Eat hot. It is a very good dish for dessert or for breakfast or supper.

Although it is too early as yet for blueberries I cannot refrain from giving the following recipe against the day when blueberries and huckleberries will be plenty. Either may be used in this recipe.

BLUEBERRY TEA CAKE.

Cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of sugar. Add to them two eggs



BLUEBERRY CAKES.

beaten very light, and a cupful of milk. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt with two cups of flour and add to the batter already prepared. Dredge three cupfuls of blueberries with flour, stir them in lightly and turn all into small greased tins. Bake, butter and eat while warm.

BAKED BERRY PUDDING.

Beat three eggs light, the whites and yolks separately, and add to the yolks a cupful of milk and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Sift a cup and a half of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; stir in this, add the beaten whites, and when well mixed turn all into a broad pudding dish. Dredge a quart of berries with flour and empty them upon the batter, sprinkle them with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then stir berries and sugar lightly into the batter. Cover and bake for half an hour in a steady oven, uncover and brown. Serve from the dish in which it was baked and have either hard or liquid sauce with it.

Blackberries are perhaps best for this pudding although black raspberries are very good for it, too.

CREAM RASPBERRY TART.

In spite of what I have said against pies I cannot refrain from giving the recipe for one that is good enough to be better known. For this a pie dish must be lined with a good paste and filled with raspberries, well sweetened. Over the top of these should be laid an upper crust, lightly, not pressed down at the sides, and this should be baked. When done the top crust should be lifted and a cream poured under it that has been made by stirring into half a cup of boiling milk half a tablespoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth in cold milk, a tablespoonful of sugar and the beaten white of an egg. These should have been boiled together for five minutes and cooled before they are put in the tart. Replace the top, sprinkle with sugar and eat when cold.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

L. G. F. HOMER. Is there any way of preparing stewed rhubarb except cooking it plain. I do not want it in a pie.

Stewed rhubarb is good cooked with raisins

or with dates. For the latter have three quarters of a cupful of dates to a quart of the rhubarb. Soak the dates overnight, stone them and cut each date into three pieces. Put them over the fire with the uncooked rhubarb and stew together. The raisins do not have to be soaked. If they are the ordinary raisins they may be stoned, if they are the Sultanais raisins they should be well washed. Allow a cupful of raisins to each quart of rhubarb and stew together.

J. M. J. OLYMPIA. Is there any way to get rid of big black cockroaches that infest a kitchen?

Make a mixture of two parts of cornmeal, one part red lead and one part sugar. Mix it to a paste with a little water and lay this in the track of the roaches. They will eat it greedily and it will poison them. The rind of green cucumbers is also recommended for roaches. Slice it and lay it about the kitchen overnight. The bugs eat it and it is fatal to them.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, YORK. What is meant when I am told to let my bread rise until light. How am I to know when it is light?

The ordinary loaf bread should increase to twice its original bulk. When it reaches this point it is ready to go into the oven. Do not let it rise too fast.

CONSTANT READER. With the beginning of warm weather I am much troubled with red ants. They run all over my shelves and I cannot get rid of them.

Try laying strips of fly paper on the edge of the shelves where you keep food. Do not leave any food uncovered and surround the articles containing it with fly paper. If they run about the tables leave a piece of fly paper out at night. This is said to clear them out in a short time.

EMMA J. G. Is there anything that can take the place of cream in cooking? It is not easy for me to get it and so many dishes call for cream.

Nothing takes the place of cream in some dishes. But in others there are substitutes. For instance, if you are making a custard or ice cream, you can often make an extra egg give the rich effect that cream would produce. And in sauces and soups and such dishes if you must use milk instead of cream, add to the milk butter, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of this to a half pint of milk. If you will do this the taste will be about the same as if you had used cream.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In conducting this department Mrs. Herrick would be pleased to answer any questions that our readers may ask. It is her desire to please all "COMFORT" readers and in order to find out your likes and dislikes can't you write and ask a few questions. By so doing you may give us some hint or suggestion as to how this Household Department should be conducted to suit the greatest number of our readers. Mrs. Herrick's mother, MARION HARLAND, has made herself famous by her rare judgment in household matters, and her daughter is equally gifted in this connection. Address all letters Christine Terhune Herrick, care COMFORT, Augusta Maine.



To restore and improve musty flour mix three parts carbonate of magnesia in 760 parts of flour. Use the flour in the usual way.

If you get a little too much salt in any dish add a little brown sugar and the salt taste will be much less noticeable.

Mix white of egg with mustard for plasters and it will prevent blistering.

Take the ink stains off your fingers with lemon juice and salt.

Gasoline applied with a soft cloth to nickel plate is preferable to whitening as a polish, as it does not scratch.

Two ounces of permanganate of potash thrown into a cistern will purify the foulest water.

The juice of the Virginia pokeweed sprinkled on the white hyacinth will turn it red.

To greatly improve the growth of rose plants, sprinkle them with soot water, made by pouring hot water over soot obtained from a wood fire chimney. When cold use occasionally only.

To kill burdock weeds, cut off close to the ground with a hoe and pour on a little kerosene.

Dip your dogs and cats once a week into a decoction made from pennyroyal leaves and they will have no fleas on them.

To kill flies, boil one-fourth of an ounce of quassia chips in a pint of water, add four ounces of molasses and put in a dish where the flies can drink it.

To preserve the polish of silver wash it twice a week, if in daily use, with soft soap and hot water and polish with Canton flannel.

The Family Doctor.

SO many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family, that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. Mary M. Marshfield, Vt.—An excellent gargle for ulcerated sore throat is made of a quarter of a pint of water, half pint decoction Peruvian bark and one drachm of sulphate of zinc. Use three or four times daily.

Henry G., Syracuse, Utah.—An effective corn plaster is made as follows: In a piece of cardboard cut a round hole the size of the central portion of the corn; lay the card on a piece of adhesive plaster and warm the spot of plaster exposed by the hole, by holding a hot iron near it for a short time. Then remove the card and sprinkle some finely powdered nitrate of silver on the warm part of the plaster. When cold, shake off the loose powder, get it off thoroughly, and apply to the corn. Two or three applications will usually remove the corn.

Shaker, Ashland, Ky.—An excellent and simple tonic for malarial regions is whiskey and quinine. Make the mixture to run about one grain of quinine to the tablespoonful of whiskey. Take a small wineglassful twice a day, morning and night. Say ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, and just before going to bed. Take it one week and stop a week. You will not acquire the liquor habit from the use of this tonic, because it is wholesomely bitter.

Mrs. J. L., Lonerock, Wis.—Women are subject to headaches from so many causes that a general prescription cannot be given. What might be beneficial in one instance would not be of any avail in another. Indeed, might be worse than nothing. Consult your physician.

Miss Harriet L., Tuscaloosa, Ala.—If you find that the so-called "patent medicine" is doing you good, continue its use whatever your physician friend may say to the contrary. Medicine is almost entirely a science of experiment and if you are fairly intelligent and use the patent medicine properly with good results, you are doing as much for yourself as the very best physician can do for you.

Mrs. H. L. R., Ridgeway, Pa.—Neuralgia is one of the ills that flesh is heir to, which we must get along with the best way we know how. It is the result of various causes and it prevails more or less everywhere and among all kinds of people in all sorts of conditions. A liniment which will afford relief in many cases is made of one fluid ounce of chloroform, two fluid drachms oil of capsaicin, one and a half ounces of camphor, twelve grains veratrine and one and a half ounces tincture of aconite root. Any druggist will prepare it. Bathe the part affected.

John K., Mount Anne, Ore.—A simple remedy for a weak back is made by pouring a beef's gall into a pint of alcohol and bathing the affected part frequently with the mixture. Of course, do no heavy work or lifting, and do not sleep in a bed whose springs sag very much. The old-fashioned slat-bed is better.

Mrs. Kate Mc D., Kirkland, N. Y.—If your dyspepsia is not fully developed and is little more than an annoyance, now is the time to act. You ask about how much coffee you should drink. Don't drink any. Tea is a little better, but not much. Try cocoa with plenty of milk in it. But quit drinking coffee. The good effect will be noticed immediately.

Anxious, Alpha, Mich.—If there is no inherited predisposition to consumption you need not fear that your persistent cough will result in that disease. It is probably climatic, and if you could get away for a month to drier and warmer air you would soon be as well as ever. It is best not to remain where you are until your system is weakened. You are not a great distance from the Adirondacks; go there for a couple or three weeks.

Mrs. J., Mallard, Iowa.—If your nerves are "all on edge" and there is no good reason for it, you may find relief in using a mixture that is highly recommended as a nerve. It is as follows: Liquid carbonate of ammonia half a drachm, compound tincture of cardamon half an ounce, oil of lavender eight drops, mint water three ounces. Mix and take in two or three doses.

Miss T., Jackson, Miss.—We cannot give you a prescription for hay fever which is any better than any one of a dozen you may have already tried. Thus far a real remedy for hay fever has not been discovered and one probably never will be if the patient remains in the locality where she has the disease. There is no cure, but it may be prevented by going to various places where there is no hay fever and remaining there until the conditions in your own locality change. It is believed to be caused by the pollen of certain plants floating in the air, and you must go where those plants do not ripen.

Mrs. M. L. I., Kendall, Kans.—A homely and simple remedy for summer complaint may be had from a tea made of the seeds of the sunflower roasted as you would green coffee. Use about half a pint of the seeds. Do not give too much of it as a too sudden stoppage of diarrhoea is hurtful, if not dangerous.

Miss Simple, Marietta, Ohio.—Do not try the remedy you mention. "Take more exercise in the open air, and by all means consult your physician. He knows the conditions and he is the one to say what medicine you should take.



Be Your Own Dealer

Why not buy goods at wholesale prices, and save from 15 to 40 per cent on everything you use? You can be your own dealer if you wish, and buy your goods direct from the manufacturer with only one small profit added to the manufacturers' cost, and what is better, our \$2,500,000.00 stock gives you a chance to select goods according to your own ideas. Our stock consists of everything for everybody, in all styles and at all prices, and all qualities except trash. We will not sell trash at any price.

Our big 1000-page catalogue tells the story. It quotes over 70,000 different articles and has over 17,000 plates and illustrations to help you understand just what the goods look like. This catalogue is free, but we ask you to send 15 cents to partly pay the postage, as the actual postage is 22 cents. Send 15 cents in either stamps or coin and we will forward our complete catalogue, all charges free. This catalogue can be found in the homes of over 2,000,000 thinking people and should be in yours also. Why not send for it today?

We Want You to Try Us

To send us a trial order and test our ability to satisfy you in every particular. We have special catalogues on almost every line you can think of. Tell us what kind of goods you are interested in and we will send you, absolutely free, any of the following illustrated catalogues quoting wholesale prices. Be sure to mention the one you want. If you want our complete catalogue, send 15 cents and ask for catalogue Number Seventy.

Furniture	Silverware
Farm Implements	Carpets and Rugs
Vehicles	Underwear
Sewing Machines	Groceries
Hardware	Bicycles
Crockery	Baby Carriages
Glassware	Dry Goods
Stoves	Photographic Goods
Sporting Goods	Notions
Harness	Books
Drugs	Shoes
Stationery	Millinery
Toys	Cloaks
Leather Goods	Shirts
Musical Instruments	Furs
Men's and Boy's Suits (both Ready-Made and Made-to-Order) including Samples.	

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

The house that tells the truth.



WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



think of it, therefore, ask questions.

There will be much work to do in June, in order to make sure of fine flowers and plenty of them, later in the season. There will be weeds to pull, seedlings to transplant to places where seed failed to germinate, plants to set out from the window-garden, and insects to fight among the roses. All these things will keep the owner of even a small garden pretty busy.

Weed pulling is not pleasant work, but it has to be done, if you want good flowers. Thorough work at the beginning makes the work to be done afterwards much easier. Get the beds perfectly clean and keep them so. The sooner this is done the better, because weeds are sure to greatly injure your flower-plants if allowed to grow among them while they are small. There is a weeding-hook on the market which can be bought for ten cents. It is a sort of fine-fingered claw. With it you can tear weeds out of the ground at a rapid rate, giving it, at the same time, a scraping which is of great benefit to the plants growing in it. One can accomplish more with one of these weeding-hooks in half an hour than he can in half a day by the old method of hand-pulling. You can not invest ten cents to better advantage.

If you are going to buy a new hoe, let me advise you to get one with a V-shaped blade. The pointed end allows you to work close to a plant without running the risk of cutting it off, as you are quite likely to do if you use a hoe having a broad blade. When you become familiar with the use of one of these hoes, weeds can be



PARTIAL VIEW OF WINDOW WITH HOUSE IVY, GERANIUM, CYCLAMEN, CINERARIA, BEGONIA, HELIOTROPE, FUCHSIA, TRAILING ASPARAGUS, CALLA LILY.

picked out of the soil by it as deftly as you could remove them with a trowel, and the plant growing alongside will not be disturbed in the least. The opposite end—in these hoes the socket for the handle is in the center,—has a broad blade, like the ordinary hoe, except that it is toothed, like a saw. This makes it extremely easy in a soil where it has free play.

Plants which are intended for use in the house next winter ought to receive careful attention during the summer, if we would have them give the best of satisfaction. They should be kept from flowering by the removal of every bud as soon as it is discovered. The branches should have their tips pinched off from time to time, to force the development of other branches, thus making the plant bushy and compact. If they entirely fill their old pots with roots, repot them at once, in fresh soil. But do not give any fertilizer, as they will not need it while the soil is fresh, provided it is of ordinary richness. Keep them in an airy place on the veranda, where they will be sheltered from strong winds and too hot sunshine. And be very sure to give them all the water they need. Evaporation will take place rapidly during hot weather. It will be necessary to water them every day,—sometimes twice, if the pots are small. Apply enough to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot, and do not be satisfied unless some runs away through the hole in the bottom.

The following formula for an all-around-useful potting-soil is a good one: Loam from the garden, one part. Leafmold, or turfy matter scraped from the bottom of sods turned up in roadside or pasture, one part. Mix these well together. Then add about quarter its bulk in old, well-rotted cow-manure, mixing in at the same time enough coarse sand to make the compost light and friable. This will be rich enough for any plant.

If we would have good roses, we must fight for them. Worms, aphides, and the rose-



CHINESE PRIMROSE.

chafer, will soon spoil them if left unmolested. The wise woman will act on the defensive by beginning warfare before the pests come, for it is easier to keep them away than it is to get rid of them after they have taken possession of the bushes. The first insecticide I have any knowledge of is made by melting a quarter of a pound of the ordinary soap of household use in a pailful of water and spraying the entire bush with it. Be sure that it gets to the underside of the leaves. Make this application twice a week, and be thorough with it.

Window-boxes, as usually cared for, are failures, and the owners of them fail to see where-in they are to blame for lack of success which attends their efforts. After one or two seasons of discouragement they give up trying, thinking that they haven't the "knack," or, that window-boxes are "snarles and delusions," as a general thing, and they are encouraged in thinking this by the forlorn look which characterizes the boxes of most of their neighbors.

The few satisfactory ones they come across, here and there, strengthens them in the belief that to have a really fine box of plants you must be the possessor of a "knack," whatever that may be. Now the reason why window boxes are failures, nine times out of fifteen, is simply this: A pint of water is used where it ought to be a pailful.

If you keep the soil moist all through, you can grow just as good plants in these boxes as you can in pots. Therefore apply at least a pailful to a box, daily. There will be no danger of overwatering. Try this plan, and see if you are not successful in making the plants in your boxes grow in a way to convince you that at last you have found out the "knack" of it.



CINERARIA.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

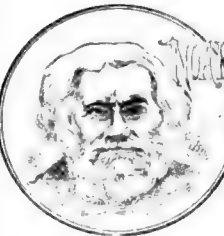
"Last summer my Asters were infested with aphids. They attacked the roots. What shall I do if they come this year? Mrs. W. W. M." Draw the earth away from the upper part of the roots and dust them well with tobacco-powder. Apply it liberally. It will not injure the plants and it will injure the aphids, if you use enough of it. Then put the earth back about the plant, and scatter the powder generously over it. Do this as soon as you find the first aphids.

"Last year our lawn was disfigured by weeds. Is there any way of getting rid of them without injuring the grass. A. H. W." The only way to get rid of the weeds is to pull them, or cut them off below the crown, in case they are dandelions, or weeds of similar habit. It is hard work and slow work, but a pretty front yard is such an attractive feature of any home that it is worth expending a good deal of work on. All plants having a crown can be destroyed by running a sharp bladed knife across them two or three inches below the surface of the soil in such a manner as to sever crown and root. After cutting the crown off remove it or it may send out roots. Chickweed, and all other weeds of that class, must be pulled up very carefully that no pieces be left to take the place of the old plant.

I want some Hollyhocks for next season's flowering. When shall I sow the seed? Mrs. M. M. L." In July. All perennial plants should be started then if you grow them from seed.

"I would like to know how some persons keep their Sweet Peas blooming until late in the fall. Mine won't. Must I get a particular kind of seed? B. K." What you want to do is to go over your plants every day, after they begin to blossom, and cut away every flower that has begun to fade. Keep seed from forming, and the plants in their efforts to perpetuate their species, will keep on producing flowers. What you do is to interfere with the processes of nature. What the plant does is to attempt to get the start of you. In this way, flowers are secured long after one would expect any of the plants were left to follow out their own instincts and impulses. This applies to other annuals as forcibly as it does to Sweet Peas.

The Oldest Man.



Baby, in the Poor-house, near Skelton, N. J., believes himself to be the oldest person in America, and there is no mistaking that he is a very old man, but that he is one hundred and thirty-one years old, as he says he is, cannot be absolutely proved. For many years the one event in the old man's life on the poor farm, which he thinks most of, is the celebration of his birthday, and this year owing to his feebleness the authorities thought of omitting it. But he would not hear of it, and on April first he celebrated as usual and received visitors.

An interview with him tells his story, and at the same time is especially interesting in showing how strong is the love of life even under the most unfavorable circumstances. One would think that he had had enough of it, but not his story.

How Noah describes it: "I have, sah, cheated death, off and on, sah, for one hundred and thirty-one years."

He chuckled grimly, mumbling the words through toothless gums that munched spasmodically.

"This is my birthday, and I'm one hundred and thirty-one years old, sah. Quite a time you will say, sah. I'm Noah Baby, the oldest man in the country," he added with childish pride. "I've seen Washington and Jefferson and Clay and all the rest. The first time I saw Washington."

The old man started in on a rambling account of his life. He lives, too feeble for the slightest activity, his useless eyes roving endlessly, while through his brain flit memories of the past. For in the past the old man finds the real. The present is nothing to him. He lives, moves from bed to easy chair, drinks his milk and munches his crackers.

"How long have you lived here?" "Nearly forty years, sah. I was a sailor; then a farmer. Once I was strong and active, but since I came here I haven't been fit for much, sah," he answered, stroking his head, framed in an aureole of white hair and beard.

"Do you think life is so sweet it is worth while under any circumstances?" "Yes, sah!" he nodded emphatically. "I reckon life is worth having as long as you can."

"But why do you want to live?" "Because I do."

"How long has it been since you were outdoors?" "Let me see." The old man rubbed his wrinkled forehead. "I reckon it's been nigh on to seven years."

Medical Advice Department for Women.

Realizing the vast amount of sickness and suffering endured by women, many of whom are subscribers of "Comfort," and how thousands are dragging out a painful existence, dreading to consult their family physicians regarding their private ills, and how others are paying out their hard-earned money for treatment without favorable results, we have pleasure in making the following announcement:—

We have made a special arrangement with one of the greatest living specialists in female diseases, which will enable any woman to obtain the fullest and most expert advice about her illness and how to cure it, absolutely without cost or obligation.

This specialist is accredited with having performed more cures of woman's peculiar ills than any other person, and through whose advice thousands of women have been restored to health and strength.

Please bear in mind that this is no "fake" advertisement, and the announcement is made simply for the purpose of putting our women readers who are sick and ailing in touch with this great specialist, **at absolutely no cost whatever to them.** This offer is made in good faith and will be honorably kept.

All you have to do is to write the symptoms of your ailment out fully and carefully and send it to the address below, and your letter will be put into the hands of this great specialist without being opened or read by any one else, and you will receive in return absolutely free the fullest expert medical advice from the best authority in this country on women's diseases. Address your letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., telling her you were prompted to write her by "Comfort," then you will be sure of special and prompt attention.

The Juvenile Essays.

There will be no award of prizes on the essays on "Theodore Roosevelt," the subject announced for May, owing to the fact that the conditions were not observed except in the fewest number of instances, and because, while nearly every state was heard from, there were not enough from each state to constitute a competition. "Comfort" is only too glad to give prizes to competing essayists among its subscribers, but it cannot award prizes unless there is competition, because it is not buying essays but endeavoring to encourage its young readers to improve themselves by putting their thoughts into good shape on paper. The essays in themselves have no value, except in comparison with others. Write the essays and "Comfort" will have the prizes ready.

The result of the competition on the subject "Kindness to Animals," will be announced next month. During vacation there will be no contest.

To test the quality of an Oriental rug drop a live coal on the rug and allow it to burn a little. If, when removed, the charred threads will brush off easily, leaving the colors below bright as the surrounding parts it is a sure proof of the genuineness of the rug.

"You've been blind for many years?" "It seems, sah, most terribly long," he said pathetically.

"You have no relatives?"

"No, sah."

"What pleasure is in life then?"

"It's a pleasure, sah, to wake up in the morning to think of the world, to hear people's voices. To live is to hear human voices. I want to live. I'd like to live forever," Baby ended, his voice dying away in a mumble through his toothless gums.

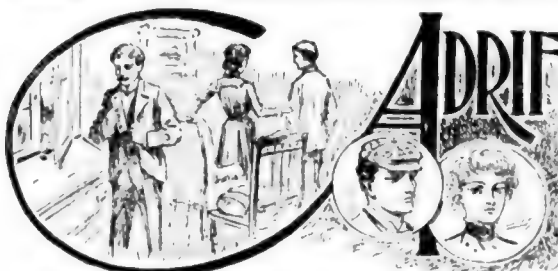
"You've never had a large amount of money in your life, have you?"

"No, sah; no indeed." His wrinkles tried to form into a grin. "I always allowed it wasn't no use worrying. I took life as it come and didn't look for trouble. That's the best way to live long—and I reckon I've proved it, sah."

"Isn't it better to live and work and die than to live and work and then live on uselessly?"

"Maybe, sah, maybe," drawing the shawl about his shoulders closer as he feebly shook his head, "but I'd like, sah, to live out this century."

NEAR Payette, Idaho, there are two lakes that feed the Payette River. They are situated in the mountains, one being thirty miles and the other five miles long. The peculiarity of these lakes lies in the fact that during one month of the year, the spawning season, they are inhabited by red fish, such as are only found in Siberia. The question as to how these fish get there is puzzling many people of that locality.



ADrift IN NEW YORK

OR
TOM AND FLORENCE
BRAVING THE WORLD.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of Ragged Dick Series, Making His Way, Luck and Pluck Series, A Rolling Stone, etc.

Copyrighted by Norman L. Munroe, 1889-1901, and W. H. Gannett, 1902.

The first and second installment of Part I. was published in April and May "COMFORT," back copies of which can be obtained of the publishers at two cents each.

PART II. CHAPTER XVIII.

IN A TRAP.

"Hold on, there! Open that door!" exclaimed Dodger, when he found himself imprisoned in the back chamber.

There was no answer. "I say, let me out!" continued our hero, beginning to kick at the panels.

This time there was an answer. "Stop that kicking, boy! I will come back in fifteen minutes and explain all."

"Well," thought Dodger, "this is about the strangest thing that ever happened to me. However, I can wait fifteen minutes."

He sat down on a cane chair—there were two in the room—and looked about him. He was in an ordinary bedroom, furnished in the usual manner. There was nothing at all singular in its appearance.

On a book-shelf were a few books and some old numbers of magazines. There was one window looking into a back yard, but as the room was small it was sufficient to light the apartment.

Dodger looked about in a cursory manner, not feeling any particular interest in his surroundings, for he had but fifteen minutes to wait, but he thought it rather queer that it should be thought necessary to lock him in.

He waited impatiently for the time to pass. Seventeen minutes had passed when he heard the bolt drawn. Fixing his eyes eagerly on the door he saw it open, and two persons entered. One was the hump-backed negro, carrying on a waiter a plate of buttered bread, and a cup of tea; the other person was—not the old man, but, to Dodger's great amazement, a person well remembered, though he had only seen him once—Curtis Waring.

"Set down the waiter on the table, Julius," said Waring.

Dodger looked on in stupefaction. He was getting more and more bewildered.

"Now you can go!" said Curtis, in a tone of authority.

The negro bowed and after he had disposed of the waiter, withdrew.

"Do you know me, boy?" asked Curtis, turning now and addressing Dodger.

"Yes; you are Mr. Waring."

"You remember where you last saw me?"

"Yes, sir. At your uncle's house on Madison Avenue."

"Quite right."

"How did you come here? Where is the old man whose valise I brought from the Albany boat?"

Curtis smiled, and drew from his pocket a gray wig and whiskers.

"You understand now, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; I understand that I have been got here by a trick."

"Yes," answered Curtis, coolly. "I have deemed it wise to use a little stratagem. But you must be hungry. Sit down and eat your supper while I am talking to you."

Dodger was hungry, for it was past his usual supper time, and he saw no reason why he should not accept the invitation. Accordingly he drew his chair up to the table and began to eat. Curtis seated himself on the other chair.

"I have a few questions to ask you, and that is why I arranged this interview. We are quite by ourselves," he added, significantly.

"Very well, sir; go ahead."

"Where is my cousin Florence? I am right, I take it, in assuming that you know where she is."

"Yes, sir; I know," answered Dodger, slowly.

"Very well, tell me."

"I don't think she wants you to know."

Curtis frowned.

"It is necessary I should know!" he said, emphatically.

"I will ask her if I may tell you."

"I can't wait for that. You must tell me at once."

"I can't do that."

"You are mistaken; you can do it."

"Then I won't!" said Dodger, looking his companion full in the face.

Curtis Waring darted a wicked look at him, and seemed ready to attack the boy who was audacious enough to thwart him, but he restrained himself and said:

"Let that pass for the present. I have another question to ask. Where is the document you took from my uncle's desk on the night of the burglary?"

And he emphasized the last word.

Dodger looked surprised.

"I took no paper," he said.

"Do you deny that you opened the desk?"

"No."

"When I came to examine the contents in the presence of my uncle, it was found that a document—his will—had disappeared, and with it a considerable sum of money."

And he looked sharply at Dodger.

"I don't know anything about it, sir. I took nothing."

"You can hardly make me believe that. Why did you open the desk if you did not propose to take anything?"

"I did intend to take something. I was under orders to do so, for I wouldn't have done it of my own free will; but the moment I got the desk open I heard a cry, and looking round, I saw Miss Florence looking at me."

"And then?"

"I was startled, and ran to her side."

"And then you went back and completed the robbery?"

"No, I didn't. She talked to me so that I felt ashamed of it. I never stole before, and I wouldn't have tried to do it then, if—if someone hadn't told me to."

"I know whom you mean—Tim Bolton."

"Yes; Tim Bolton, since you know."

"What did he tell you to take?"

"The will and the money."

"Exactly. Now we are coming to it. You took them, and gave them to him?"

"No, I didn't. I haven't seen him since that night."

Curtis Waring regarded the boy thoughtfully. His story was straightforward, and it agreed with the story told by Tim himself. But, on the other hand, he denied taking the missing articles, and yet they had disappeared.

Curtis decided that both he and Tim had lied, and that this story had been concocted between them.

Probably Bolton had the will and the money (the latter he did not care for), and this thought made him uneasy, for he knew that Tim Bolton was an unscrupulous man, and quite capable of injuring him, if he saw the way clear to do so.

"My young friend," he said, "your story is not even plausible. The articles are missing, and there was no one but yourself and Florence who were in a position to take them. Do you wish me to think that my cousin Florence robbed the desk?"

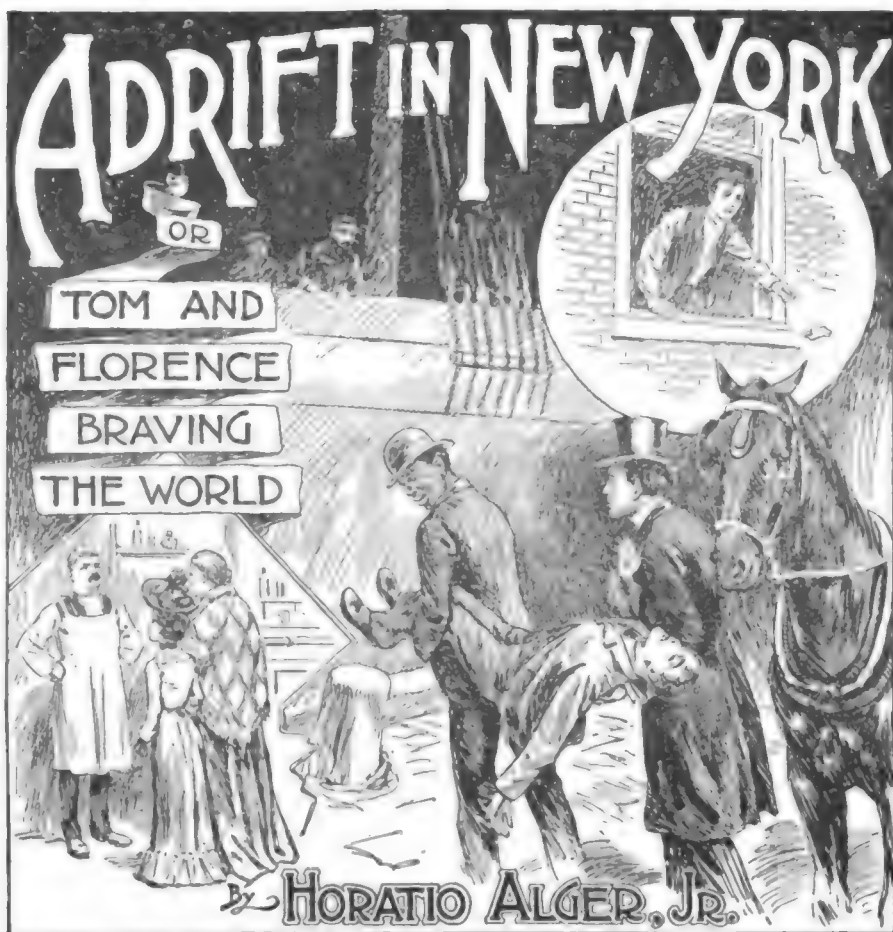
"No, sir; I don't. Florence wouldn't do such a thing," said Dodger, warmly.

"Florence. Is that the way you speak of a young lady?"

"She tells me to call her Florence. I used to call her Miss Florence, but she didn't care for it."

"It seems you two have become very intimate," said Curtis, with a sneer.

"Florence is a good friend to me. I never had so good a friend before."



"All that is very affecting; however, it isn't to the point. Do you know," he continued, in a sterner tone, "that I could have you arrested for entering and breaking open my uncle's desk with burglarious intent?"

"I suppose you could," said Dodger; "but Florence would testify that I took nothing."

"Am I to understand, then, that you refuse to give me any information as to the will and the money?"

"No, sir; I don't refuse. I would tell you if I knew."

Curtis regarded the boy in some perplexity. He had every appearance of telling the truth.

Dodger had one of those honest, truthful countenances which lend confirmation to any words spoken. If the boy told the truth, what could have become of the will—and the money? As to the former, it might be possible that his uncle had destroyed it, but the disappearance of the money presented an independent difficulty.

"The will is all I care for," he said, at length. "The thief is welcome to the money, though there was a considerable sum."

"I would find the will for you if I could," said Dodger, earnestly.

"You are positive you didn't give it to Tim Bolton?"

"Positive, sir. I haven't seen Tim since last night."

"You may be speaking the truth, or you may not. I will talk with you again tomorrow," and Curtis rose from his chair.

"You don't mean to keep me here?" said Dodger, in alarm.

"I shall be obliged to do so."

"I won't stay!" exclaimed Dodger, in excitement, and he ran to the door, meaning to get out; but Curtis drew a pistol from his pocket and aimed it at the boy.

"Understand me, boy," he said, "I am in earnest, and I am not to be trifled with."

Dodger drew back, and Curtis opened the door and went out, bolting it after him.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

While Dodger had no discomfort to complain of, it occurred to him that Florence would be alarmed by his long absence, for now it seemed

certain that he would have to remain over night.

If only he could escape he would take care not to fall into such a trap again.

He went to the window and looked out, but the distance to the ground was so great, for the room was on the third floor, that he did not dare to imperil his life by attempting a descent.

If there had been a rope at hand he would not have felt afraid to make the attempt.

He examined the bed to see if it rested upon cords, but there were slats instead.

As has already been said, there were no houses near by.

That part of the city had not been much settled, and it was as solitary as it is in the outskirts of a country village.

If he could only reveal his position to some person outside, so as to insure interference, he might yet obtain his freedom.

With this thought he tore a blank leaf from one of the books in the room, and hastily pencilled the following lines:

"I am kept a prisoner in this house. I was induced to come here by a trick. Please get some one to join you, and come and demand my release."

Some weeks before Dodger could not have written so creditable a note, but he had greatly improved since he had been under the influence and instruction of Florence.

Dodger now posted himself at the window and waited anxiously for some one to pass, so that he might attract his attention and throw down the paper.

He had to wait for fifteen minutes. Then he saw approaching a young man, not far from twenty-one, who looked like a young mechanic, returning from his daily work.

Now was Dodger's opportunity. He put his head out of the window and called out:

"Hello, there!"

The young man looked and saw him at the window.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Catch this paper, and read what there is on it."

He threw down the leaf, which, after fluttering in the gentle evening breeze, found its way to the ground and was picked up.

After reading it, the young man looked up and said:

"I'll go round to the door and inquire."

The other looked up at him with an odd expression of suspicion and repulsion.

"You're better off where you are," he said.

"But they have locked me up here."

"And reason enough, too!"

"What makes you say that?"

"Because you're crazy as a loon."

"Did the black man say that?" inquired Dodger, indignantly.

"Yes, he did—said you tried to kill your mother, and had a carving-knife hidden in the room."

"It's a lie—an outrageous lie!" exclaimed Dodger, his eyes flashing.

"Don't go into one of your tantrums," said the man, rather alarmed; "it won't do any good."

"But I want you to understand that I am no more crazy than you are!"

"Sho! I know better. Where's your carving-knife?"

"I haven't got any; I never had any. That negro has been telling you lies. Just go to the door again and insist on seeing me."

"I wouldn't do that. You'd stab me."

"Listen to me!" said Dodger, getting out of patience. "I'm not crazy. I'm a newsboy and baggage-smasher. An old man got me to bring his valise here, and then locked me up. Won't you go round to the station-house and send a policeman here?"

"I'll see about it," said the young man, who did not believe a word that Dodger had said to him.

"He won't do it!" said Dodger to himself, in a tone of discouragement. "That miserable nigger has made him believe I am a lunatic. I'll have him up, anyway."

Forthwith he began to pound and kick so forcibly that Julius came upstairs on a run, half inclined to believe that Dodger had really become insane.

"What do you want, boy?" he inquired from outside the door.

"I want you to unbolt the door and let me out."

"I couldn't do it, nohow," said Julius. "It would be as much as my place is worth."

"I will give you a dollar—five dollars—if you will only let me out. The man who brought me here is a bad man who is trying to cheat his cousin—a young lady—out of a fortune."

"Don't know nothin' 'bout that," said Julius.

"He has no right to keep me here."

"Don't know nothin' 'bout that, neither. I'm actin' accordin' to orders."

"Look here!" said Dodger, bethinking himself of what had happened. "Did you tell that young man that called here just now that I was crazy?"

Julius burst into a loud guffaw.

"I expect I did," he laughed. "Said you'd got a long carvin'-knife hid in de room."

"What made you lie so?" demanded Dodger sternly.

"Couldn't get rid of him no other way. Oh, how scared he looked when I told him you tried to kill your mother."

And the negro burst into another hearty laugh which exasperated Dodger exceedingly.

"How long is Mr. Waring going to keep me here? Did he tell you?" Dodger asked, after a pause.

"No; he didn't say."

"When is he coming here again?"

"Said he'd come tomorrow night, most likely."

"Will you bring me a light?"

"Couldn't do it. You'd set the house on fire."

It seemed useless to prolong the conversation.

Dodger threw himself on the bed at an early hour, but he did not undress, thinking there possibly might be a chance to escape during the night.

But the morning came and found him still a prisoner, but not in the solitary dwelling.

CHAPTER XX.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Curtis Waring had entrapped Dodger for a double purpose.

It was not merely that he thought it possible the boy had the will, or knew where it was.

He had begun to think the boy's presence in New York as dangerous to his plans.

John Linden might at any time learn that the son, for whose disappearance he had grieved so bitterly, was still living in the person of this street boy. Then there would be an end of his hopes of inheriting the estate.

Only a few months more and the danger would be over, for he felt convinced that his uncle's tenure of life would be brief. The one essential thing, then, seemed to be to get Dodger out of the city.

The first step had already been taken; what the next was will soon appear.

Scarcely had Dodger failed in his attempt to obtain outside assistance when an unaccountable drowsiness overcame him, considerably to his surprise.

"I don't know what's come to me," he said to himself. "It can't be more than seven or eight o'clock, and yet I feel so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open. I haven't worked any harder than usual today, and I can't understand it."

Dodger had reason to be surprised, for he didn't usually retire till eleven o'clock.

In a city like New York, where many of the streets are tolerably well filled even at midnight, people get in the way of sitting up much later than in the country, and Dodger was no exception to this rule.

Yet here he was ready to drop off to sleep before eight o'clock. To him it was a mystery, for he did not know that the cup of tea which he had drunk at supper had been drugged by direction of Curtis Waring, with an ulterior purpose, which will soon appear.

"I may as well lie down, as there is nothing else to do," thought Dodger. "There isn't much fun sitting in the dark. If I can sleep, so much the better."

Five minutes had scarcely passed after his head struck the pillow, when our hero was fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock a hack stopped in front of the house, and Curtis Waring descended from it.

"Stay here," said he to the driver. "There will be another passenger. If you are detained I will make it right when I come to pay you."

"All right, sir," said the hackman. "I don't care how long it is if I am paid for my time."

Curtis opened the door with a pass-key, and found Julius dozing in a chair in the hall.

"Wake up, you sleepy-head," he said. "Has anything happened since I left here?"

"Yes sir; de boy tried to get away."

"Did he? I don't see how he could do that. You kept the door bolted, didn't you?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



NED TODD

The Oklahoma Detective, —OR— The Strange Cabin in the Wilderness.

BY HENRY DALE.

Author of "Boomers and Cattle Kings," "The Cheyenne Outbreak," "Shadowing a Shadow," "Chepita," "Mormonism Unveiled," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

The opening chapters of this intensely interesting story appeared in February COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing three cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. A Kansas telephone girl luckily secured a lot valued at \$17,000, and others were nearly as fortunate.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WONDERS OF OKLAHOMA.

Sudden was the attack that the horsemen were unable at first to make any move at defense. The affrighted horses reared and plunged and began backing, backing away! Back, back, back, they struggled, dragging the bandits after them.

"Whoa, hold on, stop!" cried the attacking party.

"Let go!" thundered Archie.

"Don't you try that on, or we'll open fire on you."

"Arch Holland, brother, surrender!"

It was the same cold, sinister voice which had all day long rung in his ears. He heard it with a shudder, for well the youth knew the voice. The owner of it had brought more woe to his young heart than all the remainder of the world.

"Oh heaven help me," screamed the beautiful girl, who was about to be dragged from the horse.

Archie's blood was now up. Quick as a flash he snatched a heavy pistol, and felled the ruffian who had seized Daisy. The next moment he had knocked down the man who was holding his horse by the bit, and the animal bounded away like a flash.

Three or four stunning reports rang out on the air, and Archie's horse gave a spasmodic leap forward, with a more than human cry.

"He's hit," said the youth. But they were too closely pressed to see how bad the wound. The steed madly thundered away at a break-neck speed down a narrow ravine. Archie asked Daisy if she was hurt.

"No," she answered.

"Where is the detective?" the youth asked mechanically.

"I do not know," the terrified girl answered.

"I do not think he got away."

Though he listened intently, not a sign of Major Todd was to be seen or heard.

The horse was going slower and slower every moment, and Archie discovered that his side was covered with blood.

"He can't go much farther," he said.

"Then he was badly hit?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, he has got his death shot."

The poor beast carried, by his last aspiring effort, his double load far beyond the enemy. But it was evident that he could not go much farther.

"See he is sinking," said Archie.

"Poor creature, he has given his life for us," said Daisy.

The animal was trembling, and frequently stumbled, as he still galloped feebly over the rough uneven ground.

All of a sudden he came to a standstill, and began to tremble and stagger. Archie knew that it was time for them to dismount, and springing from the saddle assisted Daisy to the ground. The horse reeled for a moment, and then sank to earth, to rise no more.

"Poor fellow, he has done us a noble service," said the youth, sadly, as he stood by the side of the dying beast. They had no time to give in thought to the faithful brute. The enemy might even then be within ear shot of them, and Archie Holland once more drew the arm of the beautiful girl within his own, and started away through the forest.

Whither should they go? In what direction lay safety and security? These were pertinent questions for both Archie and his fair companion. Questions for which he had no possible solution.

"We cannot stay long here," he at last said.

"Do you feel able to travel farther on foot?"

"Yes, I can go all night," she bravely answered, "but what are you going to do about Major Todd?"

"We can at present do nothing. Your safety must now be looked after, and I will have to trust to the Major's own prowess and courage to liberate himself from these desperadoes."

The woods were very dark. There was no moon, as there had been the night before, to show them the way. Dark, angry clouds obscured the sky, and occasionally from far off there came to the ears the distant rumbling sound of thunder.

Archie Holland was unable to tell in what direction to go. Without either moon or stars to guide him, and not having any compass, he was completely lost. His companion kept at his side, but he could frequently feel her trembling as she clung to him. As they were struggling through the wood they were suddenly startled by a wild, unearthly cry.

"Oh heavens, what is that?" the affrighted girl shrieked.

"Do not be scared," said Archie, cocking his gun.

"But that monster, surely it was near."

"It is not so near as it may seem."

The distant rumbling thunder fell upon their ears, followed by a vivid flash of lightning. Though Archie strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the monster, whose howl he had heard, he was unable to do so. The lightning's flash gone, all was once more an almost impenetrable darkness. The blackness was even more intense than before.

Just as our two wanderers took another step forward, they were again startled by another unearthly shriek from that elfsame monster.

"Heaven preserve us," groaned the girl.

"Courage!" he whispered.

The last cry was still nearer to them, and so loud and deafening that they almost imagined that they could feel the earth tremble beneath their feet.

Archie thought that he could see a pair of fiery eyes before him, but was not altogether certain, until there came a flash of lightning, which illuminated the forest far and wide. Through the trees not more than fifty yards away, he saw an object of which he could only at that time catch a glimpse. But that glimpse was sufficient to almost curdle his blood. It was a long, yellowish looking monster, to him it seemed to be ten or fifteen feet in length. He could make out a pair of fiery eyes, and a great shaggy head.

Though he had never yet seen anything like it, yet he knew from what he had read of it, that it must be one of those monster cougars, that had wandered from the South up into this part of the world. Cautioning the girl not to lose her courage, he cocked his gun, and leveled it in the direction whence he had seen the monster. Even after the flash of lightning had disappeared he thought he could see two fiery orbs.

They halted directly before them, and he could distinctly hear a sullen growl, as if some

ing to the tree behind which Daisy crouched, led her farther from the monster. The bounding and beating of the earth and bushes could still be heard.

"Oh, is it killed, is the terrible thing killed?" asked the poor frightened girl.

"It has got its death shot. Come on, let us get farther away. It might, in its struggles, spring upon us."

As they went away, the struggles of the monster became more and more feeble.

Soon the struggles ceased and the cougar became silent in death. Hand in hand the two fugitives wandered on through the woods and darkness, hardly knowing which way they were going, whether from or in the direction of the outlaws' strange cabin in the wilderness, from which they had fled.

On and on they wandered, until the storm burst upon them, and then crouching beneath a great oak they waited for it to subside. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and both were soon drenched to the skin from the rain. Great trees were uprooted and shattered to splinters almost at their feet, and yet they remained unharmed. At last the storm began to abate, and by the time it had disappeared and the sky was once more clear, day had begun to dawn.

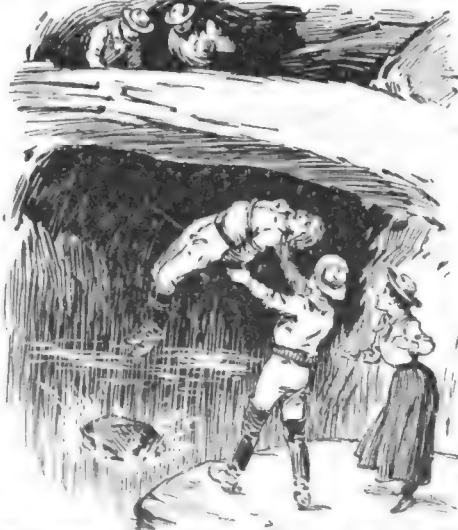
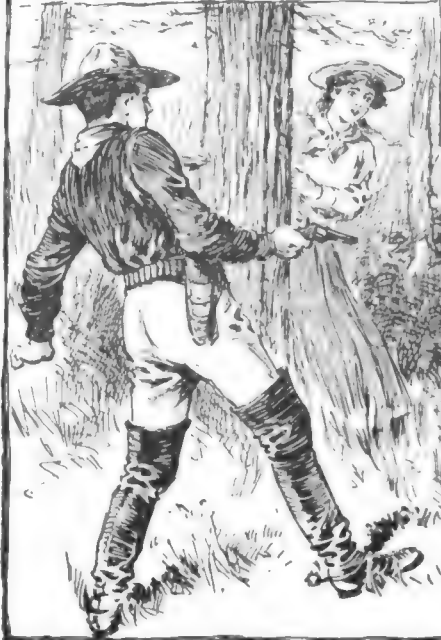
"We will wait here until daylight," said Archie. "When the sun is up, and has dried our garments, we will feel more like travel. I must then try to get some food for you."

"And yourself, too," Daisy answered.

"Well, for both of us then, but as for me, I am able to take care of myself. I can really go longer without food than you."

Day dawned and the sun rose bright and clear. The two fugitives wandered through the woods, in an easterly direction, until they came upon a great brownish red object lying in the wood.

At first Daisy was so much alarmed that she could not be induced to go near it; but when she learned that it was dead, and was the monster with which they had battled the night before, she crept up through the woods and peeped at it from behind a tree. Even in death



monster was crouching for a spring. Archie Holland felt his blood run cold. A shot would be almost at random, he knew, but it was evidently disastrous to wait. He waited a moment for another friendly flash of lightning to come to his aid, and not having the advantage of it, could wait no longer, and fired.

Before sending the shot at the monster, he had taken the precaution to place Daisy Miller behind a tree, and the moment he fired he flung himself upon the ground.

There was a howl of rage and pain, and a large body leaped completely over him. He heard it swish through the air, and strike against the very tree behind which Daisy was crouching. Evidently the monster had been struck and blinded by the shot. Archie dropped his rifle and drew his knife and revolver. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the entire scene, just as the monster bounded over the crouching youth, and having already got his revolver in his hand, he sent a pistol bullet into his body.

Another shriek of rage and agony filled the air, and Archie Holland bounded to one side, and allowed the monster to make another useless leap in the darkness.

Finding itself at fault, the cougar came to a halt and gave utterance to a most terrific howl, such as was well calculated to make the blood of the listeners grow cold. But Archie had begun a battle to the death, and he again cocked his pistol, and waited for a flash of lightning to show him the monster. Crouching upon one knee with pistol cocked, and the girl half dead with terror at the other side of the tree, he waited. At last the friendly flash came and he saw the monster standing not four paces away, its broad side toward him, and gazing away into the darkness trying to make out the direction of its enemy. He discovered that it was badly wounded. It was rubbing its great bloody head, while the blood was gushing in a torrent from a bullet hole in its abdomen. Quick as thought, the youth leveled his revolver at the head, and then leaned forward until the muzzle of his pistol almost touched it, and pulled the trigger.

A blinding flash, a terrible report, and then all was darkness. A roar, a gurgling cry, and then a terrible threshing and beating of the bushes. Archie got out of the way, and creep-

the savage expression had not left the animal's features. Its great claws were extended, and stuck into the bark of a sapling, so as to tear off a great strip. When Archie realized how near he had come to having those claws tearing his own flesh, he could not but shudder.

They quitted the scene and went through the forest until they came to the bank of the river. There upon a high bluff which overlooked the stream and vast valley below, they had a view of the wonders of Oklahoma. What a scene of loveliness! Far as the eye could see down the valley it was a picture of wondrous beauty. Tall grass growing and waving in the breeze and trees could be seen singly and in groups, among which the wild deer and antelope played without any rude alarms of civilization to frighten. No hunter's gun had ever shocked their nerves, and no human face had ever gazed upon them before.

"I wish we could cross," said Archie.

"Where would we be then?"

"In the valley of the Canadian, and we could there find plenty of game to keep us alive while we traveled to the Seminoles, and get a conveyance home."

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" a voice that seemed to thrill both hearers sounded upon their ears.

Archie turned and discovered sitting on a large stone, not ten paces on his left, Oklahoma Peg, that mysterious being whom we met earlier in our story.

"Are you not the woman whom we met yesterday?" he asked.

"I am, but you have lost one of your number and gained one."

"We have. Ned Todd—"

"Oh, you need not put yourself to the trouble to tell me," interrupted Peg. "I know it all without being told. Todd is in the clutches of Captain Snell and this girl is one you have taken from him."

There was a peculiar fierceness in Oklahoma Peg's black eyes, as she glared at the beautiful girl. She seemed as if she would like very much to scratch her eyes out. Her look was one of hatred and devilish mischief.

"Didn't I warn you to leave Oklahoma? Didn't I tell you that it was death for you to remain in Oklahoma?"

"We are going if we can. All we want is to

cross this stream," the youth answered.

"Cross the stream, fool, why do you want to cross the stream?" cried Oklahoma Peg. "If death is sure on this side, it is more than certain on the other."

Having given this very unsatisfactory information, she turned about and was going away, when Archie stopped her and said:

"One moment, Peg, are you our friend, or our enemy?"

"Your friend or your foe. There are no friends here. We are all enemies to each other. Beware that you do not curse the day that ever you entered Oklahoma. They are nearer to you than you imagine. They may strike you some time when you least expect. Fool, fool, why did you ever come here? Snell is now not half a mile away from here. Look out, look out!" and before he was aware of what she was about, she suddenly darted toward a thicket and disappeared. He sprang after her and toward her, but as he leaped into the thicket, he felt a stinging blow on his head, and staggered, almost falling.

There was a shout and an oath, and a man leaped past him to the screaming girl, who was not half a dozen paces away.

Archie Holland rapidly recovered himself, and leaping on the stranger struck him a blow with the butt of his pistol that staggered him. The road agent recoiled from the blow, and then the two men, with weapons drawn, for a moment stood glaring at each other. It was only the calm before the storm, the lull before the battle. In another moment the conflict of life or death would begin.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE CAVERN OF DEATH.

There was only a momentary lull, then with a yell of rage the stranger fired his pistol, and sprang at Archie with drawn knife. The bullet struck the muzzle of Holland's pistol, and glancing away grazed his shoulder in its flight. His own weapon was discharged, but the bullet went wild of the mark.

The two clinched for a moment, and then their steel blades clashed, while the fire flashed from them. A moment later Archie Holland struck his enemy with the butt of his pistol, and staggered him.

Leaping to one side, he placed the muzzle of his pistol to his heart and fired. The fellow sank with a groan to the earth, and the conflict was over, unless there should be others to contend with.

"Oh, heaven help us, are you hurt?" sobbed poor Daisy, running to the side of her rescuer.

"No," he answered, panting for breath.

"I was sure you were killed. He must have cut you with that knife of his!"

"Not a scratch," panted the victor, gazing on the body of his fallen foe.

"I would not have done it if I could have helped it," he said to himself.

"I am so glad that you are not hurt," wept Daisy. "Are we not free from them now?"

The youth shook his head.

"Then let us go away at once."

Archie Holland had no desire to stay at this spot any longer. He did not care to gaze upon his victim, and as soon as he could gain breath enough from his struggle, he said he was ready to go.

They wandered down a path which led to a pine forest, and wandered on and on for miles. At last he came upon a small lake at which a fawn was drinking. It was a very pretty little creature, and it looked like a pity to shoot it, but they were exceedingly hungry, so he leveled his gun and shot it dead in its tracks. He proceeded to skin and dress the animal, while Daisy prepared a fire and cooked the meat.

Both were so hungry, that they believed that this was the best meal they had ever eaten.

Their breakfast over, they resumed their wanderings. Both had begun to suffer from sore, bruised and bleeding feet. But they were flying from a foe that was merciless, and neither made any complaint.

That afternoon as they were wandering down a rocky ravine, they suddenly came upon the mouth of a cavern.

It was large, and there seemed to be a well worn path going into it.

Caverns are not uncommon in the great West, and they would not have thought there was anything strange about this one, had they not seen a wall made of stone built across it. It seemed as if it had once been almost if not entirely blocked up with stone. It was no ordinary masonry. The stone was cut and smoothed and fitted down so nicely, there was no doubt but that a skillful hand had placed those blocks there.

"Don't go near that awful place," said Daisy.

"Why?"

"Look at that dark hole in the earth. I am certain that it must be death to any one to enter it."

"There is something very remarkable about that cavern," said Archie, "and yet there can't be any supernatural powers about it. I think that some one has occupied it long ago, and that there are wonders in there to be discovered, if we only go into it."

"But oh! don't go."

She pleaded so earnestly with him that for a few moments he was inclined to respect her wishes, but after a few moments he began to argue with her, and urge her to consent to his exploring the cavern.

"What advantage can it be?" she asked.

"It may be a great advantage," he answered.

"We may discover a hiding-place in there, which will at some time be very convenient for us."

Looking at the subject in a new light she assented.

Archie gathered some pine knots that would form excellent torches for his exploring expedition.

"Will you stay above ground, or will you go with me?" he asked Daisy, as he arranged to go below.

"I will go with you," she answered. "There might be horrors below, but they would be nothing compared with remaining above alone."

He lighted two of the torches, and turning to Daisy gave her one, saying:

"Here, take one. We will need two to light our way."

"Let me carry both, and you keep your hands free to manage your gun."

"Perhaps it is a good suggestion," he answered. "Take both, and I will look after my weapons."

They descended into the cavern, and at first found a very narrow, cramped passage, considerably strewn with loose stones and other rubbish.

"Look, what is that?" asked the girl, pointing to an ancient firelock, the like of which Archie had never seen before. He glanced at it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Practical Dressmaking.

To Make Old Clothes Look Like New.

So many questions are asked "Comfort" by thrifty housewives all over the country, how to make over last year's things, and the best way to utilize old things, remnants and scraps, that this column will be devoted entirely to this commendable, many-times-necessary economy, and every woman is cordially invited to ask "Comfort's" help in this important branch of her work for adults and children. Address, Economy Editor, "Comfort," Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. R. T. H., Portsmouth, O.—Your old-fashioned lace sack comes into play for the dainty lace bertha, to be worn with the new silk gown. Cut off the bertha from the bottom, then you have the short sack to be cut into an exquisite silk waist covering. This is economy indeed—giving lovely trimming for two garments, so entirely different in design. Your fine old lace, too much worn to be used of itself, can be applied in bolero form on bodice or on revers, collars or cuffs. It can also be used on a bit of velvet in the same way in trimming hats. It depends on your quantity—whether you make a crown or rim—either will produce a most refined and elegant effect. These days of elaborate lace decorations call out the old-time tatting shuttle and crochet needle, also.

Miss Fannie B., Nestorville, W. Va.—You can remodel last season's white silk waist by a delicate touch of color. The dainty finish in some color, green, blue, or black, in tiny bands of silk stitched in white or with French knots, or both. Pale blue waists rank next to white this season. Your white linen will look like a new waist and can be made quite dainty by embroidery in shades of green with a bit of black here and there. Embroider white cloth waist in black.

Mrs. H., Emporia, Va.—It will depend on the kind of material your dark spring dress is made of, whether or not it can be made over with light trimming for summer. If it is a dark cloth coat suit, rip up, clean, turn and put together with new linings. Wear it with white, or light waist of any kind. If it be a plain dress, do likewise, but cut the waist by a later pattern and lighten with any trimming in harmony with the material and color.

Mrs. G. R., Lamar, Wis.—You can make a very pretty waist of the skirt of your last season's plain blue lawn. Rip, and carefully press; cut the waist Gibson pattern or any you desire; trim with bands of white India linen, braid attached or French knotted with blue silk, or embroider in tiny flowers.

Miss Hattie G., Milo, Iowa.—Your scraps of lace and ribbon and flowers will trim your new spring hat nicely. First immerse your black lace in a bowl of alcohol, spread out to dry, and that will be as good as new. With the black velvet ribbon and black lace you have large white roses will look fresh. Arrange the flowers and black lace on front of the hat, and the velvet ribbon in loops and ends at the back, any arrangement that is becoming will be the most effective.

Mrs. Kate R., Bethany, Ill.—Pillow sham dressing sack. First rip the wide lace from your old pillow shams; take out the inserting, whip these together; cut a deep yoke of the linen, tuck in clusters; cut a straight piece of the linen, allowing for a slight fullness, and put this on to the yoke. Then make a deep full ruffle of the lace and inserting, and sew that on and finish neck and sleeves with lace. Your dressing sack will then be complete, and at no expense of money.

Miss F. L., Pineville, N. C.—Your old lace curtains are certainly valuable. You can, by careful handling, arrange an attractive and pleasing trimming for almost any kind of summer dress or an exquisite lace bertha can be made. First soak the curtains several hours in soft warm water, with half pint of ammonia, well stirred before putting them in. When thoroughly cleaned, pin them down to dry. Cut out the daintiest leaves and flowers and lay the bertha pattern on the very thinnest parts. After cutting out, transfer the leaves and flowers in as artistic a manner as possible. Then for one dollar and forty-nine cents your windows may be draped as artistically in muslin curtains as you will be in your summer dress.

Miss F. R. M., Bradford, Ill.—If your pale blue taffeta waist is not much worn it can be made quite pretty by trimming with bands of white silk stitched with blue, to form a yoke, or extend them to the belt. The most important fact in dressing is to have the garment suit the woman, whatever it may be. In selecting your wardrobe, first remember if this or that will harmonize with the figure or complexion of the wearer. You should never select stripes for your own use. They make a tall, slender person look taller. In using hair cloth, the hair in the cloth must run around the skirt (not up and down) and must always be shrunk before using. Many have the impression that hair cloth should be confined to skirts alone. It is used in coats, jackets and fur collars. The edges must be bound. (2) Certainly your ribbons can be made almost new, by washing in warm soft water and melted Ivory soap. Do not wring, but rinse well in warm water, stretch and pin down, rub with a dry cloth gently, until perfectly smooth. Never iron ribbon; and when dry roll them over a round box or a roll of paper. This is a bit of economy well worth remembering.

Miss Maud R., Jackson, O.—All the dainty thin waists button up the back. Any becoming way you desire to trim your waist will be up to date, as there is every conceivable form of decoration. Any way you choose to arrange it, but something original, no doubt, would be more pleasing than many styles alike. You could make a tucked yoke and tucked elbow sleeves, or a straight yoke of fine embroidery with an embroidered ruffle below the yoke, and on the sleeves, finish the tucked yoke with ruffles of lace or of the goods with tiny inserting set in above the hem of the ruffle. That makes a dainty ruffle for most any kind of thin waist or dress. (2) A very pretty and simple way to remodel your satin waist is to trim with bands of the same, embroidered in tiny flowers; a white waist in Forget-me-nots; a lavender, in pansies, and so on. Make all the shadings of your flowers as near to nature as possible. You can scatter the flowers over the waist anywhere if you are unable to get material for the bands, making the waist entirely changed.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. MRS. L. D. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

The Latest Fashions.

By a special arrangement with the manufacturers, we have secured a line of the most popular and latest designs in fashions, and offer our readers patterns of the various styles illustrated Free for Club Subscriptions. Our pattern bears a number and the size in which it can be supplied.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING AND ORDERING PATTERNS. For all fitted garments for ladies, the bust measure only is necessary; this measure should be taken moderately tight around the figure under the arm and over the fullest part of the bust. Take the measure the same for tight-fitting, half-loose, and perfectly loose garments, and be governed by the exact measure taken, as the proper allowance is made in the pattern for the difference in the closeness of the fit.

Skirts must be ordered according to the waist measure, in sizes either medium or large. The medium size is cut to a waist measurement of twenty-six inches, and the large size to a waist measurement of thirty inches.

For children's patterns the age only is necessary.

In ordering patterns, order only one of the sizes given, and write the number of the pattern plainly; when two numbers are given in the same illustration, they indicate two patterns, and when both are ordered it is the same as ordering two different patterns.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only three 6 months' trial 10c. subscriptions to this paper we will send free any two patterns you may select.

For a club of four yearly subscribers at 15c. each, we will send you any four patterns free.

We do not sell the Patterns and the only way to secure them is to send us the subscribers' names who have actually paid for "Comfort." Address, Comfort Pattern Department, Augusta, Maine.

2251. HERMIONE SHIRT-WAIST.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, & 40 Bust Measure.

An elaborately designed shirt-waist, made over a fitted lining, has an exquisitely shaped yoke, tucks down the front and a fitted strap about the neck. The woman who desires to have considerable work on her shirt-waist cannot do better than to follow the Hermione design, and the pattern is eminently adapted to any of the light woolen fabrics and also in silk.

2249. LEHIGH SHIRT-WAIST.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, & 40 Bust Measure.

The Lehigh Shirt-waist is the model waist of the season. It is quite plain and has three forward turning plaits at the neckband. There is no yoke or other trimming or complications about it. As a pattern it is most desirable because from it all waists may be modelled, and no end of tucking and decorations may be wrought upon it before placing the pattern on the cloth.



2249.

2251.



2259.

2251.

1135. JUAN SUIT.

Sizes, 4, 6, and 8 Years.

A standard and becoming design for a boy's suit or suit, and is suitable for all fabrics generally employed. The blouse generally matches the trousers, but oftentimes the blouses are made of washable fabrics and the shield and large collar are made of detachable so that various changes may be made. Serge, tweeds and chevrons are the popular woolen materials, while linen, duck and Galatea cloth are much used for the warm season. Rows of narrow braid are used for trimming, and anchors or stars are embroidered on the shield piece and collar.

2115. MUSSETTE FROCK.

Sizes, 8, 10, and 12 Years.

A favorite style of the ever popular "sailor frock." The frock is cut snug-fitting in the back, while the front has the blouse effect and revers. The skirt is gored. Woolens and heavy cottons are the materials most desired, with some contrasting color for the revers and chemise.

2261. THISTLE FROCK.

Sizes 12, 14 & 16 Years.

The Thistle frock, designed for a girl of twelve, fourteen or sixteen years, is dressy and exquisite in its style. The waist consists of a soft silk blouse, held to position over a fitted lining. Over the blouse there is a natty little bolero, trimmed with a decorated band around its edge, and also with two smart velvet bows. The sleeve reaches to the elbow, and is trimmed with a circular ruffle over a plaited one.

2208. HARVARD FROCK.

Sizes, 6, 8 and 10 Years.

The sailor suit really takes precedence over every style of girls' frocks for general wear. This design has a circular skirt, a waist that has a tight lining, and the loose sailor waist blouses over it. The shield-piece is faced on the lining, and the blouse is finished with a wide sailor collar. Light-weight woolens and heavy cotton fabrics are most desirable for this design.

2259. OSWALD BOLERO WAIST.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 & 40 Bust Measure.

The Bolero waist shown here is a combination of shirt-waist and bolero, and is very smart. The trimming is hand embroidery, although passementerie may be made to serve. The waist is silk, and is gathered to form a yoke at the shoulders and line of the bust, and the velvet girdle secures it to position. A combination of black and white would be very attractive.

2266. EUNICE FROCK.

Sizes, 6 and 8 Years.

The frock is a simple little costume designed for six and eight year old girls. The waist is lined, and the skirt is a circular one, while the seam joining the two is concealed under a shaped belt. A figured percale, with corded pique forms a dainty combination. Wool and silk combinations will develop a pretty "best" frock. Blue and green suit with vest of cream white, or red and black with vest, etc., of plain red silk would also be attractive.



2266.

2262.



2330.



Waist, 2332.

Skirt, 1874.

2262—COLUMBIA FROCK.

Sizes, 6, 8 & 10 Years.

An especially pretty design for little girls. It has the wide turned-over sailor collar which so admirably trims the back of the frock. The skirt is circular fitted with a dart on the side and has an inverted box-plait at the middle of the back. Narrow braid and buttons provide the necessary decoration. Blue silk gingham, with white vest and braid, and pearl buttons, would make a dainty frock. Percale, pique, chambray and woollens generally are also in good taste.

2101. DAHLIA FROCK.

Sizes, 6, 8 and 10 Years.

Quite a novelty for a sailor suit is shown in this design. Instead of being gathered in front, the little blouse is laid in plaits, stitched a quarter of an inch from the edge. The back is plain and the sleeves are the full bishop style. The skirt is plaited and stitched to the blouse. If preferred, the plait may be left unstitched or gathered. It is suitable for woolen or cotton fabrics, trimmed with band or flat trimming.

2258. SAVOY BLOUSE.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 & 40 Bust Measure.

2257. SPENCER SKIRT.

Sizes, Medium and Large.

The blouse jacket seems to be the one in popular favor this season, and this design, though simple, is very jaunty when well made, decorated with stitching and lined with silk. Developed in black broadcloth it will prove useful to wear with odd skirts. The skirt is an excellent design for silk, wool or wash fabrics. The seams and edges of the flounces may be simply stitched or decorated with applique insertion, narrow velvet ribbon, or bias folds of silk according to the taste of the maker.

2334. BALFOUR SUIT.

Sizes, 6, 8 and 10 Years.

This pretty suit for boys is made of wool goods, or of pique or linen, and is exceedingly smart and up-to-date. This pattern is a treasure to the woman who has a tailor-made skirt of her own to make over into a boy's suit. While these little suits are quite expensive in the stores at this season, they may be made at home at a trifling cost. The trousers blouse slightly over the knee. If made up in cotton goods, the goods should be well shrunk before making up.

2317. THORNTON JACKET.

Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust Measure.

2256. VESTA SKIRT.

Sizes, Medium and Large.

The Thornton jacket is very natty in its lines, and very graceful and dressy. While suited to any materials made into street gowns, it may be developed in corduroy or velvet, and have white silk collar and cuffs decorated with French knots, or the silk may contain its own polka dots. The jacket has the habit back now so popular, and the sleeve has the wide cuff turned back loosely like a gauntlet. The skirt is a handsome five-gored pattern. The seams are strapped and stitched, and the style is suitable for woolen goods.



Waist, 2255.

Skirt, 2257.

Waist, 2317.

Skirt, 2256.

2330. DAISY WAIST.

Sizes, 14 and 16 Years.

Nothing could be daintier for girls of the age mentioned than this waist. The yoke consists of tucks that are loosened for a full blouse. Embroidered daisies outline the yoke. Three yards of goods are required to make this waist. It would be an attractive design for a graduation gown.

2332. THEODORA WAIST.

Sizes, 14 and 16 Years.

1874. ANNIS SKIRT.

Sizes, Medium and Large.

This is a good suggestion for making a gingham, batiste or foulard frock for a young miss. The one in the design is blue and white china silk trimmed with novelty lace; the chemise is white silk. The skirt is a simple four-gored design, with the fullness gathered in the back. It has two circular ruffles five inches deep set on the bottom of the skirt, which makes a convenient as well as attractive finish, as the skirt can be lengthened at any time, and the piecing hidden by the ruffle.

Flossie Field.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"Oh, thanks," said Flossie, as he led the way into Mrs. Wurtemberg's somewhat tawdry parlor, "but I must go to my mother at once. She will want me."

The minister hesitated a moment, then raised his hand to check her as she would have glided past.

"My child," said he, tenderly, "she will never want you any more. I would like to break the awful tidings more gently, but I don't know how. It is best, perhaps, to know the worst at once. Your mother is dead, Flossie. It is scarcely an hour since she passed away, very quietly, in her sleep, without even a pang."

Flossie looked wistfully at the kind old face. Was he talking to her? Or was it someone else? Surely those dreadful words could not be meant for her. She was excited, overdone—perhaps her mind was unbalanced!

In a second, however, she broke from his restraining hand, pushed past Mrs. Wurtemberg, who vainly strove to block the door, and rushed to her mother's room.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried, wildly. "Speak to me! Oh, merciful God, she is dead!" The continuation of this interesting serial will be published in the July number of "Comfort," and that you may not miss any chapters you should send in your subscription at once. 25c. for one full year, or 10c. for a special six months' subscription. See Special Coupon Subscription Offer on another page, this issue.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE
CURES AILMENTS OF WOMEN
Female Weakness, Inflammations, Internal Pains, Lassitude, Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, Melancholy, Lung Diseases.
TRIAL FREE

It brings health, comfort, attractiveness. Wholly external. Worn with or without corsets. Simple, comfortable, adjustable to fit any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother. We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every year like the following:

Rushville, N. Y., June 2, 1901.
I had been ailing for fifteen years from back ache, headache, constipation and prolepsis. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avail. Your brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there.
Free trial for 30 days. Particulars and illustrated book, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Write today to
THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.
HOWARD C. BATH, M.D.
BOX 27, SALINA, KANSAS.

JEWELERS \$20.00 CHARGE \$2.00
For services and look no further and two better than this. 30 year guarantee. Fully jeweled works. Highest grade diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, etc. (This list not complete). We also have a large stock of U. S. HORNER CO. 1409 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TAKE ORDERS FOR GROCERIES
Dinner Set, Furniture, Couch, Skirt, Tea Set, Sewing Machine, etc., Free, also cash commission. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We pay freight. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., Dept. 27, 806 North Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

\$2.00 OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS
Five Best Selling Articles and Catalog. Exp. Prepaid. We are largest manufacturers of New Novelties in Aluminum, Granite and Tinware in the U. S. Address Dept. X HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.

OLD EYES MADE NEW. A cure by pneumatic oscillation, for far-sight, astigmatism, cataract. By mail, 10c. DR. FOOTE, Box 788, NEW YORK.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, etc. any pan. Agents makes to \$5000 per day. Large catalogue new goods free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. C, BATH, N.Y.

COMBINATION DIPPER & USEFUL
U. S. HORNER CO. 1409 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES, Pin Money, Flavors, Perfumes, Credit, Act terms free. Herbene Agency Co., Bx 354, Station L, New York.

FREE! FREE! FREE!
Beauties A Pair of Lace Curtains. Adjustable Reclining Chair.

It is made of the finest Oak and so arranged by a simple device in the back that it can be adjusted to either a lounging or upright position. It is the most useful and popular Easy Chair on the market. They seem to just fit the tired body after a busy day's work. In fact it fits one's every mood. We are giving these Chairs away as premiums for selling our Remedies.

Lace Curtains Free.
Sell only six Electric Plasters at 25c. each, which we must use to give you a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid. Don't fail to send for the six Plasters to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the \$1.50 you get the Curtains and learn all about the Morris Chair inducement. It will surprise you in liberality. We do not give the \$15.00 Chair for selling only \$1.50 worth of goods as some firms profess to do, but we make you the most liberal, honest and straightforward offer ever put out. We are paying our agents over two dollars for selling only one dollar's worth of goods in order to get them cemented. We want to prove there is a sure prevention and cure for Lame Back, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, Malaria, etc., etc. Send for the six Plasters to-day. Address
The Giant Plaster Co., Box C, Augusta, Maine.

The Little Dutchman.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GENEVIEVE FLEMING.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.



SHINE, dancing, gleaming sunshine everywhere! It glowed in the azure sky flecking the lazily drifting clouds till they glistened like snow; it glinted on the rippling water of the great rolling river till one thought only of the beauty of its playful surface and the terrors of the deepness and darkness below were blotted out. Even the plain little ferry office on its floating wharf shared some of its glory, and the old scarred, white painted thing was so softened and mellowed by the red evening glory that an artist

might have seen fit to put it in a picture.

There was only one object who seemed somehow to have missed the brightness. It shone all about him, but not on him. He looked up as the heavy ferry boat jarred against the wharf and the blue eyes in his round German face searched the faces of the landing passengers in a pitiful, dazed sort of way.

They were used to seeing him there. Every evening during the summer he had come down after his work in the car shops was over and had sat there, gazing into the water as if he imagined it were the ocean across which he might catch glimpses of the Fatherland. There were not many traces of sentiment in the round, rosy face, but there must have been some, somewhere in the square little frame, for only a sentimental person could have cared to bring his loved one's letters down to the river in order to read the same one over evening after evening until another came, and so on all during the summer months.

He was not a bit ashamed of his little romance either for as one day a ferryman had laughingly seized the letter and looked for the signature and ever afterwards had teased him about his little Gretchen, but he only succeeded in provoking a foolish, hasty little smile and a deepening of the rosy hue in his face. No one could really tease him about Gretchen. She was his hope, his sort of earthly heaven, and the thought of the time when he should have saved money enough to bring her to America and have her with him always was what sustained him and made his laborer's existence almost happy and content.

His actions did not seem at all strange to himself. He could not have Gretchen with him on his evening strolls, so what more natural than that the precious white leaves of paper inscribed with the dear loving words of his own country, written by the hand he loved best on earth, should accompany him.

"Ich liebe dich, Ich liebe dich, mein Fritz," she so often ended, as though her whole letter had not breathed her love in every line. When Fritz came to these words a glad light would spring to his eyes, making his plain face beautiful and if he thought no one were looking, he would press the paper passionately to his lips.

Today, the light in his eyes had gone out and left them dull like some animal's eyes dazed with pain.

The collector of the ferry rallied the little Dutchman as usual as he passed him on his way up the levee. He was going home to supper and his children were waiting for him in a wagon at the top of the hill, but when his good-natured jokes failed to elicit any response he stopped and laid his hand wonderingly on Fritz's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old man? Has Gretchen gone back on you? You seem rather under the weather this evening."

The little Dutchman's face grew a trifle more stony and he never turned his gaze from the sunny water.

"She is dead," he answered, and his voice sounded strange, even to his own ears.

The ferryman felt his voice grow husky as he pressed Fritz's hand, but his sympathy seemed to fall on deaf ears and he turned away, feeling that the German preferred to be alone.

The glorious sunlight slowly faded, climbing higher and higher, up the stone piers of the massive bridge which spanned the river several yards lower down stream. A passenger train went over it and one or two freights thundered across but Fritz did not notice them. His eyes were ever on the rapidly flowing water at his feet. He watched it change from ruddy gold to a pearly pinkish grey in the sunset light, then it grew dark and cold as the rosy flush died out. The Government was widening the channel some distance below and a force of night workmen had been put on to hurry the work through before high water. Their lights glowed like fairy lamps on the dark water and the clink of their hammers on the rocks sounded through the sweet evening stillness.

Fritz heard all the sounds about him. He was conscious every half hour that the wharf was shaken by a landing boat, and that people passed him and that some even cast curious glances at him, but his soul was crushed under some terrible weight which he could neither battle against nor see his way through.

Once or twice he murmured, "Mein Gott, mein Gott," but it was more in a puzzled helplessness than as a cry of pain. Gretchen was with God, he reasoned; then he was alone.

"Allein, allein, immer allein!" The thought terrified him. He got up and went nearer the railing. His simple German mind was lost amid such vast thoughts as eternity and the infinity of God. Poor, blind human reasoning! He must find God—and Gretchen. Always Gretchen; she was the one sure thing in his whirling fancies. He raised his eyes to the

THE LORD'S PRAYER ECHOED.

If any be distressed and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father.
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven.
Except Thou succor us,
Who art in heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same,
We praise thee singing:
Hallowed be Thy name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys and let
Thy kingdom come.
We, mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou, constant art:
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou madest the earth, as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.
Give us this day
Wherewith to cloth us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin.
Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from sinning ever free did live,
Forgive us Lord our sins,
As we forgive.
If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdain'st us;
We pardon
Them that trespass against us.
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us—
Us, Thine own people and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander.
But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh; so shalt Thou free
Us from all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen.

—Anonymous.

star-lit sky. He had always believed that God was somewhere up beyond those revolving worlds, but he could not find him there, only people who had died could go there.

A light seemed to dance in his tortured brain. Only people who had died; then why should he not die? A restful peace stole into his soul. The river splashed gently just at his feet. It was deep and cool and he was tired and lonely. He began to realize how long the waiting had been now. Gretchen must want him, too, he thought, and he would not wait any longer but go to her tonight.

The lights of an approaching ferry shone like two great burning eyes as it steamed slowly under the bridge and then shutting off some of her steam, moving slowly in toward her landing. As she came nearer the water between her side and the wharf was ploughed up by the paddle wheels into lashing foam. The collector at the gate was just reaching out his hand to open it, as they were only a few feet from the wharf, when a short, thick-set form was seen to plunge headlong into the churning water.

They were several hours finding the body but at last it was discovered where it had drifted down near a pier of the bridge.

"It is the little Dutchman," some one said. "He must have been struck by the paddle wheel for he was a good swimmer."

They all thought it was an accident, all but the collector on the day boat. He knew that a tragedy had been enacted after he left the wharf that night and that Fritz had gone to find little Gretchen, but somehow those two names had become sacred to him and he never told the little Dutchman's secret. Only a merciful God knows all.

Suggestions for the Invalid's Bed.



A sickness comes at some time, soon or late, to every family, no matter how carefully guarded, and as a trained nurse is not always obtainable, it behooves every woman to know just how to prepare and change the bed for an invalid too ill to be readily moved. The best bedstead for use in sickness is of brass or iron, six and one-half feet in length, two or two and one-half feet in height and three feet in width. These hospital bedsteads may be procured at any first-class furniture store, and will be found invaluable in all cases of sickness where the attendant is obliged to do much bending over her patient.

The mattress should be of hair, as that can be readily cleaned and disinfected. Cotton makes the best material for sheets in this climate, as linen is apt to chill, and three should be in use at a time—the upper, the lower and the draw. Blankets of good quality make the best covering, with a light-weight counterpane at the top. A large pillow of hair and one of feathers, with as many small pillows as the exigencies of the case require, complete the furnishing.

In making the bed, pin the lower sheet carefully into place on the under side of the mattress, that the patient, if uneasy, may not work it up into wrinkles. Fold the draw sheet and pin across the middle of the bed, allowing for it to extend from the patient's shoulders well below the hips. Put on the upper sheet, leaving it a little loose for the feet, and long enough to turn over the blanket at the top. The blanket need not be as long as the sheet, but should be long enough to tuck around the patient's neck. The counterpane may be of the same length as the sheet, and left long enough to fold over. In changing the bed, roll the patient to one side, putting one hand against the shoulder and the other against the hip. Roll up the lower sheets in lengthwise folds against the patient; then, after having rolled a fresh sheet and draw sheet lengthwise as far as the middle, place this roll against the first one, the other half of the sheet covering the bare portion of the bed. Pin in place, then push the soiled and clean sheets well under the patient, gently rolling him from you for the purpose. Now go to the other side of the bed, carefully turn the patient back, protecting with the upper sheet. Pull the lower sheets to the further side, removing the soiled ones and smoothing

LOSS OF WEIGHT IS DANGEROUS

Loss of Weight Means a Loss of Strength and May Lead to Dangerous Sickness.

KEEP FAT IF YOU CAN--THIS TELLS HOW.

One of the first signs of rapidly failing health is loss of weight.

Flesh is strength, and loss of flesh is loss of strength.

Loss of flesh is one of the most persistent symptoms of consumption.

Feverishness, constant cough, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, lack of ambition.

All these form "corroborative testimony," as the courts call it.

And if the germ is there, it is high time for drastic measures.

The way to build strength and flesh is to take a course of the Dr. Slocum treatment for weakness and weak lungs.

It is a complete system for the building up of a dilapidated system.

A scientific, antiseptic, prophylactic system for all who are in danger of going into a decline.

It consists of a course of four medicinal preparations and scientific concentrated tissue foods and builders that create flesh and strength and so conserve the failing vital forces.

They make strength and keep it.

One of their ingredients is a germicide of

great potency, absolutely harmless to the human system.

The Slocum treatment purifies the body of germs and of the poisons which germs create.

It heals inflamed membranes, soothes cough, restores disordered digestion and assimilation, and is a general tonic for the weak system.

Its use has cured many thousands of a consumptive taint—many thousands of actual consumption infection.

It is a pleasant and harmless method of treatment for all who are sick, in any way, especially those who are IN DELICATE HEALTH.

To test its great efficacy in your own case simply write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine St., N. Y.,

for the Free Course of Treatment, mentioning COMFORT and giving your name, post office and express address, when a full supply of Four Free Preparations will at once be sent you with full directions for use in any case.

I WAS BLIND

Dr. Coffee Restored My Sight, says J. M. Davis.



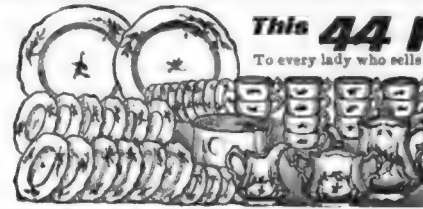
Mr. Davis had been afflicted with weak eyes for many years. They would get better and then worse, and finally, a year ago, he was taken with a terrible inflammation of the eyes, ulcers formed and abscesses of each eyeball, which made him blind in 4 weeks; and having a neighbor who had been cured by Dr. Coffee, he went to him at once and in four

months cured the ulcers, granulated lids and restored his sight. Write Dr. Coffee for his 80-page Book explaining his "New Absorption System" and how you can cure Cataracts, Ulcers and all Eye diseases at home by mild medicine. Small expense. This book tells how he restored Davis' sight and hundreds of others at home. It contains photographs of how the eyes look when diseased and tells how to prevent blindness. Write quick. Specify Eye Book, it's free. Dr. W. O. COFFEE, 843 Good Block, Des Moines, Ia.



PROMINENT doctor has recently stated that baldness is a disease caused by microbes, and that it is contagious. In his opinion he states that "it is caused by a specific microbe that lives and multiplies in the sebaceous glands and causes the loss of hair by action on the roots." It is not a disease of old age, but rather one of youth. Hair restorers, while they may check the falling of the hair, can never cure the disease nor cause a new growth.

The "Bridal Robe Predictions" are as follows: Married in white, you have chosen all right. Married in gray, you will go far away. Married in black, you will wish yourself back. Married in red, you will wish yourself dead. Married in green, ashamed to be seen. Married in blue, he will always be true. Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl. Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow. Married in brown, you will live out of town. Married in pink, your spirit will sink.



This 44 Pc. TEA SET FREE

To every lady who sells 10 cans of our Baking Powder, etc. (on our Plan No. 10) giving free to each purchaser a beautiful Glass Pitcher and six glasses to match, we give this 44-pc. handsomely decorated Tea Set, full size for table use, free. No money required in advance. Simply send your name & address & we will send you our plans, order blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder, & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight, & will trust you with the Baking Powder & Dish, etc. We also give away 12 Piece Dinner Sets, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, etc., for selling our goods. Address King Mfg. Co., 623 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Or Extend Your Subscription.

Owing to extensive additional improvements in "COMFORT" much beyond those first contemplated, we may be obliged soon to announce an advance in the subscription price from 25c. to 50c. a year, of which we give timely notice to our valued old subscribers. To all subscribers old or new we make the following offer at this time. Fill out, sign and send in the special coupon subscription blank below with ten cents to pay for six months' trial subscription; and we will put you on our list as paid six months in advance, the subscription to

continue at the old price, unless you otherwise order. You get a six months' trial subscription for ten cents, and continue for 25c. a year if you like. If you do not like, you can stop it at any time. We feel that this offer will be fully appreciated by our many readers and if you are already a paid up subscriber it would be well for you all to accept the same at once and have your subscription extended at the low price now offered. Subscribers in arrears should all immediately remit as "COMFORT" will hereafter be stopped the first month after expiration.

To Our New Readers, We hold this 30 days and any new readers who now wish to subscribe on these remarkably favorable conditions can do so by at once filling out and sending us the subscription blank printed herewith and 10c. in cash.

Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter my subscription for COMFORT for six months paid in advance, and after that continue my subscription at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered.

Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

Ned Todd.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

and saw that it was very ancient, and almost destroyed with rust.

Taking it up he noticed that it was a gun that had never had a lock.

"It must have been a match lock," he said to himself. "Some of the early Spanish cavaliers who came here with the great De Soto lost their way, and perished in this cavern."

"Oh! that was long ago," cried Daisy. "Why, it is over two hundred years since De Soto with his steel clad warriors roamed over this part of the world."

"I suppose it is, yet here is the remains of one of their guns."

Arch pushed his way along, and throwing aside some loose stones, there was opened up to view a larger cavity, extending farther into the earth. The way was now more difficult than it had been before. They found many curious things here to block their way.

In some places were smooth blocks of stone, showing that they had been cut and chiseled by some hand long ages ago.

"We have certainly stumbled into a very mysterious country," Archie Holland remarked, as he paused and glanced ahead of him.

"Do you think that there has been any one here very lately?" asked the frightened girl.

"I cannot say. Yet these dust covered stones seem to have been moved."

A little farther, over loose blocks of stones, through narrow passages, and they came upon what seemed to be an underground precipice. They were standing on a bit of tableland, while below them was a vast yawning chasm. At their feet could be heard a roaring of falling water.

"Look there," said Daisy.

"Where? What do you see?" her companion asked.

"A stairway leading down the steep. See, it goes down there."

He looked, and sure enough, there was a stone stairway leading down the steep, into the apparently unfathomable darkness below.

It looked like a perilous descent, but Archie Holland was a daring youth, and this was an opportunity for exploration not to be neglected. He went on asking Daisy to follow after him, and to have a care as to how she stepped.

They were on the very edge of a ledge, and a single false step might hurl them into that dark unfathomable abyss below. At last the head of the stone steps was reached. How like stories in the wonderful Arabian Nights it all seemed. They found the stone steps perfectly substantial, and they descended them.

"See, a stone bridge across that torrent," whispered Daisy.

How awe inspiring seemed that whisper. Sounds in this vast subterranean chamber were perfectly awful, and Archie Holland found a peculiar sensation taking possession of his being.

Sure enough, there was what might be termed a natural bridge, made, no doubt by the constant wearing of the water beneath.

On this they crossed over, and found themselves in a vast chamber, whose natural vaulted dome was fully a hundred feet above them. Archie halted a moment and taking one of the torches held it above his head, and examined as best he could the vast apartment. It was a monster chamber, and he yet saw no end to it.

"Come on," he said, "we will cross the bridge."

"Oh, let us not go any farther."

"Why, Daisy, are you afraid?"

"Yes, it seems so terrible."

"Its terribleness will disappear as we advance and explore the darkness."

They had gone but a few paces farther when a most ghastly sight met their view. There lying on the ground almost on the edge of the precipice, above the thundering torrent below, was a skeleton.

Daisy was first to discover it and gave utterance to a half smothered shriek. The flaring torch soon revealed other grisly bones that had been bleaching in this subterranean apartment.

"Come away, oh heaven, come away," she groaned, clinging to Archie's arm. "This surely must be the cavern of death."

"There's nothing here that can harm you," said Archie. "Those dry bones are not dangerous, as if they had flesh upon them, and were alive. Let us explore farther."

But she would not. Still clinging to his arm she begged:

"Oh, come, for the love of heaven take me back to the light of day. Better die the victim of the Oklahoma outlaws, than to pass another hour in this horrible place."

"Very well, it is not my design to make you miserable if I can help it, and as this seems too much for you, much as it interests me, I will forego all pleasure of the exploration."

They turned about and started on their return from the cavern of death.

Daisy clutched his arm, and trembled so violently that she could scarce hold the torch in her hand.

"Let me carry the torch," he said.

"No, no," she returned, "hold your gun and your pistol ready to defend us. I know that something most terrible is going to happen before we get out of this place."

"No, no, no, Daisy. There is nothing here to fear. These dead bodies have possibly lain here for a hundred years."

"No, no, they haven't. I know that this must be one of the secret rendezvous of the road agent, Captain Snell. I heard him say something about a great place like this. Oh, if we were out of here, and safe away from this forest, I would be happy."

"Have no fears, I promised your father when he was dying that I would save you, and I will."

"I know you will, if you can."

They had now reached the natural bridge, and were going over. The other side was reached, and they started up the narrow path along the ledge.

"Stop." It was Archie who spoke, and there was considerable alarm displayed in the tremor of his voice.

"What is it?" she asked in a whisper.

"I hear a noise, don't you?"

"No. Which direction is it?"

"At the entrance."

"Yes, oh yes, I hear it now."

"Quiet, make no noise. Someone is entering the cavern."

The heavy tramp of feet, and even the murmur of voices afar off, could be heard in that vast cavern. The youth knew that their torches must soon betray them, and he whispered:

"Extinguish your torch."

The hint had only to be given, until it was obeyed. In a moment the torches went out.

Then the light from other torches could be seen moving about in the distance. At first

they looked like stars afar off, but anon they drew nearer, and when they were not but fifty paces away, winding about through the narrow and tortuous ways and passages of the cavern, he could distinctly make out the forms of three men approaching them.

"We must hide, or they will see us. They are coming this way."

She knew it before he told her, but where were they to go?

Just before extinguishing his torch Archie had noticed a narrow path leading down under the approach to the natural bridge, which they had crossed.

He whispered to the frightened and trembling girl, and told her to make no noise, but keep a firm hold on his arm and follow him. Then swinging his rifle about his shoulders he began the descent. It was quite steep, and in this plutonian darkness, almost impassable, at last he had reached what seemed to be a sort of a bench of rock just under the approach of the bridge. He groped about and found a place where there was a level spot, on which he placed the affrighted girl behind him. In groping around, he placed his hand upon a loose stone which was on the verge of the precipice, and he came very nearly knocking it over. He trembled at the thought of how near he had come to exposing their presence to their enemies, for had the stone fallen over the precipice, the splash must have inevitably betrayed them.

"Wall, less make short work o' him, cut his throat an' throw him over inter the water, an' yer kin bet that we'll never hear tell on him agin," said one of the voices that was coming down toward the bridge.

"No, less do a better way'n that."

"What?"

"Ye see we're swore to git rid o' this ere Ned Todd fur good. Now that we've got him in our clutches, less make ther most out o' him that we kin. Less not kill him afore we throw him over, but bind him hand and foot, and gin him a plunge down thar inter thar water, an' yer kin bet it'll be ther last we'll ever hear on him after he kin a few screeches."

"By jecookibus, Dyke, yer hit ther nail on ther head, we'll do it. An' ter carry out ther joke we'll jess take ther gag out o' his mouth so't he kin screech."

A few moments later the trembling fugitives beneath the broad slab of stone heard the well-known voice of Ned Todd say:

"Towards, do you think I would utter a single screech, or make one appeal for mercy to such wretches as you? I will yet live to bring the last of you to the halter."

"Ber gosh, purty defiant, hain't he?"

"Bet he is, Dyke. Guess he's goin' ter die game."

The two men could be heard binding the prisoner, and after a moment's silence the determined Ned Todd said:

"Do your best, I can defy you. I will die like a man, and you shall not be gratified with a single groan from me."

"Ha, ha, Ned Todd, we can't make yer screech I reckon, but we'll know that yer can't do we'll uns any harm."

"There will be others who will."

"Who'd ye think they ar', eh? That ar' youngster that was with yer an' got away from us? Well ef yer a feedin' yerself on thar ar' kinder chaff I tell yer it won't do. We'll git him, and send him down in this ere cave o' death, whar we send all our foes. I reckon ye'll find a purty heap o' bones over on tother side."

"You will reach the gallows yet," cried the brave detective.

"Better beg us ter hev a leetle mearcy on yer!"

"No."

"Not ef I would save ye life?"

"Not if I should die a thousand deaths. You are a set of merciless dogs. And I defy you, do with me as you will."

"Wall that's jist what we're goin' ter do. But thar's one thing we'd like ter know."

"I will give you no information if I know it."

"But ef ye'd tell us jist whar that ar' old cattle king, whar we cotched a long time ergo, hez his money buried, whar we'll let ye go."

"I know nothing of it. Nor would I tell you if I knew." Ned Todd defiantly answered. He knew full well that if he knew the secret, and was to reveal it to them, that he would not be spared on account of it. It was certain death anyway.

"Is he all tied tight, Pike?"

"Yes."

"So't he couldn't git loose anyway?"

"Yes."

"Then over with him, and thar ar' will be the end on 'im."

They seized the body of the bound detective, and lifting him in the air hurled him over into the dark abyss below. A moment after there was a heavy splash in the water.

"That's the end o' him," said one of his murderers, gazing down into the fathomless darkness. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT, now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the July copy will not reach you.

"Is he all tied tight, Pike?"

"Yes."

"So't he couldn't git loose anyway?"

"Yes."

"Then over with him, and thar ar' will be the end on 'im."

They seized the body of the bound detective, and lifting him in the air hurled him over into the dark abyss below. A moment after there was a heavy splash in the water.

"That's the end o' him," said one of his murderers, gazing down into the fathomless darkness. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT, now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the July copy will not reach you.

"Is he all tied tight, Pike?"

"Yes."

"So't he couldn't git loose anyway?"

"Yes."

"Then over with him, and thar ar' will be the end on 'im."

They seized the body of the bound detective, and lifting him in the air hurled him over into the dark abyss below. A moment after there was a heavy splash in the water.

"That's the end o' him," said one of his murderers, gazing down into the fathomless darkness. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT, now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the July copy will not reach you.

"Is he all tied tight, Pike?"

"Yes."

"So't he couldn't git loose anyway?"

"Yes."

"Then over with him, and thar ar' will be the end on 'im."

They seized the body of the bound detective, and lifting him in the air hurled him over into the dark abyss below. A moment after there was a heavy splash in the water.

"That's the end o' him," said one of his murderers, gazing down into the fathomless darkness. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT, now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the July copy will not reach you.

"Is he all tied tight, Pike?"

"Yes."

"So't he couldn't git loose anyway?"

"Yes."

"Then over with him, and thar ar' will be the end on 'im."

They seized the body of the bound detective, and lifting him in the air hurled him over into the dark abyss below. A moment after there was a heavy splash in the water.

"That's the end o' him," said one of his murderers, gazing down into the fathomless darkness. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT, now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the July copy will not reach you.

Royal Yachts.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



HOHENZOLLERN OF WILLIAM II.

which fly the individual colors of their royal commanders, surpassing in size, complements and luxury the Savonia of Italy, the Milan of France, the Dannebrog of Denmark, and the Giralda of Spain, but being herself surpassed by the yachts of Czar Alexander of Russia and King Edward of England.

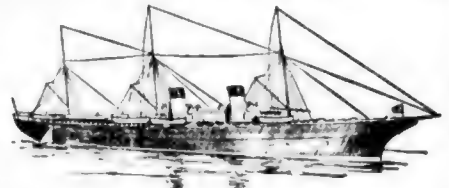
Of these three leaders, however, the Hohenzollern was the first built, and for four years stood at the head of the list of yachts owned by noble sailors. She was launched in 1892, the total cost being \$1,071,000. Her crew numbers two hundred and ninety and her speed is twenty-two knots.

The year after the Hohenzollern had been given to the water Czar Alexander III. began work on a yacht which should surpass his royal cousin's, and after the great yards at Copenhagen had labored for three years on her long, clean lines and gorgeous fittings and after the Imperial naval bureau had expended close upon \$2,000,000, the Standart was launched to take her place first on the list of royal yachts. She still outranks all others in size and complement, though she is a knot slower than the Hohenzollern and has cost a trifle less than the Victoria and Albert III. She carries a crew of three hundred and seventy and has a speed of twenty-one knots.

King Edward's yacht is most widely known for the series of unfortunate happenings which marked her early career two years ago. Launched at Pembroke in 1899, she was seemingly another triumph to the constructive genius of Sir William Temple, but this triumph was turned to something closely akin to disgrace when the yacht "turned turtle" in the dry docks while fitting. It was then found that she had been overloaded with ornaments and furnishings, and not only were her masts and stacks shortened, but much of her beauty had to be discarded before the Naval Board would pronounce her seaworthy. Even then she

KING EDWARD'S VICTORIA AND ALBERT III.

rolled so heavily on her maiden trip that it was found necessary to ballast her with three hundred tons of iron stowed away in the bilge, which resulted in greater comfort but cut her speed down fully a knot. Her cost was \$2,106,000, carries a crew of two hundred and twenty and has a speed of twenty and one-half knots. It would be hard to differentiate between these three royal vessels in the point of the luxury and beauty of their fittings. In each of them rare woods, deep carvings, rich hangings and a lavish amount of brilliant metals have been used.



THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN YACHT STANDART.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

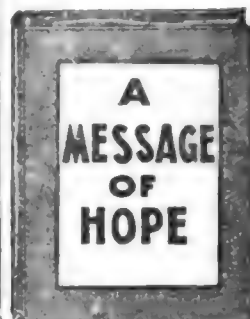
What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

What is supposed to be the largest watch in the United States is owned by a jeweler in Boston, Mass., its weight being nearly a pound and a half; it is made of coin silver in the hunting style. The same man owns so, which is made of gold and to be worn as a collar button. It measures a quarter of an inch across the dial and is said to be a good time keeper.

Hidden Secrets of Disease Revealed



In this "GRAND BOOK" Which is sent ABSOLUTELY FREE.

A Message of Hope, a wonderful book written by Dr. J. M. Peabody, the "Grand Old Man" of Battle Creek, Michigan, for the sole purpose of revealing to sufferers the wonderful system of treatment which has originated and which has cured so many cases that were thought to be hopeless and incurable. The book is written in a plain and concise manner, telling you exactly how and where you can regain your perfect health. In fact, it gives you the key to the grandest knowledge known. It reveals wonderful secrets and makes the impossible of yesterday the realities of to-day. No matter what your disease or how many have termed it hopeless or incurable, you will indeed find it a Message of Hope to you, for if you follow its dictates, you will as thousands of others have, be entirely cured of your ailments. Remember this book costs you absolutely nothing and you will prize it highly. Simply sit down, write your name and address, send it to the Dr. Peabody's Institute of Health, Drawer W, Battle Creek, Mich., also stating your ailments, and the Doctors composing this Institute will send their professional opinion and advice as well as this grand book, without cost.

MADE \$105 THE FIRST MONTH
written FRED. BLODGETT, of N. Y. J. L. BARRICK, of La., writes: "Am making \$100 to \$200 every day I work." MISS L. M. ANDERSON, of Iowa, writes: "I made \$250 to \$300 a day." Hundreds doing likewise. So can you, \$500 to \$1000 daily made plating jewelry, tableware, bicycles, metal goods with gold, silver, and nickel. Enormous demand. Write—offer free. **FREE!**
G. Gray & Co., Plating Works, A Miami Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

NO SPAVINS
The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. Ribs, bones, Carbs and Splints just as quick. Not painful and never has failed. Detailed information about this new method sent free to horse owners. Write today. Ask for pamphlet No. 11. Fleming Bros., Chemists, Union Stock Yds., Chicago.

FAT
How to reduce it
Mr. Hugo Horn, 344 E. 6th St., New York City, writes: "I cannot get weight since three years ago, and I have a constant headache, am nervous, and have no energy. Any one can make it at home with little expense. No starving. No medicine. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents per page, etc."
Hall Chemical Co., Dept. E. St. Louis, Mo.

ANY LADY Can Easily Make \$15 to \$25
weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars free to all. Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money address WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 17, JOLIET, ILL.

LADIES WANTED to do writing at home. Good wages. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for reply. Miss MODELL MILLER, New Carlisle, Ind. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$13 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C, 34 Monroe St., Chicago.

I ASTONISH THE WORLD
By my persistence, DO YOU WISH TO WIN THE \$1000 LOVE LIFE SUCCESS? If so, send me your age and sex with the cut I will send you a special offer. Send no money.
PROF. BONDUANT, C. S. 1908, BOSTON, MASS.

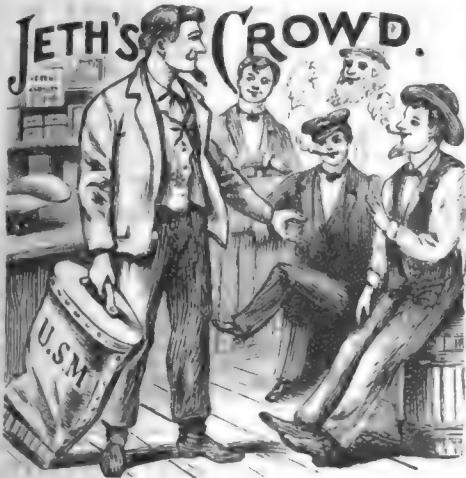
A PAYING PROFESSION Can be learned in ten days. Become independent. Be your own boss. Particulars free. PROF. S. A. WELTMER, Nevada, Mo.

LUCKY SEALS AND TALISMANS
Persons desiring Luck in life or to escape from bad luck send us a small seal or talisman. We will send you one. **SEALS BOOK CO., 315 N. PALMYRA, PENNA.**

TRAINED NURSES make \$25 a week. How to become one without leaving home. Write today. AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR NURSES, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED AGENTS in every county to sell "Family Memorials;" good profits and steady work. Address, CAMPBELL & CO., 30 Plum St. Egin, Ill.

We train people for positions. Write us, International Correspondence Schools, Box 1190, Scranton,



Veracious Records of the Doin's in the Cobb's Corner Postoffice. "Writ out" by the Boy Behind the Counter.

EDITOR'S NOTE. The quaint philosophers, the dry wags, the shrewd dickers and the eminent yarn-spinners of the countryside make a forum of the country postoffice when there is room at the rear around the big stove. The stories and incidents on which some of the most successful human interest novels of the day are constructed come from the quaint loungers around the stores in Yankee communities. These official records of "Jeth's Crowd" are to be taken down month by month for the readers of "Comfort," and we hope that as you become acquainted with the members of the "Congress" your interest in their discourse and stories will deepen. In the July number of "Comfort" the "Cobb's Corner Congress" will continue sessions.



RAN Young, the stage-driver from the Hard-scrabble route, sat down on the edge of the postoffice platform among the rest of the loafers who were enjoying the balmy air of early June.

"As I was sayin'," Teed Strout continued, after a nod to the new arrival, "that old Seth Jephson was high water mark in meanness in our town. Most of his business was lendin' money. Used to rattle 'round town behind a fuzzy old white hoss

that was blind in one eye. Folks used to say that he kept the old hoss 'cause he couldn't see more'n ha'f the fodder in his crib and used to leave a lot till the next time. Uncle Seth was deefen a haddock. But if anyone on the sidewalk so much as whispered 'ten per cent' that old hoss would stop up so short ye'd think he had balked. Uncle Seth had him trained to do it."

"Old Jephson's alive now, hain't he?" asked Ran Young.

"Yes, he lives over in that yaller house jest across the pick of Hard-scrabble hill."

"Heard suthin' about him only this mornin'?" said Young, slicing a sliver from a hitching post. "You all know Phinney's fool, don't ye? That great big slab-sided boy of his that hain't been right sence he had the scarlet fever? Lives neighbor to old Jephson, Phinney does. Wal, as I was walkin' my hosses up the rise of the hill today Phinney's fool come along the ro'd toards me, bellerin' like a May ca'f that's been reduced to tew tits. 'Ah, bah, hah-h-h!' he was goin'. Like to shied my hosses into the ditch when I come up to him. Had a reg'lar foghorn toot."

"Dum take ye," says I, "what ye makin' sech a touse about?"

"'Ub-bub-bah,' he bawled, 'he go taken my bait.'"

"'Been fishin'?' says I.

"'Yah,' he says, lettin' out another howl.

"'Fish take your bait?' I says.

"'Nah,' he howls.

"'What did?'"

"He done it." The fool jerked his thumb

over his shoulder up the ro'd. Couldn't see nobody but old Jephson down on his knees

seedin' in late turnips.

"I had the 'Nited States mails in under the seat but blame me I was interested in what the fool was howlin' about and I hung up and

asked him some questions. Come to find out he had heard his father and some men talkin' about old Seth a few days before. One of the men had said, 'Ye can take a fish line and an old bunged cent for bait and catch Seth Jephson any day.'"

"Wal, now do ye know that blamed fool of Phinney's got holt of an old-fashioned copper cent by robbin' his marm's pocket book or in some sech way and he hitched it onto a line and commenced prom-enadin' up and down the ro'd in front of Jephson's stun' wall. Jephson was over in the garden plantin'.

Fool had the cent draggin' 'bout twenty feet behind. He reckoned he was enjoyin' some good fishin'.

He kept singin' 'Fishy, come bite, fishy come bite.'"

"Wal, for a long time Uncle Seth didn't notice what the fool was about. But the thing kept on so long that he fin'ly h'isted his specs up onto his forehead and come to the wall to see what was doin'."

"After the fool had been past him once or twice he sort o' caught on and he boosted himself over the wall and started after the critter. Fool let out a yell and run with the cent flippin' along through the dust. Uncle Seth has allus been quite a feller to chase the nimble copper, ye know. He put on speed and darned if he didn't slam up nigh enough to set his foot on the cent. The string broke and Uncle Seth picked up the cent, put it into his pants' pocket and went back to work contented as a pertater bugawingin' in the breeze on an Early Rose top. And when I left, the fool was goin' 'round bellerin' about how he'd got a bite but Jephson got away with the bait. That's—"

"Oh, that's fairly mean," remarked Ezra Pitts, "but from what I hear from the Walker deestriest I figger that Hen Pearson has sort o'

got even old Jephson goin' some if Seth wants first money in the mean men class.

"You know Hen's wife has been peaked for some years. She's been takin' Poodie's Purple Pills for Pink People and Baduns Microbe Mystifier and all them things and still she has been growin' lower and lower. Old Sile Blake says that if she saw a thermometer she would register the limit below zero in our place.

"A while ago Doc. Pinkham wanted to doctor her."

"I thought he was a veterinary," said Jote Bailey.

"Wal, he's allus been veterinary but he's got anxious to tackle something in the human critter line. Thinks he's a natural doctor and says he's got tired of doctrin' cows. Says it's too mussy business. Cow never'll take medicine without whooshin' all over anybody."

"Doc thought if he could fetch a good, tough old chronic case out of the Valley of the Shadder, he would git up a reputation in the place. There didn't seem to be anything choicer in the chronic line than Hen Pearson's wife. If he could cure her he figgered it would be better 'n a diploma in the State Medical Association."

"So he went 'round to see Hen. Said he'd like to take his wife's case."

"'Why,' says Hen, 'you hain't nothin' but a cow doctor.'"

"Wal, I've allus done a good job curin' cows, hain't I?" says Doc.

"'Yes, I'll admit I've allus heerd ye well spoken of in that line,' Hen said.

"Wal, flesh and blood is the same the world over," says the Doc. "These city doctors are full of brummagem about no one bein' able to cure diseases except it's some one that's gone through a medical college. That's jest so they can corner the thing. But you know and I know that some of the best cures have been made by grammies who understand yarbs. Now there hain't nobody in this county that understands yarbs any better than I do."

"Still ye hain't recognized as a doctor," said Hen.

"They tell me that ye don't even know the difference between an allopath and a homeopath."

"'Don't, eh?' yelled the Doc. 'Bet ye a plug of tobacco I can tell ye now right off the reel.' Hen didn't know himself but he said 'Go ahead!'"

"'An allopath,' says Doc, 'is one that gets his medicines all over God's creation, in all paths. Sees?'"

"'Yes,' says Hen.

"'Ye can't depend on them critters so much. Ha! on 'em don't know what they're dosin' out.'"

"'I've heern tell so,' says Hen.

"'Now a homeopath is a feller that gits his yarbs 'round home. I'm a homeopath and I pick every yarb I use.'"

"Wal, I swum, ye do know more about doctrin' than I thought ye did," Hen said. "But I've never heern tell of your practicin' any on human critters."

"That's jest it," says the Doc. "I want to work into a leetle such practice. Now your wife is the most critical case around here."

"That's so," says Hen, commencin' to feel a leetle pride.

"'I'll take her case for a shillin' a visit, no cure, no pay—furnish my own medicines.'"

"'Can't think of it,' says Hen.

"'Why, if I don't cure her there ain't no charge. You are all right in the thing,' said Doc.

"That ain't it," says Hen. "Ye'll have to hunt the country over to find such another chronic case as Mis' Pearson. It's the best chance for a doctor to practice ye ever heerd tell of. Now what ye need is practice. If ye want to start in and practice on her I'll let ye do it for a shillin' a visit!"

"Wal, he and Doc. they argued and dickered for two days and what do ye suppose the upshot was? They split the difference and Doc. is puttin' in his time against her'n."

"What does she say about it?" asked Cap'n Jote.

"'Nothin'. She's too sick.'"

"'Hain't gettin' better any, ther?'"

"No, but Doc. says she's stayin' sick jest to spite him. Says she's took a miff ag'in him and won't take his medicines. He leaves a tin milk pail full every day and his prescription says 'Take one dipper full ev'ry ha'f hour.'"

"But Doc. hain't discouraged. He says he keeps running ag'in sech cases in the cow doctorin' business. Says that he has very often had to cure cows of being breachy before he could do a thing with their garget. He's full of resources."

"You bet he is," said Wack Spofford. "I remember the time when Uncle Howes fell off the roof and broke his leg. Wa'n't any other doctor to be had and they called in Doc. Pinkham. Fust thing he said after lookin' at Iral's tongue was, 'Reckin' he must have lost his cud. Seems like a bad attack of colic.' Ye see Uncle Iral was takin' on suthin' powerful. Some one broke in and told him that Iral's leg was broke and he didn't seem a mite bothered. Said the colic was wust just then. But he tackled the leg and fin'ly after a good deal of twistin' he got it set. 'Twas broke above the knee. Iral kept complainin' that it didn't feel right. 'Taint no wonder it didn't."

"When they took the splints off they found that the joint doubled out behind like a cow's hind leg. Doc forgot himself and thought he was doin' a veterinary job."

"FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 E Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa."

NAILITZA effectively removes Grease and Paint from woolen cloth, silks and carpets, also cleans walls and ceilings. Will remove gloss or shine on old clothes. Sold by Department Stores and Drugists. Retail price 25 cts. Prepared by Nailitza Co., 71 Wall St., New York City.

The Awful Results OF NEGLECTED Heart Disease!

Many people drop dead from Heart Troubles, who do not even know they are in ill health—
What the symptoms are.

HOW TO EXAMINE YOUR HEART.

Every day you read of people suddenly falling dead from heart trouble without a moment's warning, perhaps as a result merely of a little exertion in catching a train or hurrying home from work.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why so many people die daily of heart disease in the prime of their life, and in these days of medical skill?

Would you not think that knowing their condition, they would seek a cure in time, or at least avoid the over-exertion that might cause their death?

That is the trouble—they do not know it. Hundreds of people whose heart is in a dangerous condition have no idea they are in ill health. Others treat themselves for diseases of the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves, when the trouble is wholly with the heart.

Perhaps you are living under a similar danger, unless you have carefully examined your physical condition, you have no means of knowing whether or not your heart is sound. Perhaps you may fall dead from heart trouble some day.

The symptoms of heart disease are not hard to discover when you look for them, but as they are small in themselves, they are apt to be passed by unnoticed.



"You may drop dead."

Splendid Premiums for selling our **PEPSIN GUM**. Red Cross Gum Co., Chicago, Ill.

Rods For locating gold and silver. Positively guaranteed. From \$5 up. Catalogue and testimonials free. A. L. BRYANT, Box 10, Dallas, Tex.

Hypnotism
Personal Magnetism! Call it what you will! It's the most wonderful, mysterious and powerful force in the world. By this mystic, unseen force of nature you can control whom you wish, create endless fun and wonder, reform the degraded, heal the sick and afflicted, make others love and fairly worship you, attain your ambition, and make money easy. Write to-day for my book, "An Illustrated Lesson in Hypnotism," and learn to hypnotize. It is FREE. Address, Prof. L. A. Harraden, JACKSON, MICH.

100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES Regularly Printed with your name. Send for them today. W. F. HOWIE, PRINTER, BEEBE PLAIN, VT.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; \$60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, London, Canada.

FREE WE TRUST YOU
with 20 large beautiful colored pictures worth 50c. each. You sell them at only 15 cents each and send us the money. For your trouble we give you a nice WATCH, like illustration. If you cannot sell all we give you a handsome present of **Jewelry or Silverware** for what you do sell. We pay postage. We take back unsold goods. We run all the risk. Address **Standard Co., Dept. A, Omaha Bldg., Chicago.**

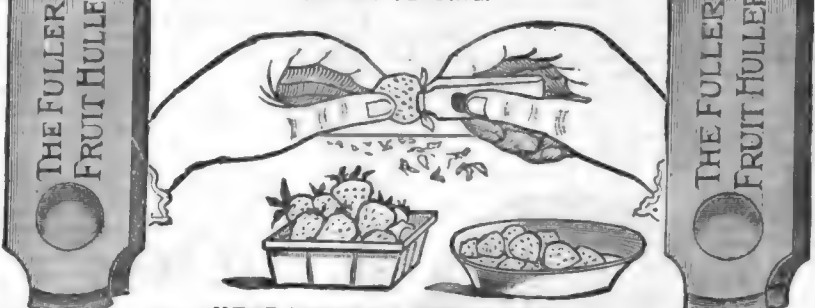
\$1200.00 4 PIANOS FREE

AEHYS FLGRDAIE LLNDCVAEE RRSNHIAO TNRGA

Can you arrange these five different groups of letters into the names of five (5) former presidents of the United States? If so you can share in the distribution of the above. We will give away \$1200.00 in cash and **Four Genuine Grand Upright Pianos** among those who enter this contest, and will work for our interest. **READ CAREFULLY.** **EXPIRES FEBRUARY 15.** We do not want one cent of your money when you answer this contest. In making the five names the letters can only be used in their own groups and as many times as they appear in each individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the five groups and formed the five correct names, write them out plainly and send to us and you will receive our reply by return mail. **TRY AND WIN.** If you make the five correct names and send them to us at once, who knows but you may get a big cash prize and possibly a piano. We hope you will, and anyhow it costs you nothing to try. **WOOD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 24 394 Atlantic Ave., Box 3124, Boston, Mass.**

NEW FRUIT HULLER.

PERFECTION AT LAST.
YOU PRESS THE HANDLE. IT TAKES THE HULL QUICKER AND NEATER THAN BY HAND.
PATENT PENDING.



KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN. OUR STRAWBERRY HULLER

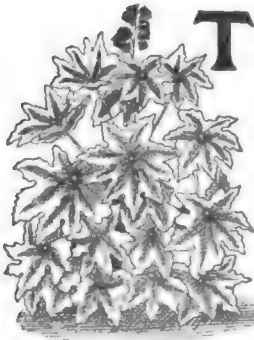
hulls Strawberries, Gooseberries, Black Currants, etc., and picks out Basting Thread and Stitches. Has place for thumb and forefinger; doesn't slip or fill up. A simple little thing, saving Time (most essential thing to housekeepers), Temper, Stained and Sore Fingers. Will not crush ripest fruit. Takes out soft and green spots, leaving berries clean, neat, and clear cut, making them look fifty per cent better in the dish, and makes you wonder why it was not thought of before. With one you can do the work twice as quickly, and without any of the usual unpleasant features of this work. Every lady who tries this once in the berry season will never be without it again, or allow her friends to hull berries with fingers. One trial only is needed. Housekeepers write, "Could not get along now without it." They are brightly nickel-plated and ornamental. Splendid side line. A day's supply goes in your pocket.

To have a greater number of people in the whole country read our famous magazine regularly we will accept trial six months' subscriptions at 10c. each, knowing full well each will renew for a year after becoming fascinated with the interesting contents. You may send us one new subscriber to this magazine for six months, with 10c. for same, and receive as a reward, postpaid, one of these Berry Hullers. This is the season to begin the new summer serial stories, and you will find the Hullers most useful. Send the subscription giving full address and 10c. for same today and we will mail you sample huller free and give you further information so you can make money. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Water Lilies.

How to Start a Water Garden.

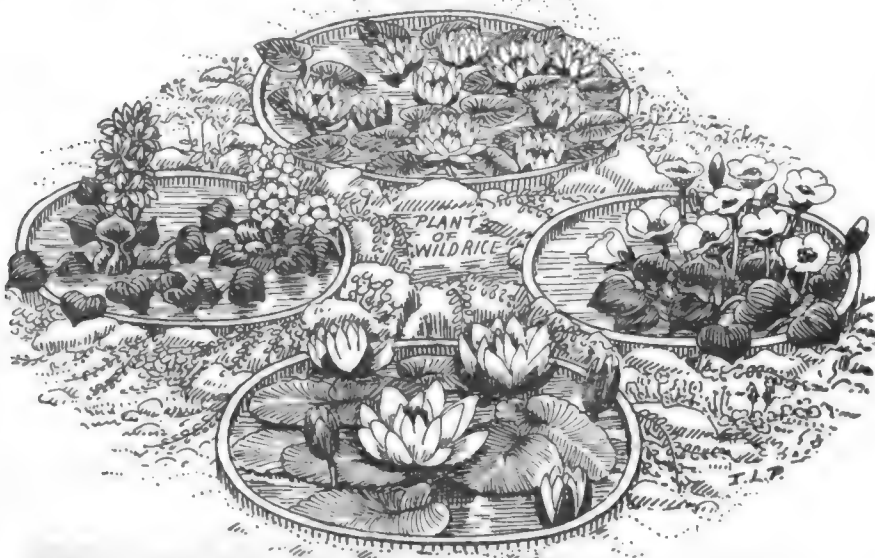
BY THOMAS L. PECK.



Own and to enjoy a water garden is usually supposed to be possible only to those who are plentifully endowed with this world's goods. If by "water garden" we have in mind a large tank of cement heated with hot pipes and filled with Victoria regias, or rare and tender Nymphaeas, costing from five to fifteen dollars each, then it is quite true. Only wealthy people, or city authorities can provide gardens of that kind. But a water garden I saw about a year ago, constructed at a cost of little more than one dollar (without including time), was a revelation of what one can accomplish by a little ingenuity.

True, in this little garden there were no rare exotics from the Amazon or the Nile; no night-blooming Nymphaeas or Lotus Flower. The maker of it had confined himself to the native water plants of our own country, mostly, which cost but a few cents each, but the effect was entrancing nevertheless. There is, indeed, in this form of gardening something so novel and interesting, that everybody after the first experiment becomes so enthusiastic that before long they construct a permanent tank for their favorites. Just such a success can be achieved by any one else, and just now is the right time of the year to begin.

The beauty spot I am about to describe—a sketch of which appears herewith—was formed of barrels sawed in half (molasses barrels are the best), one-half barrel placed opposite to the other. The two other halves were much shallower, being not more than nine inches deep, the first two being about ten inches deep. The deep tubs contained water lilies, and the shallow ones water hyacinths and water poppies. They were let in the ground up to their rims.



WATER GARDEN AT LITTLE COST.

The situation was sunny for only part of the day, but if the sun had shone on the bed all day it would have been better still. In one of the deeper barrels grew a fine specimen of our native American pond lily, Nymphae odorata. It was thriving just as well in a tub as it does in its favorite habitat a slow-moving stream; indeed, it seems that water lilies bloom more continuously and the flowers are larger, when grown in a confined space, although it costs but a trifle, it is just as beautiful and interesting as the most rare exotics, and in addition has a very sweet fragrance to recommend it. The pure white flowers of this specimen were six inches across and its leaves of vivid green were thirteen inches long. They are sold at twenty cents each. In the opposite tub was another fragrant water lily Nymphae odorata minor, having much smaller flowers but a great number of them. It is one of the best for growing in tubs, being a very continuous and profuse bloomer and completely filling the tub.

One of the shallower tubs contained two plants of the water Hyacinth one being rosy lilac in color, and the other lavender-blue. These are very remarkable and curious plants. From each crown appears neat rosettes of green leaves, the stems of which are inflated with air and bulge out in a peculiar manner enabling the plant to float. The flowers are produced on large upright spikes which stand up out of the water and look very much like a Dutch hyacinth. The blue variety is a rich shade of lavender-blue in general effect, but the center of each flower is almost indigo in color. Its petals are fringed. The other variety is of a rich rosy lilac color, and reminds one of an orchid. The petals of this variety are not fringed. They are both very quick growing plants, branching out rapidly and soon fill the tub, producing numerous spikes of bloom. The lilac variety costs fifteen cents each, and the blue twenty-five cents each. If these plants are taken up in the



EGYPTIAN LOTUS.

fall and grown in glass vessels with about three inches of soil in the bottom kept in place by a few stones and shells they make beautiful house plants. The same thing can be done with the water poppy which adorned the remaining shallow tub. This pretty aquatic plant has bright lemon-yellow petals and black stamens. Its flowers stand several inches out of the water and it also is very free blooming. They are sold at fifteen cents each. About four inches of soil and three inches of water is enough for both the water hyacinths and the water poppies. In the space in the center was growing a young plant of wild rice which cost ten cents each. They are graceful drooping weed-like plants and later in the year it bears graceful panicles of bloom. Other plants could of course be substituted for the wild rice, such as cannas, or even a few seeds of Ricinus Communis planted now would produce plants large enough this season. The space around the tub was filled in with rocks, and a few trailing plants were growing over them here and there, such as sweet alyssum trailing nasturtium, verbenas, flax plant etc., etc. And that was all there was to it. It was a piece of gardening accomplished at little outlay and with modest materials, but it was a refreshing combination, suggesting coolness and repose, and all manner of pleasant things. The contrast between the pure white of the pond lilies seen against their fresh green leaves, and the lilac, purple and lavender of the water hyacinths in turn enlivened by the yellow of the water poppies, and harmoniously blended by the drooping narrow leaves of the wild rice plant, formed a group not easily forgotten. As to the culture it is quite easy. The best soil is rich loam and decayed stable manure in equal quantities or rich pond mud if handy. Put in eight inches of soil and cover with one inch of sand to keep down the manure, lay in the roots and straighten out the small fibres, cover two inches deep with soil, and fill the tub with water gently poured in. In winter the tubs should be placed in a cellar to prevent freezing, fill them with water when putting them away.

There is one particular kind of water lily mention of which should not be omitted, and that is the Egyptian Sacred Lotus, see illustration. A few years after they were introduced in America (about twenty years ago), the tubers cost three dollars each, but they can now be bought for seventy-five cents each. Anyone caring to go to the additional expense, would do well to grow one. It would add very much to the bed just described if planted in a tub in the center of the bed. It is a plant of wonderful and rare beauty and does not float on the water like a nymphae, but

stands up boldly sometimes to the height of five or six feet. It grows well in a tub and although a native of tropical regions it is quite hardy in this country. It will also flower the same season it is planted which must not be until warm weather. When the flowers first open they look like immense white tulips, afterwards the lower part of the petals become white, shading off into pink. It is a very vigorous and healthy grower and the flowers are deliciously fragrant. Lack of space forbids more than mere mention of many other extremely interesting water plants which can be obtained at a little cost. Besides the white nymphaeas there are many colored ones—pink, purple, blue, red, yellow and rose, costing from one to fifteen dollars each. Other water plants are Umbrella Grass or Cyperas costing fifteen cents and Egyptian Paper plant twenty-five cents, also the Water Snowflake costing twenty cents, Parrot's Feather, having long, trailing green stems and Floating Lettuce, each costing fifteen cents.

To destroy snails and prevent scum it is well to place in the tub a few fish, silver fish, or gold fish, or the common sunfish and a few frogs.

If aphides or green fly attack the plants spraying with tobacco water or sprinkling with tobacco dust, will soon destroy them.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

BIG PRICE PAID for complete files or single numbers. Write and tell just what you have of the following papers: Earliest numbers most desired. The New York Weekly, Fireside Companion, New York Ledger, New York Mercury, Family Story Paper, Saturday Journal, Saturday Night, Flag of our Union, Waverly Magazine, Boston Pilot, Yankee Blade, Saturday Evening Post, Gleason's Literary Companion, New York Illustrated Times, Beadle & Adams' Fireside and Waverly Libraries, True Flag, American Union, Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine, Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, Boys of America, Young American, Boy's Own, Boys of the World, Golden Days, Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, Pleasant Hours, Girls and Boys of America, Boys of New York, New York Boys, Our Boys, Popular Monthly, Cricket on the Hearth, etc., and any other weekly or monthly story papers, also Brady's Mercury Novels. Address E. Braddon, 313 S. Hicks St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AN OLD BRAIDED RUG.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

'Twas a social event with a radiant hue,
When Anderson married Kate;
'Twas a marriage of love and of fortunes, too,
And the presents were gems and plate.
They were tiered and displayed in their splendid array,
A heap for a miser to hug,
Yet there in the glitter and gloss there lay
A queer old braided rug.
An old braided rug of a motley design, patiently
plaited and sewed,
Labor of many a weary day, yet a homely thing and
rude;
The bride had declared it should never be shown—
this gift from the humble aunt
Who was hidden away on a hillside farm, at war
with the wolf of Want.
But the bridegroom patted the faded rug. "My
dear," he gently said,
"In valuing hearts forget the gold and appraise
good thoughts instead.
Here with the rest should lie her gift, and equal
among our friends
Should rank the one who has wrought this rug
with blistered finger ends.
It stands for her hours of patient toil, an humble
but loving task.
Where gold and gems and silver plate mere care-
less friendships mask.
For often I've found when the trial comes, his
comfort the rich man hugs
And the friends who are steady and staunch are
those who are plain as their braided rugs."

The curious smiled on the quaint old thing
As the guests went thronging past,
And many a quip and jocular ding
At the braided rug were cast.
And wonder spread as to how and why
Such freak from the past was dug;
And it was feast all day for tongue and eye,
—That queer old braided rug.
An old braided rug with a hit-or-miss stripe,
homely enough, 'tis true,
But with memories twined in its even braids—and
heart-aches, if one but knew!
There were snips and strips from her wedding
gown, peeping from plaited strands,
And watered by tears for the old, old days, as she
wrought with her aching hands.
There were gay little remnants of cast-off frocks
the babies outgrew so fast;
Treasured a life-time in bureau drawers, and used
in the rug at last;
Some from the garb that was laid away for newer
and trousseaued pride.
Some from a dress that was packed with tears when
their little maid had died;
Wedding waist-coat of him she loved, brave and
strong and true.
Strips from his humble garb of toil and faded
Union blue;
Twisted and braided and stitched and sewed—
wrought with the heart-strings' tug!
But only the mock of the careless guests—a queer
old braided rug.

A Postal Currency.

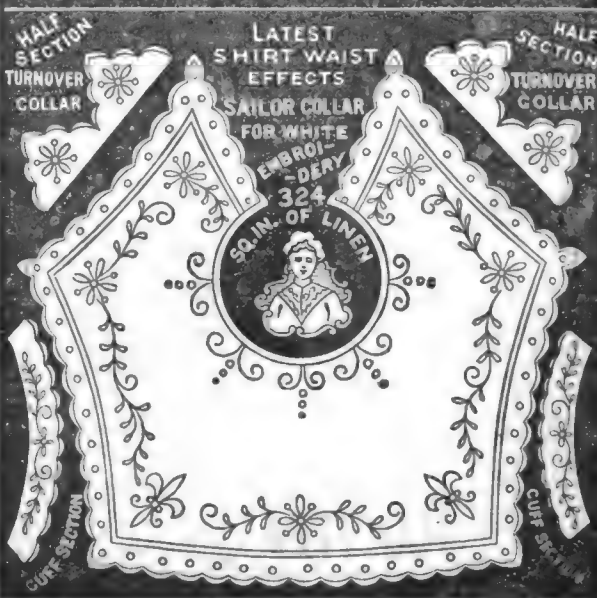
A unique feature in congressional legislation this session is presented in the promotion of a postal currency. The provisions of the "post check" currency bill, now pending in Congress, provides for printing the one, two and five dollar bills in the future with blank spaces on the face. These bills of course pass from hand to hand before the blanks are filled. When it is desired to send one in the mails the blanks are filled in with the name of the payee, his city and state, a 2-cent postage stamp is placed in another blank space and canceled with the initials of the sender in ink, the name of the sender is signed on the back, and presto! his money has suddenly ceased to exist as currency and has been transformed into a check on the United States government, having all the safety of any bank check, and ready for inclosure in his letter. When the payee receives this check he treats it just as he would any other check—indorses it, goes to the nearest bank or post office and deposits it or has it cashed.

The paid check finally reaches the Treasury Department, when it is replaced by a new one with the spaces unfilled. This keeps the circulation at par. No change whatever is made in the financial policy of the government, the only change being in the character of the printing on the bills of five dollars and under.

The bill also provides for the issue of \$75,000,000 of fractional currency, with blank spaces similar to the larger denominations, in place of an equal amount of money of larger denominations, presumably twenty and fifty-dollar bills. The provision under the new system for a continual re-issue insures clean money both in the fractional currency and in the larger bills. The government fee on the five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty-cent pieces is to be one cent each.

The system has the approval of many officials, and is indorsed by a long list of manufacturers and business houses throughout the country. Publishers and farmers are especially interested, in that the new currency promises an easy way for a man in the country to promptly send remittance for his favorite publication.

Congress can best judge of the wants of the people by direct word from them. It is difficult to secure legislation of this sort, involving a departure from present methods, unless there be a pronounced demand by the people. Postal currency can be secured if readers of COMFORT will write personal letters to their Senators and Representatives in Congress, asking them to favor and work for the McMillan-Gardiner Post Check Currency bill.

NEW SHIRT WAIST SET FREE
LARGE & SMALL COLLARS & CUFFS

The Great Popularity of the stamped linen fancy embroidered collars and cuffs has induced us to give this "Comfort Shirt Waist Set." These sets are to be worn everywhere the coming season and the ladies are now ordering their patterns so as to be ready and get them worked in season for spring and summer wear. It would seem that one of these sets would make a pretty nearly a whole waist as there are 32 square inches of linen in the assortment we send you free. If you have an old waist you want to dress up and make a new one of it this is just what you want. This latest Shirt Waist Set including Sailor Collar, Turnover Collar and Cuffs, are easily embroidered in colored or white mercerized linen. They are attached to any waist. They are washable and when laundered present a stylish and chic appearance. No ladies' wardrobe complete without one.

FREE CLUB OFFER. In order that a few women can get a set early and thus popularize them among their friends, we will send One Set Free for a club of only two trial six months' subscribers at 10c each. You will be delighted with this pleased and your friends will be both pleased and benefitted by "COMFORT." Send the club today, only 50c. in all, and get this set at once, all by postpaid. Address COMFORT, Box 1, Augusta, Maine.

TO FAT PEOPLE

I have a sensible, harmless treatment that will reduce your weight from three to five pounds every week. No starving or change of habits required; leaves no blemishes, but beautifies skin and form. I am a regular practicing physician and make a specialty of obesity for men and women. Send stamps for my new book on Obesity, its cause and cure. It will convince you. Address Henry C. Bradford, M.D., 14 East 23d St., New York City.

LADIES Something New, making sofa pillows at home; \$8 to \$15 weekly; material furnished. No canvassing. Steady work. Send stamped addressed envelope. Household Mfg. Co., Erie St., Chicago.

WOMEN WANTED Do Sewing, \$9.00 week. Steady work. Material furnished free and sent prepaid. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Universal Co., Dept. 29, Walnut Street, Phila., Pa.

GIRLS BOYS

Sell Your Real Estate. We want good City and Farm property in all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Send description and cash price. **WINSLOW REALTY AND INVESTMENT CO.** Sta. E., South Bend, Ind.

CHILD LOST for 15 years. Stolen from the cradle. She was told who and where parents lived. Correctly all Private Affairs. Health. Insurance. Send stamp for particulars. Box C, 345, Saratoga, N.Y.

WE GROW HAIR ON BALD HEADS. And to prove that we have the Greatest Hair Restorer on earth, we will send you a sample bottle of Hair Forever and a Box of Hair Soap. Absolutely Free by mail on receipt of a 2-cent stamp. **LORIMER & CO.** Dept. 57 Baltimore, Md.

15c EACH; 3 FOR 50c; 3 FOR 1.00. **AXION ELASTIC TRUSS.** HANGS VERTICAL. **KINGFISHER** hook. Pat. Aug. 3, 1900; catches two fish to the common hook's one. Dealers wanted. **PARDON FISH HOOK CO., OWENSBORO, KY.** Please mention COMFORT when you write.

DON'T BE TORTURED By wearing a hard spring truss when you can get our new patented truss that will hold any rupture under all circumstances without pain. Radical cure. Insecurity. Radical cure. Insecurity. Send for catalogue to Dept. 5, Axion Mfg. Co., 744 Broadway, New York.

17 JEWEL \$5.00. adjusted, patent regulator, stem wound and stem set, genuine. **NATIONAL SPECIAL** movement. Ladies' or Gents' size. **WARRANTED 20 YEARS.** 14c. Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Most be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer for next 10 days, send your full name and address and we will send the watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay \$5.00 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm set free with every watch. With a once as this may not appear again. **NAT'L MFG. & IMPORTING CO.** 324 Dearborn St., B 215, Chicago, Ill.

Drunkards

Quickly Cured at Home—Any Lady Can Do It—Costs Nothing to Try.

A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by W. C. T. U. and all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 3439 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free to show how easily it is to cure drunkards with this remedy.

8.95 **EIGHT DOLLARS**. Buys the celebrated, high grade, new 1902 Model **EDMUND** bicycle. 28-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trim. **BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED THROUGHOUT.** **AMERICAN STANDARD GUARANTEE.** **\$10.95** for the celebrated 1902 **Kenwood** bicycle. **\$12.75** for the celebrated 1902 **Elgin** King or **Elgin** Queen bicycle. **\$13.75** for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made, our three even nickel joint, **Napoleon** or **Josephine**, complete with all the latest equipment, including **Morgan & Wright** highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular **\$50.00** bicycle. **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on any bicycle ordered. **FOR THE MOST WONDERFUL BICYCLE OFFER EVER HEARD OF.** **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**



[So many inquiries are made by "Comfort" readers concerning real estate (country and city) farms and locations for homes that this column has become a necessity and here we shall be glad to answer all questions.]

Paid-up subscribers who desire to make a change in their present situation or are in any way uncomfortable in their abode and want information about any particular location in any State in the Union can address "The Comfort Home Finder," Augusta, Maine, and we will try and serve them.

Mrs. E. B. K., Pleasant Hill, Mo. For information concerning California lands, write to Secretary, California State Board of Trade, Union Ferry Building, San Francisco, asking for circulars for whatever particular section of the state you wish to know about.

L. B. Donham, Lesueur, Minn.—Write to H. W. Weiss, Manager of Immigration, Emporia, Va., for information and circulars of Virginia lands and you will get a full supply from a reliable source.

C. H. Reese, Henley, Ark.—You will find pretty much the same conditions existing in California that you find in Arkansas, namely, the man with money will have a hard row to hoe. California is more an agricultural than most other states because of the class of farming there, much of it requiring capital to begin with, not to mention the expense of getting there. The opportunities for a small farmer are better in Texas, we should say. If you will write to S. F. B. Morse, Houston, Texas, he will probably put you on the track of finding a farm that will suit your means.

Mrs. Mary McIntyre, Logansport, Ind.—Nashville, N. C. is a thriving town with good schools, and all the advantages of towns of its size, population 14,000, with the addition of a large floating population of wealthy invalids, housed in fine hotels. In the summer the town loses its northern population, and the hotels are filled with southern people who make it a summer resort. We would say it ought to be a good location for a florist who knew how to conduct an establishment of the fashionable kind. Land in the immediate vicinity is not cheap, nor is it good for farming in a general way, though it would be all right for a fruit or flower farm if you had the means sufficient to put the ground in order. Land in other parts of North Carolina is cheap and good, and is adapted to fruit raising. It is a healthful state, back from the lowlands of the coast, and in many respects is one of the most promising states in the Union. Write to Secretary State Board of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C., for copy of "Hand Book of North Carolina," and it will be a revelation to you.

A. N. B., Pulaski, Tenn.—There are abandoned farms in New Hampshire which may be had for as low as three dollars an acre, but should say that they would scarcely pay a large profit on the investment, as a farm. However, they are in demand as summer homes by persons who live in the cities. Places of from fifty to two hundred acres with good buildings on them may be had at from \$800 to \$1,500. You can get a book of them by addressing N. J. Bachelor, Secretary State Board of Agriculture, Concord, N. H.

Mrs. A. S. Powell, Portland, Oregon.—If you could get a good farm in western Texas there is no reason why it would not be a good place for a home, provided you do not care for remoteness from a city as large as Portland. You can get information from any county you may wish to know about by addressing a letter to the postmaster of any of the towns and asking him to hand it to a reliable real estate dealer. Information in detail can only be had by applying direct to those who are on the spot.

M. L. K., Harrisburg, Pa.—You can reach the York river country in Virginia by steamer from Baltimore, daily at 5 P. M., except Sunday and go to West Point. Land in that section is plenty and cheap and good. Write to W. K. Broadus, West Point, Va. for circular.

Shipper, New York City.—Cannel coal lands in Kentucky are not as cheap as they were. Small railroads are penetrating the mountains and opening up country and the owners are realizing that their property is valuable. Write to Spencer Cooper, Hazel Green, Ky., for particulars.

Alexandra, K., Haverhill, Mass.—Rutherford, N. J., is a suburban town on the Erie road about ten miles from New York, and is growing. If you wished to start a grocery store there you would have to conduct it on first class principles, as many, if not most of your customers, would compare you with what they know and see of New York stores. Still if you know your business thoroughly, you might do very well there. It is preferable, however, to seek a town at a greater distance from the city ideas and the city competition.

Hustler, Springfield, Ill.—If you are the "hustler" you represent yourself to be, and we suppose you are, we would advise your going south instead of west. All the hustlers seem to choose the west, and the country is full of them. They are much scarcer in the south, and the man who has energy in that section, and keeps out of politics, is almost sure to do better than he could anywhere else. Opportunities are thick as blackberries all over the south for the man who has a sharp eye for the main chance and energy of body and mind to keep up with it. Make a trip down that way and look the ground over.

Landlord, Emporia, Kans.—We do not know the exact needs of a hotel in Cedarville, Ga., but in a general way it may be stated that as a rule the smaller towns of any state in the Union need better hotel accommodations than they have. The business, of course, will not justify anything of a really superior character, but it is a fact which any traveling man will verify, that fairly good hotels in small towns get the business and their proprietors do well on the money invested. If you know how to keep a hotel with a good table and good service, you can find an opening for your energy and skill at nearly any point you may select.

Henry H., Lynn, Mass.—We believe that you could establish in Blue Grass Kentucky, say in the town of Winchester, a shoe factory that would make money for you and those with whom you provided you confined yourself to the manufacture of shoes for the local trade, that is to say the heavier common shoes worn in the country by men, women and children. There is a wide scope of territory through the mountains which is entirely supplied by outside makers who send their representatives in to sell at certain seasons, and the local dealers cannot order at any time as they could if the factory were practically at their doors. We know of one instance of a drummer selling ten thousand dollars worth of shoes in one week to the mountain dealers. You would find Winchester a good town to live in, with all the modern conveniences and rents low. A factory site would be donated to you, no doubt, with tax and water privileges in the beginning. Write to George Biehn, Editor Democrat.

U. I. R. S., Groton, Mass.—Utah has about eleven million acres of surveyed public lands vacant and subject to entry and settlement, and Utah is a productive state, but before making any move in that direction it will be advisable for you to write to the Commissioner of Public Lands, Washington, D. C., for particulars. The Mormon influence is yet strong in Utah and you might not be satisfied with the situation even at government prices for your home.

Thomas K., Batavia, Ohio.—You will find Sedalia, Mo., a very good town of 15,000 people, but do not open a store there. There are too many stores there now, and with your two sons who have had

experience on a farm, you can do better putting them to raising broom-corn and running a broom factory yourself on their product. A machine for making brooms costs little and with one man to help you, who knows how to make brooms, you can build up a good local trade and become a producer which is much better than being a store-keeper. With the \$4,500 you can raise, you will find yourself very comfortable, as property is not expensive

Rheumatism cured. Free!

If you have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., when doctors fail to cure you, you write to me, and I will send you free of cost, a package of the most wonderful remedy which cured me and hundreds of others among them cases of 30 years standing. It is a simple remedy, and will cure you without detention from work. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 417 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

TELLS FUTURE

Writers Wanted to do copying at home. Steady Work, Good Pay, Big Line, Credit, Agents, etc. Write to Prof. Morse, Box 533, Boston, Mass. MONEY C. S. A. \$5 bill sent to any address for 25c. Will give \$50 to anyone who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio. FALSE Teeth Dentola keeps plates sweet and clean, removes stains and sour odor, perfumes the breath. Sample 10c Large Pkgs. 50c. Oswego Specialty Co., 18 Arcade, Oswego, N. Y.

10,000 Are Very Anxious to GET MARRIED

Many Rich, Big Lines with Pictures and Addresses Free. The PILOT, 255 East 10th Ave., CHICAGO, Dept. 6. ASTHMA Instant relief & positive cure. Sample mailed free to any sufferer. "Physician" Box 25, Augusta, Maine.

This offer is, without the least doubt, the greatest value ever offered by any newspaper in the whole history of journalism.

• FULL SIZE •

• GOOD PAPER •

Club SHEET MUSIC Gifts

• LARGE TYPE •

• UNABRIDGED •

WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish our readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged Sheet Music for Club of One. The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-priced copyright pieces or the most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type—including colored titles—and is in every way first-class, and worthy of your home. 2,600,000 copies sold!

LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

PIANO OR ORGAN.

- 313 Aida Transcription Falk
- 317 All for These Waltzes Waldenfel
- 105 American Liberty March Cook
- 323 Am Vogelherd, op. 34 Spangler
- 101 Ancient Airs March—Two Step
- 319 Angel's Dream, Op. 36 Lange
- 247 Artist's Life Waltzes Strauss
- 181 Auld Lang Syne, Variations Durkee
- 327 Bagatelle Polka Waldenfel
- 329 Barcarolle, Four Hands Loeschhorn
- 248 Barcarolle Rubinstein
- 215 Battle of Waterloo, Descriptive Anderson
- 179 Beauties of Paradise Waltz, 4 hands Streabog
- 276 Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes Strauss
- 213 Black Hawk Waltzes Walsh
- 331 Coming Rock Polka Keffer
- 337 Blue Bell of Scotland, Trans. Richards
- 221 Bluebird Echo Polka Morrison
- 199 Boston Commandery March Carter
- 109 Bridal March from Lohengrin Wagner
- 321 Brunette Waltz Bragg
- 229 Bryan and Sewall March Niles
- 335 Cavalry Parade Polka Sampson
- 289 Cavalier Rusticana, Four hands Mascagni
- 289 Cavalier Rusticana, Intermezzo Mascagni
- 133 Cadences and Scales in all Keys Cerny
- 327 Celestina Mazurka De Lussade
- 327 Chateau de La Menet Lange
- 327 Chocoma, Rose Waltz, 4 hands Rich
- 335 Chinese Serenade Fies
- 340 Cinderella Gavotte, Four Hands Gurkitt
- 145 Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two Step Missus
- 269 Coppelia, Valse Lente Deibler
- 211 Crown Flower Waltzes Coote, Jr
- 71 Crystal Dew Waltz Durkee
- 219 Day Dawn Polka Cook
- 163 Dewey's Grand Triumphal March Morehouse
- 267 Diamond Valley Waltz Daggott
- 299 Eastlake Waltz Hennes
- 303 Edelweiss Hennes
- 343 Eglington Quickstep F. W. M.
- 335 English Maypole Dance Robinson
- 91 Estrella, Air de Ballet, Very dco. Stoddard
- 155 Evergreen Waltz Stoddard
- 241 Fantastic Schottische Gabriel
- 291 Fatinitza Galop Ludwig
- 231 Faust, Selections Durkee
- 77 Faust, Nocturne Durkee
- 233 Flirting in the Starlight, Waltz Laszade
- 331 Flower Song, Op. 33 Lange
- 293 Forest Home Waltz Smiley
- 283 Forestville Waltz Zahn
- 277 Freischütz, Selections Durkee
- 177 Frolic of the Frogs Walden
- 335 Gavotte in F, Major Josseff
- 183 Golden Rain, Nocturne Gloy
- 147 Grand Commandery March—Two Step Missus
- 281 Heel and Toe Polka Faust
- 185 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still Richards
- 173 Hobson of the Merrimack Waltzes Jewett
- 104 Hobson's Choice, Home Transcription Muller
- 153 Jenny Lind polka, Four hands Muller
- 157 Last Hope, Meditation Gottschalk
- 253 Le Petit Bal, Polka Mazurka Durkee
- 159 Lee's (Gen'l) "On to Cuba" galop Durkee
- 149 Lohengrin, Selections Durkee
- 149 Lohengrin, Selections Durkee
- 243 Love's Dreamland Waltzes Roeder
- 199 Maiden's Prayer, The Badartseuske
- 240 Martha Selections Johnson
- 207 May Breeze, Four hands Krug
- 265 May Day Schottische Keffer
- 225 McKinley Special March Keffer
- 235 Memorial Day March Heritt
- 357 Midnight Bells Galop Ludwig
- 131 Monastery Bells, Nocturne Wely
- 125 Music Box, The, Caprice Liebhich
- 125 My Old Kentucky Home, Variations Cook
- 305 My Solon Walden
- 135 National Song of America Blake
- 135 Nightingale's Trill, op. 81 Kullak
- 271 Ocean Waves Waltz Keffer
- 123 Old Folks at Home, Transcription Blake
- 171 Old Oaken Bucket, The, Variations Durkee
- 104 One Heart, One Soul, Mazurka Straube
- 197 On the Waves Waltz Durkee
- 245 Orvetta Waltz Spencer
- 191 Over the Waves Waltz Rosas
- 79 Please Do Waltz Durkee
- 193 Poet and Peasant Overture (Suppe) Brunner
- 283 Psyche, Gavotte Durkee
- 167 Red, White and Blue Forever, March Blake
- 143 Richmond March—two-step Missus
- 245 Rusty Waltz Schumann
- 127 Rustling Leaves, Idylle Longe
- 352 Ruth, Esther and Marion Schottische Cohen
- 149 Salem Village March Missus
- 352 Schubert's Serenade, Transcription List
- 309 Shepherd Boy, Idylle Wilson
- 161 Silvery Waves, Variations Wyman
- 181 Smith's (General) March Martin
- 295 Souvenir of the Ball Waltz Clark
- 295 Spring Fling Polka Deveritt
- 205 Stephanie Polka Fährbach
- 151 Storm The Imagination of Nature Weber
- 109 Sultan's Band March Brown
- 209 Sweet Long Ago, Transcription Blake
- 223 Twilight Echoes, Song without words Jewell
- 113 Under the Double Eagle March Wagner
- 205 Village Parade Quickstep Richards
- 93 Warbling at Eve Blake
- 93 Waves of the Ocean March Blake
- 261 Wedding March Mendelssohn
- 251 Winsome Grace, A perfect gem Howe
- 119 Woodland Whispers Waltzes Stanley
- 301 Yacht Waltz Dinsmore

VOICE AND PIANO OR ORGAN.

- 236 Across the Bridge Le Brun
- 356 Am I Still Beloved? Danks
- 316 Are you lonely now my darling? Cho. Rutledge
- 260 At Night Peritt
- 134 Ave Maria, From Cavalleria Rusticana, Mascagni Glover
- 134 Beautiful Moonlight, Duet H. Jude
- 162 Hells of Seville Kneuss
- 162 I'm Not of 'Tribby' fame Dryden
- 282 Betwixt Love and Duty Elson
- 226 Blue Eyes Elson
- 246 Boyhood Days, Chorus Frits
- 200 Bridge, The, Words by Longfellow Carver
- 268 Bride Bell Roedel
- 276 Brown Eyed Bessie Lee, Chorus Arbuckle
- 346 Called Back Marchant
- 192 Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret? Estabrooke
- 214 Chocoma, Rose Waltz, 4 hands Dinsmore
- 190 Come When the Soft Twilight Falls Schumann
- 284 Come Back to Our Cottage Estabrooke
- 168 Cook's Breach of Promise, Cake walk Blake
- 294 Crown of Glory Tours
- 286 Danube River Aude
- 250 Darling I Shall Miss You Cohen
- 246 Darlings, Nellie Girl Hanby
- 244 De Ban Joan de Instrument Rutledge
- 70 Dear Heart, We're Growing Old Estabrooke
- 302 Dear Little Heart, Neath the Daisies Rutledge
- 304 Did You Ever Call Me Darling? Vane
- 128 Don't drink, my Boy, tonight, Temp. Hoover
- 290 Dream of Love Elson
- 310 Dream of Spring, A, Op. 1, 2 Carachmann
- 348 Drummer's Song Audran
- 256 Dwelling with the Angels, Chorus Turner
- 220 Ever Sweet is Thy Memory Hoefeld
- 318 Falling Star Fisselt
- 190 Far Away Elton
- 182 Father is Drinking Again, Temperance Mathot
- 152 Flag of Our Country, Patriotic Foz
- 156 Flag, The, Quartette Delano
- 144 Flirting in the Starlight Cowen
- 138 For a Dream's Sake Peritt
- 138 From our Banks of the Beautiful River Estabrooke
- 336 Frost upon the Pane Wallerstein
- 288 Gathered Roses Fisselt
- 202 Give a Kiss to Me Percy
- 178 God Bless My Kind Old Mother Jewell
- 204 Golden Moon Leon
- 262 Greeting Duet Medelsch
- 182 Gypsy Buntlers, Duet Glover
- 324 Haunts of Childhood Dinsmore
- 198 Heart of My Heart Robinson
- 272 How can I Leave Thee, Duet Greenwood
- 184 I Can't Forget the Happy Past Skelly
- 248 In Shadow Land Fisselt
- 266 In Summer Time Mortals
- 296 It is a Legend Old Offenbach
- 188 In the Starlight, Duet Glover
- 328 Jennie with the Sweet Brown Eyes Rutledge
- 28 Juanita, Ballad May
- 242 Kathleen Mavourneen Crouch
- 132 Kiss me, but don't say goodbye Rutledge
- 130 Kiss that bound my Heart to thine Keil
- 164 Lark and Watch, Duet Williams
- 312 Let me dream again Sullivan
- 148 Listen to the Mocking Bird Hawthorne
- 154 Little Boy Blue, Solo or Duet Estabrooke
- 154 Little Voices at the Door Danks
- 96 Lost Chord, The Sullivan
- 326 Love Divine, all love exceeding Steiner
- 308 Maple Daly
- 234 Margaretta Balfe
- 234 Memories of the Churchyard Keffer
- 230 Memories of my Mother, Chorus Allen
- 172 Mother's Welcome at the Door Estabrooke
- 222 Musical Dialogue, Duet Helmund
- 232 Must the Sweet Tie that binds Estabrooke
- 344 My Happy Childhood Home Allen
- 76 My Home by the Old Mill O'Halloran
- 216 My Old Kentucky Home Foster
- 216 Oh, Sing Again that Gentle Strain Dinsmore
- 226 Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber) Foster
- 342 Old Kitchen Clock Turner
- 270 Old Village Church Hutton
- 350 Only a Year Yoss
- 104 On the Banks of the Beautiful River Estabrooke
- 90 On the Beach, Most beautiful ballad Robinson
- 258 Out on the Deep Lohr
- 160 Outcast, An, Character Song Keller
- 174 Parted from our Dear Ones Verdi
- 306 Peace to Thy Spirit, Duet Verdi
- 314 Peace of the Village Bell, Chorus Skelly
- 254 Picture of My Mother, The Skelly
- 148 Poor Girl didn't know, Comic Cooks
- 274 Private Tommy Atkins Potter
- 208 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep Knight
- 224 Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again? Advance
- 332 She's Dreaming of the Angels Estabrooke
- 186 She Sleeps among the Daisies Dinsmore
- 210 Son's Return, The Frits
- 120 Storm at Sea, Descriptive Hullah
- 278 Summer Shower Marziale
- 32 Sweet Long Ago, The Estabrooke
- 206 There's Sure to be a Way Delano
- 258 Thinking of Home and Mother Cohen
- 336 'Tis years since I parted dear Mother Irwin
- 292 Titania's Cradle Lehmann
- 108 Tree d softly the Angels are calling Turner
- 38 True to the Last Adams
- 252 Warri or Bold Adams
- 84 What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet Glover
- 184 Whistling Wife, The, Comic Randall
- 212 Why am I ever Watching de Laasade
- 218 Why do Summer Roses Fade Barker
- 338 Wish A— Chopin
- 300 Yellow Roses Watson
- 322 Zelma Lee, Chorus Estabrooke

DON'T FORGET

that you only have to secure one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 25c.; that for this you get ten pieces, not one; that it is sent to any address, postpaid; that all the little details are up to the standard, including colored titles; that the vocal pieces have full piano accompaniments; that the instrumental pieces give the bass as well as melody; that this sheet music is equal to any published. Also don't forget to make your selections at once, to send us the order, and to tell your friends about this Sheet Music Offer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order by Numbers, not Names.

ABOVE PIECES FOR CLUBS.

Any 10 for Club of 1.

Any 21 for Club of 2.

Any 40 for Club of 4.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To secure new trial subscriptions to COMFORT, if you will get one new trial 6 months' subscription at our special 10c. rate and send 5c. extra, 15c. in all, we will send you any six of the above pieces you may select free as a premium. Or send one new yearly subscriber sending 25c. to pay for same and we will send any ten pieces in above list, FREE, postpaid. Any 21 for a club of two. Any 43 for a club of four. We do not sell the Music at any price, but give it to you as a Club Reward for securing the new subscriptions. You, however, can get the Music FREE and sell part or all of what we send you for your slight service in getting us new subscribers to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT MUSIC LIST, Augusta, Maine. Positively no music sold. It is given free for securing subscriptions, and cannot be obtained unless new club subscribers' are furnished as specified above.

COMFORT CLUBS



For the benefit of our readers who live in the smaller towns and remote communities, COMFORT proposes the organization of Comfort Clubs whose object shall be to add to the comfort of living by bringing people together for their mutual instruction, improvement and amusement.

Knowing that social pleasures are lacking in the smaller places more because people do not know how to organize and what to do that is interesting and pleasing, than because they do not care for such things, COMFORT will undertake to suggest ways and means by which the young people, at least, may pass many pleasant evenings which would otherwise hang heavily.

First: The clubs, to be known as Comfort Clubs, are to have their membership from among subscribers to COMFORT, and ten persons or less may constitute a Club. In communities where there are more than ten eligible Clubs A, B, C, etc., may be organized, the objects of these divisions being to make it possible for sets of persons to make up their own crowds, for such meetings as they may wish to have. But each month there must be a regular meeting of the whole Club at which all members may attend and take part in the exercises.

Second: The monthly meeting should be held in some large room (church or town hall) and members are to read, recite, sing, play on some instrument, or act a short piece, the whole to conclude with some interesting game which COMFORT will present. COMFORT will also provide the program each month for the monthly meeting, so that members need only carry out the program which will be furnished them. Division meetings may be held at private houses of members of the divisions, and once a week if so desired.

Third: The officers of Comfort Clubs shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, four in all, and elected by the Club, once a year. There are to be no fees of any kind, but if at any time the Club wishes to raise money for any charity, small admittance may be charged at the usual monthly meeting. This can only be done by vote of the Club. Every member shall be entitled to invite two persons, not members, to attend any meeting, general or division.

Fourth: Each member shall wear a badge or button indicating membership, COMFORT agreeing to furnish appropriate badges without cost to members.

These general rules, which will be modified and improved as the needs of Clubs develop, are now given as a basis upon which to organize the pioneer Clubs, and COMFORT will be pleased to hear from our lady readers all over the land concerning their willingness to undertake the good work. COMFORT will also be glad to render all the assistance in its power to aid the cause of making life cheerier and brighter and increasing good will and good fellowship among mankind. A special prize will be awarded to the first club organizing and reporting to this office, which organization may take place immediately upon receipt of this notice. Various annual prizes, to be determined later, will be awarded to Clubs for excellence in attendance, numbers, etc.

Address all communications to Comfort Club Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Method of Organization of Clubs.

Let the person undertaking the organization notify six or more subscribers to COMFORT at the same postoffice to meet at a designated house, or room, and when they have come together, simply state the object of the organization of the club, as announced in COMFORT and get the sense of the meeting as to organizing. If a majority favor it, proceed at once to organization by naming two or more persons, male or female as candidates for President, first. Then pass slips of blank paper around for each person to write thereon the name of his or her choice for the office, and the one receiving the higher number of votes shall be declared president. Proceed in the same way for Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Then the person who has called the meeting retires, and the new officers will take charge, the President in the chair, conducting the meeting, and the Secretary acting as clerk making the minutes. The President will announce the program and call off the order of business naming those who are set down as taking individual parts.

The main idea is to have this part of the club's work as simple as it can possibly be, so that members will find the duties a pleasure rather than a burden, the object of the club being the greatest comfort to the greatest number.

Comfort Club Program.

- 1—Meeting called to order by President.
- 2—Reading minutes of previous meeting; by Secretary.
- 3—Admission of members.
- 4—Other business, if any.
- 5—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 6—Recitation.
- 7—Vocal selection—solo or concerted number.
- 8—Instrumental selection—any instrument.
- 9—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 10—Comfort Club Game, for all present. (See below.)
- 11—"Auld Lang Syne," sung by the entire meeting.
- 12—Announcements for following month by the Vice President.
- 13—"The Star Spangled Banner," sung by all present, standing.
- 14—Good Night.

Comfort Club Game for June Meeting.

An interesting and instructive game, in which all can take part and which is particularly happy in affording a subject for general conversation, is what is called "The Portrait Game." In this the president of the club, with such assistance as he or she may select, cuts from newspapers and magazines some thirty or forty, more or less, portraits of well-known people which he numbers and fastens to the walls of the room with pins, so as not to injure the paper or plaster. He has a list of the names of the persons pictured, numbered to correspond with the numbers on the pictures. Slips of paper, numbered in blank, are distributed to all present and they go about the room, which is now a portrait gallery, guessing who are represented on the walls, and setting down the names of their guesses opposite the number on their slips. The person guessing all wins the prize, and the one next gets the second prize. The one guessing the lowest number gets the "booby prize." Any small article, book, piece of china, etc., makes a nice prize, besides the glory of winning. Lots are to be drawn for the prize when more than one is correct. This game may be also played with pictures of the well-known advertisements seen in the periodicals and newspapers.

Two or three charades may be presented if this game is finished before the usual closing hour. Here are several words from which to choose: Sham-rock, Top-knot, Work-shop, Pot-ash, Pitch-fork, Friend-ship, Clerk-ship, Rain-bow.

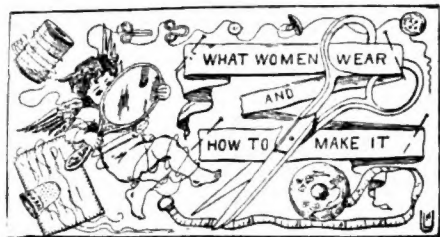
to buy or rent, and you should rent the first year or two.

Alexander, Cairo, Ills.—Real estate is not at all high in Mobile, Ala., and a fine home overlooking the bay within a few miles of the city may be purchased at a price that would seem quite small to you. The winter climate is particularly pleasant, and bay-shore places are delightful in summer. For details write to Dr. D. J. Spottswood.

Notice: Many of those applying for information to this column ask us to advertise their property for them by calling the attention of home seekers to their possessions. We can not do this except at the usual advertising rates. We can only refer seekers to persons in authority who will furnish information in detail for the benefit of their respective states and neighborhoods.

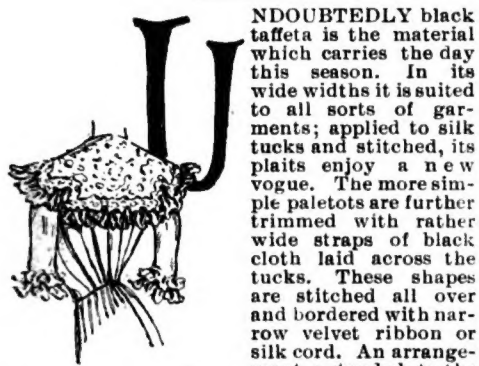
EVERYBODY WEARS COLLAR BUTTONS

Send us only 5c. and we send you six Gold Plated lever collar buttons, either for Gentlemen or Ladies. This can only be done to introduce our great catalogue of Novelties. 5 cents for 6. Write to-day to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Summer Fashions.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



lower portion of the basque, the collar and cuffs. A somewhat more elegant trimming is provided by bands of silk covered with black lace insertion bordered with velvet comete.

For the very smartest black silk paletots, habit coats and boleros, open work embroidery will be generally worn. The transparent portions are backed with net. In many cases the entire garment will be cut out in scrolls worked round. In this case, fancy nets are chosen for grounding, such as spotted Greek net, lined with surah.

Velvet ribbon, from one to one and one-half inches wide, is much used for trimming. The painted belts, into which the bloused boleros are set, are sometimes in plain velvet, but the habit basque at the back is trimmed like the bodice. Colored taffeta is also used, preference being given to what is termed "cloth colors."

When the embroidery is not extended to the coat itself, the black scrolls are sometimes mounted on a foundation of white etamine.

There is also a wide choice of white and ecru embroideries and new guipures with netted grounds, all of which find a place in the decoration of cuffs and collars, both of garments and costumes. Elaboration of trimming and simplicity of outline are the distinguishing features of the new season, and it is difficult to realize that any but the most expert work people could achieve success under such conditions. The turnings and twistings, the gatherings and plaitings, the folds and the puffings of silk chiffon and even of cloth itself, are innumerable. And besides such decorations we have at our disposal printed velvet galon, the most popular being white and black with a black spot; braids of many sorts; rosettes of ribbon and tassels; while other pretty effects are achieved by conventional designs of glaze on net foundation, these being used to border glaze costumes, or to trim dresses which are made of net. Most effective are ribbon roses worked on lace foundations, and lace of all kinds, notably real lace, continues to occupy the pedestal of popularity.



The most favored of the new fabrics, unquestionably, are voile and flowered mousseline and these are seen in most delightful colorings. We are to employ flowered mousseline to make entire costumes, to make skirts to glaze coats, and also to trim our hats, while of course it suggests itself as being pre-eminently suitable for the manufacture of fichus.

Last year the authorities tried to bring into favor painted lace, but they met with little success. This year it is once again being pushed forward and as a novelty may be commended, though it certainly lacks any other charms.

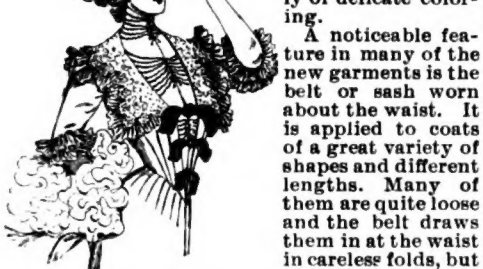
Gold and silver are to have a royal display on our evening dresses and in combination with lace and chiffon either has attractions.

Besides painting mousseline we paint crepe de chine in the most beautiful and delicate of colors and floral pattern, while very excellent effects are achieved with gold thread woven through foundations of Louis XVI. brocades.

Pompadour and Dresden silks are used for bands on skirts, and these are bordered with stitched strappings of the cloth or material; or if this is too heavy for straps, glaze or taffeta of the same color is used instead.

Dainty little gauze ribbons, with tinsel introduced, form delightful bands between narrow glaze strappings, and these have been used on trousseau gowns for the spring and summer, and necessarily of delicate coloring.

A noticeable feature in many of the new garments is the belt or sash worn about the waist. It is applied to coats of a great variety of shapes and different lengths. Many of them are quite loose and the belt draws them in at the waist in careless folds, but not too tightly, allowing the front to droop slightly. Applied to coats of ponce and ornamented with an applique velvet design, a belt of the same material fastened at the waist by a buckle and then hanging in long ends covered with velvet ap-



pliques, has a novel and fetching appearance. For summer, a sort of tunic reaching to the knees will be worn, arranged in loose plaits and confined at the waist by a belt, or sash. Belts and sashes are also worn over tight fitting coats and over a new coat not quite so tight as these being unusually long skirted. These coats have the shaped basques joined at the waist the seam concealed by a belt, and the bodice portion more or less bloused.

The CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS.
FINEST AND MOST POPULAR INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD.
SHIPPED ANYWHERE ON ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

We will ship any Piano or Organ upon the distinct understanding that if not found entirely satisfactory after 12 months' use we will take it back, thus giving you one year's free trial in your own home. You take no risk when you buy on the celebrated Cornish Plan. It is the only way. If as good pianos and organs could be bought anywhere else for as little money, we could not afford to make an offer like this, but we'll go further. In proof of this statement which may to some appear extravagant, we give to every purchaser a guarantee that is practically a bond secured on the whole of our plant and property, worth over ONE MILLION DOLLARS, warranting each instrument sold to be exactly as represented. Furthermore the Cornish American Pianos and Organs are far better in quality and general appearance than instruments offered for sale by any other firm of piano and organ manufacturers, or any agents and dealers, for twice the amount of money we ask. **MINIATURES FREE.** To every intending purchaser we will present a beautiful set of miniatures, being accurate representations of our Pan-American models of the latest styles in Cornish Pianos and Organs. These miniatures enable anyone to select an instrument no matter what distance they live—as the Piano and Organ in exact color as to wood, etc. exactly reproduced. This elegant embossed set sent free and with it the Cornish American Souvenir Catalogue handsomely illustrated with presentation plate in colors and fully depicting and describing 500 exposition models of Cornish American Pianos and Organs, also our interesting book "The Heart of the People." Write to-day and we will mail catalogue and miniatures free, if you mention this paper.

Established Fifty Years. CORNISH CO., NEW JERSEY.
Pianos from \$155. Organs from \$25.

pliques, has a novel and fetching appearance. For summer, a sort of tunic reaching to the knees will be worn, arranged in loose plaits and confined at the waist by a belt, or sash. Belts and sashes are also worn over tight fitting coats and over a new coat not quite so tight as these being unusually long skirted. These coats have the shaped basques joined at the waist the seam concealed by a belt, and the bodice portion more or less bloused.



The fichu lends itself so charmingly to the summer toilette, filmy, clinging and demure, with such an air of coquetry, that the fashion will never be entirely out of date, and has appeared in many instances on recent creations from Paris.

Dresses are plaited from neck to hem in a few models recently imported, but they must be of soft materials, such as crepe de chine, and the wearer must be tall and slight and the dress cut by an experienced hand. Very dainty blouses are made entirely in white spotted pique, with incrustations of china blue cambric, with fine feather-stitching and embroidery.

Bits of Information.

London has sixty-two theaters.
Yale college was founded in 1700.
Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Whales are said to live 1000 years.
The average human life is 31 years.
An ostrich egg weighs three pounds.
Whole tribes of birds are musicians.
The slave trade was abolished in 1808.
There are 2754 languages and dialects.
Tin is one of the oldest known metals.
A steel rail lasts about eighteen years.
Sun stroke is claimed to be infectious.
Slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1888.
Ten ordinary sized-eggs weigh a pound.
Two cent postage was established in 1883.
Sagasta was once under sentence of death.
In China, old women serve as bridesmaids.
The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702.
Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513.
Johann Strauss has written over 400 waltzes.
The war with Spain cost nearly \$1,000,000,000.
Parasols were used by the ancient Egyptians.
The piano was invented by Schroeder in 1717.
Charcoal powder is an excellent disinfectant.
June 21 is the longest day of the year with us.
The day was first divided into hours, B. C. 293.
Sound travels at the rate of 13 miles a minute.
Lake Superior is the largest lake in the world.
Our present silver dollar was first coined in 1792.
The Panama Canal was commenced Jan. 23, 1881.
Captain Kidd, the pirate, was convicted in Boston.
The sense of smell is particularly acute in sharks.
Iron was made near Irontown, Mo., as early as 1810.
More Pagans are being Mohammedanized in Africa than are being Christianized.

In order to prevent their oversleeping, it is said that the letter-carriers of Morocco resort to a unique, though rather dangerous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, regulating the length of the string to the time they have to sleep. Then they set fire to one end of the string, and when the blaze reaches their foot they are painfully reminded that it is time to rise.

THE funeral services of the late Robert G. Ingersoll consisted in the reading of selections from his own works and of an oration which he had himself delivered over the dead body of a brother, some time ago. To Christians this seems barbaric, but it would doubtless have better suited Ingersoll himself, than any other form of service.

Adrift in New York.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"Yes, sir; but he threw a piece of paper out'n de window, sayin' he was kep' a prisoner here. A young man picked it up, and came to de house to ax about it."

Curtis looked alarmed.

"What did you say?" he inquired apprehensively.

"Told him de boy was crazy as a loon—dat he tried to kill his mother las' week, and had a carvin'-knife hid in his room."

"Good, Julius! I didn't give you credit for such a fertile imagination."

"What's dat, massa?" asked Julius, looking puzzled.

"I didn't know you were such a skillful liar."

"Yah! yah!" laughed Julius, quite comprehending this compliment. "I reckon I can twis' de trufe pretty well, Massa Curtis!"

"You have done well, Julius," said Curtis, approvingly. "Here's a dollar!"

The negro was quite effusive in his gratitude.

"What did the young man say?"

"He looked scared, I tol' him he could go up and see de boy if he wasn't afeared of de carvin'-knife, but he said he guessed he wouldn't—he didn't like crazy folks."

Curtis laughed heartily.

"So it all ended as it should. Did the boy make any more trouble?"

"Yes; he pounded and kicked till I had to go up and see what was de matter. I didn't give him no satisfaction, and I guess he went to bed."

"He ought to be in a deep sleep by this time. I will go up and see. Go up with me, Julius, for I may have to ask you to help me bring him down."

Though Julius was naturally a coward, he felt quite brave when he had company, and he at once went upstairs with Curtis Waring.

Curtis drew the bolt, and entering the chamber, his glance fell upon Dodger fast asleep on the bed.

"I am glad the boy did not undress," he said. "It will save me a great deal of trouble. Now, Julius, you can take his feet and I will lift his head, and we will take him down-stairs."

"S'pos'n he wakes up, Massa Curtis?"

"He won't wake up. I took care the sleeping potion should be strong enough to produce profound slumber for eighteen hours."

"Seems as if he was dead," said Julius nervously.

"Tush, you fool! He's no more dead than you or I."

The hackman looked curious when the two men appeared with their sleeping burden, and Curtis felt that some explanation was required.

"The boy has a very painful disease," he said, "and the doctor gave him a sleeping-draught. He is going abroad for his health, and, under the circumstances I think it best not to wake him up. Drive slowly and carefully to Pier No.—, as I don't want the boy aroused if it can be helped."

"All right, sir."

"Julius, you may lock the door and come with me. I shall need your help to get him on board the ship."

"All right, Massa Curtis."

"And mind you don't go to sleep in the carriage, you black rascal!" added Curtis, as he saw that the negro found it hard to keep his eyes open.

"All right, massa, I'll keep awake. How am I to get home?"

The further adventure of Tom Dodger and Florence Linden with many of the exciting incidents fully illustrated will be found in two volumes, book form, which you can secure by sending your own six months' subscription to "COMFORT" and that of a friend, 20c. in all, as per Special Coupon Offers below. DON'T FAIL to at once subscribe, renew or extend your subscription for either six months or a year, so you can follow the many other interesting and exciting stories by Horatio Alger, Jr., and many other best authors.

SPECIAL. In addition to sending your own renewal for six months, secure ONLY ONE new trial six months' subscription to "COMFORT" at our special reduced trial rate of only 10c. and we will send you postpaid the complete story of "Adrift in New York" in paper book form, as this is one of ALGER'S BEST, and a story you will always delight to keep. Don't fail to secure the subscriber and send NOW. You will never have another chance to get the book absolutely free.

In sending in your own extension and the new subscriber's name, kindly use the blanks below.

CUT OFF ON LINE.

Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter this club subscription for "COMFORT" for six months paid in advance, and after that continue at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered.

Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

In consideration of my securing the above new 10c. six months' subscription you are to send me the complete story of "Adrift in New York," as per above offer, and I herewith enclose 10c. for a six months' extension of my subscription to "COMFORT," making 20c. in all enclosed.

Sender's Name _____ County _____

Address _____ State _____



TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY
COUSIN MARION.

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

The summer time has come again, my dears, and let us gather all the sweet June roses we may, and if we have no use for them ourselves, let us give them to those who are not so fortunate as we, and who get only the thorns.

Now to our more serious talk, and the first letter I open is from a fourteen year old cousin in Groesbeck, Texas, who wants to be an actress and learn the trapeze. Dear me, child, you can't learn the trapeze, and you mustn't try to be an actress. It is all dreadfully hard work and full of sorrow, sometimes shame. Put it out of your thoughts utterly. Keep at your school work for a long time yet.

Ruth, Lamar, Mo.—Tell the young man that the real engagement ring is a solitaire diamond. (2) There are quite as many blondes as brunettes, I fancy.

Blue Bell, Pierpont, N. H.—Don't marry a man younger than you are, unless it is your only chance. Dahlia, Tidoute, Pa.—It is quite proper to propose a walk to the young man. (2) Yes, any one may wear a cross for a necklace charm.

Pet, Manistee, Mich.—The only way to treat the man you describe, or any of his kind, is to have nothing to do with him.

Daisy, Cooper Heights, Ga.—The buggy ride is allowable in the country, but it is no longer fashionable in the city. (2) An afternoon caller should not remain until evening, unless he is specially asked to do so, and then he should go home early. (3) Yes.

Twins, Deer Lodge, Mon.—If the young man is able to support you and his mother has no right to object to your marrying him, then marry him if he is a good man. (2) A man engaged to a girl should not write to other girls, and he won't if he is really in love. (3) Yes, but not the best way to do.

B. and B., Gretna, N. Y.—Unless you are engaged to the young man he has no right to ask you not to accept the attention of other men. (2) The young man can go in the same party you are with. You could not go alone with him.

Californian, Los Angeles, Cal.—Seventeen is too young to receive gentlemen's attention. (2) Don't think about yourself if you do not want to feel bashful. (3) There is no ordinary occasion for a young man to take a girl's arm with both hands.

Lottie, Pana, Ills.—Don't accept the young man's attention if he will not come into your house, but waits outside for you. He is a bumpkin that ought to go with the chickens.

Zig Zag, Connamore, Ont.—Love begins when the right one comes along. (2) There is no set time when young men and women begin their love-making. (3) A lovers' spat does not count. Make up the quarrel and begin over again. (4) Better not marry a man younger than yourself.

Pussy Willow, Boston, Mass.—Really, Pussy, dear, I cannot tell you how to earn ten dollars in two months. Study the advertisements in the Boston papers; they ought to tell you. (2) It is all right to talk to the dentist. It will keep your mind off your teeth, that must hurt.

Gray Eyes, Houston, Texas.—Your teacher is not a fit person to hold the position he does, and you should quit going to him, and should also tell your mother about him, and he should be dismissed from the school.

Daisy, Tatum, Va.—You should have written the young man a letter if you wished to hear from him.

Pussy, Farnham, Quebec.—A letter of apology should be answered accepting the apology.

Mabel, Lisabeula, Wash.—I have no recipe for polishing shells, but if you will use sandpaper first, then emery cloth, pumice stone and rottenstone, with plenty of "elbow grease" you can improve them very much. It would be better if you would write to some of the novelty dealers in Seattle for information. Some of them advertise in Seattle papers.

Mamma's Baby, Pay Down, Mo.—Don't write to any man you do not know, and to very few you do know. (2) The girl may ask the man to call, or he may ask her. (3) Better let the young man do the asking to go anywhere, unless there is a good reason for you to ask him. (4) It is always safe to suspect the man who asks the girl if she loves him. He should tell her he loved her, and ask her after he has committed himself.

Kitty, Enon, Va.—The place for girls of fourteen is not in society, but in school.

Two Girls, Sebastopol, Cal.—Do not ask the rich lady to help you unless you have some claim on her. If the education is worth having it is worth getting some other way than through charity.

Elise, Palatka, Fla.—You can ask a man for his photograph, but if he did not offer it, I would not ask him, unless near friends. (2) Yes, the man should write the first letter, or ask you to write, if you go away and he does not have your address. (3) It is wrong to bet, but if you bet and lose, pay.

Sweetheart, Valencia, Pa.—An unmarried woman is never an "old maid," she is a spinster. (2) Better take your parents' advice about the young man you think you love. (3) Photographs may be exchanged, if you know the man very well. (4) Buggy rides after church should not last longer than 10 o'clock.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered, except some that you will find in the column devoted to Etiquette. May life be pleasant to you, and may we meet again and talk over our troubles and joys together. By by. COUSIN MARION.

Etiquette and Beauty.

Elise, Palatka, Fla.—To improve your complexion and remove blotches try oil of sweet almonds 200 grains, glycerine 10 grains, tincture of benzoin 5 grains, to be had at any drug store. Bathe your face in this three times a day. (2) In introductions always introduce the man to the woman unless the man is very venerable or very distinguished. In introducing women introduce the younger or less important to the elder or more important. Ordinarily when you are with a friend and another of the same sex joins you you introduce the newcomer to the other, but you may do as you please.

Girls in Blue, Laurel Dell, Cal.—If your hair is too oily it may be remedied by washing it in a weak solution of ammonia. Only a few drops to a basin of water, and do not use frequently, as it is injurious unless used very carefully. Borax is bet-

ter to use, probably, after the first washing in ammonia. Put a teaspoonful, powdered, in a basin of warm water. Use about once a week. (2) The only way "to get out of the way of talking about other people" is to say only good things of them. Try this for a short time and note the result.

Country Girl, Du Quoin, Ills.—Why should the lady take the gentleman's hat when they go to church? Is he not to take care of it himself? Of course, he is, and the lady you are not impolite to let him look after it himself.

Bessie, Farnham, Quebec.—Exercise great care in using hair removers. This one is recommended as good, but we do not insure it: Alcohol 12 grams, iodine 75 centigrams, Collodion 35 grams, essence of Turpentine 3 centigrams, Castor Oil, 2 grams. Apply once a day and do not leave on long enough to burn the skin. A good hair tonic is made of half pound of beef marrow, soaked in several waters, melted and strained; one ounce tincture of cantharides and twelve drops of oil of bergamot. Apply once or twice a day, or less if the scalp becomes sore. (2) For an oily skin use warm applications of borate of soda to be had of your druggist. Judging of what you say of the condition of your skin your blood is out of order and you should get a tonic from your physician. Ask him about it.

Fernleaf, Nashville, Tenn.—Inscribe nothing on the card accompanying the bouquet to the graduate except your name. Or you might put "To Mr. — from Miss —," so that if the bouquet became mixed with others its destination would be known. (2) There is no advantage in receiving an invitation to a public affair beyond the special recognition from some friend who wants to see you there. Do not acknowledge the receipt of the invitation.

Blue Eyes, Mankato, Kans.—Say "yes" or "no" as you feel disposed. (2) It is proper to ask a young man to call even though you are meeting him the first time. (3) In receiving an invitation of any kind that you cannot answer at once, simply say you will be glad to accept if you can, but you must find out first whether you can go or not. It is not necessary to explain further than that.

Fern, Farmer City, Ills.—A wedding ring should be plain, and, I suppose, may be worn at funerals. (2) The lady speaks first. (3) Either the host or hostess may answer the call at the door. Preferably the host, unless there is a reason for the hostess going. (4) See answer to "Bessie." (5) Massage.

Eleanor, Kernersville, N. C.—It is not necessary to thank the gentleman who asks you to dance with him though you may incidentally do so in accepting. You would not thank him in the same way you would if he offered you a glass of water. If he thanks you after the dance, you may say anything you please to make him feel that you appreciate his courtesy. There is no rule for such things. (2) It is wrong for any church member to dance when that church member has subscribed to the rules of the church which say that there must be no dancing. Nearly everybody nowadays does it, but that does not make it right. (4) If you do not think it is right to stand on the porch with the young man who has brought you home, tell him that you must go in, and say good-night. Then leave him. He will not stay there very long after you are gone. (4) In the country and smaller cities it is not unusual to go to the front door with the departing guest. It is even done in the larger cities among less formal people. (5) Fattening foods are sugar, bread, rare beef, potatoes, water, butter and raw oils.

K. H. Conser, I. T.—The red color in your face cannot be bleached by external application. You must go deeper for a cure and get your blood in better condition. Consult a physician. See answer to "Elise" for a complexion formula.

Blue Eyes, Luka, Miss.—Men leave the theater between acts, even though they are with ladies, but it shows lack of consideration, and is therefore impolite and wrong. (2) Girls should not receive attentions from men until they are eighteen, at least. (3) Nineteen year old girls do not usually give masquerade balls, though their mothers may do it for them. (4) Girls of sixteen should have chaperons. At this age their teachers should be their chaperons.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

If troubled with any disorder of the stomach write to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, and they will send you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Many invalids have been permanently cured by them. Sold by druggists at 25 cts.

A woman's discovery

FREE

By many years of constant study and experiments, I have perfected a simple, harmless vegetable remedy that will quickly cure all female diseases, as well as the piles. It is nature's own remedy and will not only relieve, but will absolutely, thoroughly and permanently cure the ailments peculiar to women, such as falling of the womb, leucorrhea (whites), displacements, ulceration, granulation, painful or scanty periods, irregular menstruation and all the pelvic ills of women. It positively cures rectal ulcers, piles, hemorrhoids, tumors, itching, blind or bleeding piles in either sex. It cures promptly, privately and permanently without the repugnant methods in general use by physicians. You can escape embarrassing examinations, avoid humiliating exposures, cheat the surgeon's knife out of baptism in your blood.

The treatment is so simple, mild and effectual that it will not interfere with your work or occupation. Thousands and thousands of letters are being received from grateful persons from all parts of the world who have been cured by the use of this remedy. The first package is free, send for it—send today. I know that a fair trial of it will result in your becoming its enthusiastic advocate and friend. With it I will send literature of interest and value. Do not neglect this opportunity to get cured yourself and be in a position to advise ailing friends.

Consider well the above offer and act upon it at once. It is made in the sincere hope of aiding you and spreading the knowledge of a beneficent boon to sufferers. Earnestly, hopefully, faithfully,
MRS. CORA B. MILLER, 329 Comstock Bldg., Kokomo, Ind.

Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch is a Gold laid case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch. We guarantee it, and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. It has the appearance of a Solid Gold one. The movement is an American Style, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly handsome watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men, or those who need a very close timer. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, now is your opportunity to secure one. We give a beautiful Watch as a premium to anyone for selling 15 pieces of our handsome jewelry for 10c. each. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 15 pieces of jewelry postpaid. When sold, send us the \$1.50, and we will send you the handsome Gold laid watch. We trust you and will take back all you cannot sell. We propose to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You need no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Address, **SAFE DEPOSIT WATCH CO. New York City**

AGENTS CREDIT. Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free. **Herbena Agency Co., Box 254, Station L, New York.**

I REVEAL YOUR LOVE, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS AND SPEC. FORTUNATE & UNFORTUNATE who will give you with my ADVICE & FORTUNE TELLING is secured, and to receive it I will be through with your life and you need not pay a cent. **PROF. RENNELL, MEDFORD, MASS.**

LADIES DO PATCH WORK 12.00 PER 100. Can make Big Profits. 12 an hour. No sewing machine required. Send addressed reply envelope for sample and particulars. **HUTTON & Co., Dept. 4, Phila., Pa.**

The Steel Bead Chatelaine Bag

Is in the height of fashion and no lady proposes to be without one. Our good luck in obtaining a large quantity of such a desirable premium accounts for the enormous activity among our agents and we are daily sending these premiums out in large numbers. COMFORT with its many new features is alone in its field and fills the mission it seeks, to the pleasure of each reader. Let us furnish you with our elaborate and complete canvassing outfit.

COMEORT, Augusta, Maine.



A chamois skin Chatelaine Bag with Silver or Steel Bead work is the delight of every woman either young or old.

FROM PARIS AND NEW YORK

come our latest styles. The newest correct thing for ladies' wear is the side Chatelaine Bag. Made of steel-like BEADS and CHAMOIS leather. Our illustration gives you some idea of the appearance of the bag, but of course the real effect is the appearance when worn suspended from the belt where contrast can be observed.

The bags are now worn by every well-dressed woman everywhere in every walk and station of life. Of the many articles of use and ornament now necessary for "My Lady" nothing has been imported of late years more stylish, useful and absolutely essential than these Bags.

Ladies' dresses without pockets make these bags very useful for handkerchiefs, to carry the small change purse, car fare, pencil, memorandum pad, smelling bottle and every other small article one is likely to want to carry with them all the time.

Ladies with wealth and the finest jewels and clothing wear these side Chatelaine Bags made of SOLID SILVER, but for general use and attractiveness our premium bag is just as desirable and will outwear a more expensive and less strongly made bag.

We were fortunate in securing such a handsome bag to offer our readers, the bead work on these bags is most thoroughly done, handwork, each row is securely attached to the bag itself and they seem to make the bag outwear the ordinary leather chatelaine. Our illustration photographed direct from the Bag gives you a good idea of its appearance. The inside of the Bag is four and a half inches deep by four inches wide, the handsome belt hook is heavily embossed, oxidized silver plate and with the two chains from which the bag hangs the whole is complete and sure to please any lady.

Club Offer. We will send one of these Bags free, all charges paid, for a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, or for a club of 13 six months' subscribers at our special price of 10c. each. We only have a limited number so you better get up a club quickly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THE New Moon for the month occurs at about 9 minutes before 8 o'clock in the morning of the 5th day of July, Washington Time. At that moment the 21st degree of Leo will be rising and the 14th degree of Taurus will be on the south meridian. The Sun is ruler of the scheme and is located in the 11th house with the Moon. Neptune, Mercury and Mars are also in the same house. Venus is ruler of the 10th house and is located therein: Jupiter is setting in the west near the descending horizon: Saturn is on the cusp of the 6th house: and Herschel stands on the 5th cusp.

The Sun, ruler of the scheme, is with the Moon, indicating more than usual harmony between the people and the governing authorities, and Venus also being in the 10th house indicates increase in glory and renown of the nation: sympathy of the Executive authority for the people and jealous advocacy of the people's interests and welfare by authorities charged with the administration of the law: Jupiter on the 7th signifies increase of the marriage rate and probably union of nobles high in station also some matrimonial engagement of persons of wealth.

Mars opposing Herschel, in the 11th and 5th houses, indicates more than usual harm from explosions and cautions all engaged in holiday celebrations to have unusual care in handling fire and explosives, just before the national holiday as well as during the celebration. It is apprehended that the city of Boston will suffer from bad fires or bad accident at public sports in the first days of July.

The month will increase digestive troubles and aggravate apopleptic tendencies as well as kidney disorders. All persons susceptible in this respect should observe more caution than usual as to diet, especially as the middle of the month is approached and passed. Intoxicating beverages will affect more than usual harm and be responsible for more human suffering and disorder of a physical nature as well as of a political character through the middle days of the month, when some peculiarly serious drowning disaster or bad accident at the seaside is apprehended. The city of New York continues under adverse conditions similar to those she has suffered under for many months, not only as regards her political affairs but also as to physical harm to persons and property within her limits. The middle days of July seem to be peculiarly mischievous in such respect and disaster in underground places or from falling debris is to be guarded against.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR JULY, 1902.

JULY 1-Tuesday. Use the early morning for asking promotion in thy business and otherwise busy thyself in matters pertaining to thine employer or superior in authority: the afternoon is adverse for money dealings or making any purchases for use or trade; sign money obligations especially in the nature of accommodation.

2-Wednesday. An excellent day, particularly fortunate for dealings with those employed in matters pertaining to amusements, wearing apparel and house furnishing or decoration: transact business concerning lands and houses: ask favor of thy landlord and buy fancy goods and fine wares for trade. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday the tender sentiments are likely to be pleasantly enlisted and agreeable advances in courtesy are likely to be made in these passing weeks; the landscape painter should improve these moments and musical efforts will be successful.

3-Thursday. The middle hours of the day are the best, in which purchases for trade may be conservatively made, and dealings with banks or persons of wealth should be conducted. New business now coming, offering great promises of gain, should be very carefully scrutinized and is best postponed a little. Don't take the day for dealing with persons in political life or those in government positions: let the greatest care be exercised in handling fires, machinery, and all kinds of explosives, as there is extreme danger of violent accidents, fires, etc., as the latter hours of the day are passing and generally during the early days in July; keep out of dispute and put a bride upon the passions.

4-Friday. Independence Day. An excellent day for commercial dealings and bargaining, notwithstanding it is a legal holiday; intellectual enjoyments are in order and journeying and pleasure seeking will be successful and satisfactory.

5-Saturday. Urge business to the utmost, especially that pertaining to public matters: seek favor from thine employer and ask for promotion in business.

6-Sunday. An unfavorable day, conducive to domestic inquietudes and not promising of very agreeable religious discourse.

7-Monday. Deal in fancy and ornamental goods, engage in the elegant and nice avocations and attend to musical and artistic matters: look out for the pennies during the middle hours of the day, when thy purchases should be only for actual needs: have no money transactions or dealings with wealthy persons.

8-Tuesday. Urge business vigorously during this day: make contracts, travel, pursue literary and scientific undertakings: deal with bookellers, lawyers, printers and mathematicians: sign writings of consequence and urge all correspondence.

9-Wednesday. Musical and artistic pursuits and the elegant occupations generally suffer peculiar annoyances and embarrassments during the forenoon, when no contracts should be made for the purchase of wearing apparel or any artistic wares: use the afternoon for dealing with thine employer and with persons in offices of trust or honor.

10-Thursday. Form no hasty conclusions in business during this day: litigation and contention are likely to interfere seriously with the happy outcome of affairs of magnitude or importance now begun, especially if they pertain to any of the mechanical, chemical or manufacturing interests: the literary pursuits are not favored and contracts for literary work are best not entered into; avoid all excitement in speech and do not expect satisfactory correspondence or favor from persons in the intellectual callings.

11-Friday. One of the best days of the month. It is especially recommended for the purchase of goods for trade and for transactions with persons of means and prominence: deal in fancy and ornamental goods: engage in the elegant and fine avocations; sue the fair and seek money accommodations, particularly during the afternoon and evening. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday thou hast before thee better business advantages and more agreeable social experiences.

12-Saturday. Use the day after 10 o'clock in the forenoon for dealing in machinery, chemicals, and cutlery, also for pursuit of the mechanical trades and inventions: deal with military men, machinists, surgeons, tanners and electricians: the late afternoon is unfortunate for bargaining for houses or lands or having any dealings in agricultural or mining products.

13-Sunday. An excellent day for the improvement of the mind and for proper appreciation of the merits of literary and scientific productions: pulpit effort will abound in eloquence and prove effective through religious fervor.

14-Monday. Make no contracts of consequence during this day and be very careful in the use of the pen, postponing important correspondence until the morrow, where possible: those who speculate with their money on this day need not be surprised if disappointment comes and general conditions bid thee pause before engaging in any matter of great importance. Dramatists, musicians, artists, jewelers, upholsterers, and furniture dealers are adversely affected just now for a season—ex-

perience losses or embarrassments and will need to exercise unusual caution in all their acts: it will be well for theatrical managers and artists if they defer for a short time entering into important professional engagements: let the fair sex shun any matrimonial engagement for a season, if their desire be for domestic peace or harmony in the marriage relation, particularly if they claim this as the anniversary of their birth or if born about the 11th of January, 17th of April, 30th of May, 17th of July, 16th of October, or 1st of December, of past years.

15-Tuesday. Press thy business vigorously during this day, particularly such as concerns houses and lands: deal in such commodities as coal, iron, petroleum, wood, lumber, lead, wool, and grain, and, with discretion, in mining stocks, provided thy nativity is favorable also in this time: make contracts for building and repairing: deal with persons engaged in fiduciary capacities and enter into shipping contracts.

16-Wednesday. Shun the matters recommended for the previous day, during the forenoon, but as the afternoon advances give all energy to the prosecution of general business, attending to collections and seeking money accommodations: purchase goods for trade in a conservative way and deal with judges, lawyers, and persons connected with religious organizations.

17-Thursday. Make no engagement towards wedlock nor expect much success in the elegant pursuits or from dealings in dry goods or fancy or ornamental wares. REGULUS especially advises the fair not to let wealth tempt them to wed in these passing days, especially where there is much disparity of years or if born about the middle days of January, April, July, or October, of past years.

18-Friday. Have caution in all thy business engagements on this day: sign no papers of consequence, travel not, nor engage to help annoyances of considerable magnitude are likely just now to be met by editors, authors, booksellers, publishers, printers, mathematicians, civil engineers, surveyors, lawyers and judges, especially if born about the 15th of January, 28th of May, 18th of July, or 29th of November of past years. To such persons correspondence goes wrong, gives little ultimatum, and if very important, is best postponed until a more fitting season.

19-Saturday. A day of no special promise: caution is in order for the day generally that no quarrel or unpleasantness come through excitement of mind or heat of debate.

20-Sunday. An evil Sabbath day, in which crosses and unpleasantness are likely in clerical affairs. Males born during the middle days of January, April, July, or October, of past years, should see to it in these passing weeks that business ruptures and changes do not come from acts of theirs and should not at this time begin important undertakings, but be satisfied with their present position. Ladies, so born, are likely to be now in the midst of unpleasant experiences: misfortune or sorrow through their husbands, fathers, brothers, or lovers, and will need to be unusually circumspect in all their acts.

21-Monday. Give preference to the latter part of this day for thy major transactions of consequence, especially for all manner of purchases in trade and money dealings.

22-Tuesday. Use this day for engagements with officers of corporations or government officials or employees: sign no writings in the afternoon but expect pleasure in the evening from thy social, musical, or dramatical entertainment.

23-Wednesday. Begin the exertions of this morning with the break of day and urge a business to the utmost; press engagements with persons in the mechanical trade and deal in cattle, metals, cutlery, chemicals, glassware also electrical machinery and apparatus.

24-Thursday. The very early hours are the best, particularly for all commercial contracts, correspondence, and literary work; during the middle hours of the day shun all dealings with government officials, railway managers, and persons in charge of great corporations; the evening is more favorable and encourages dealings concerning landed property.

25-Friday. Avoid rashness of word or act and be not easily moved to wrath: this day is peculiarly dangerous for surgical operations, especially if performed upon the head, stomach, or kidneys and is earnestly advised against for such work; the elegant pursuits are adversely affected and caution is urged against the beginning of manufacture of wearing apparel or articles of adornment.

26-Saturday. Begin this day with the Sun and waste no moments of the forenoon; deal with banks, judges, and persons of wealth and prominence; but as the day advances beware of signing thy name to important writings; do not travel nor make any contract or engagement with printers, or publishers.

27-Sunday. There is but little of promise for this day, especially of assistance to the clergy, those connected with religion or for matters of any ecclesiastical nature; the evening gives some improvement.

28-Monday. The first half of this day is recommended for the beginning of long journeys, milling operations, metal working, and the extensive manufacture or purchase or sale of machinery, and particular preference should be given to all business connected with the mechanical and ingenious pursuits, also dealings with druggists, chemists, tanners, and mechanics generally; do not make purchases in the afternoon and look out for money losses or extravagance in expenditure.

29-Tuesday. Choose the forenoon for important transactions as to houses and lands, and for dealings with farmers and those trading in farm products; sign leases, mortgages, deeds, and contracts for building and repairing; deal with printers, publishers, stone masons, plasterers, well diggers, shipwrights and real estate owners or trustees.

30-Wednesday. Avoid the transactions recommended for yesterday, during this forenoon when unusual care should be had in the use of the pen and avoidance of mistakes in correspondence and matters of account; fully improve the afternoon for any honorable transactions but particularly those relating to commercial affairs; solicit money accommodations, urge collections, and purchase goods for trade, such as does not pertain to the elegant pursuits.

31-Thursday. An indifferent day, discouraging application for favor from public officials or persons having authority over thee in business relations: look sharp after leakages from the purse in the afternoon and evening.

For stomach troubles there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents. Write for a free sample. Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 137, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

NEW CURE FOR FITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness or St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or friends that do so, my New Discovery will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE REMEDIES and try them. They have cured thousands where everything else failed. Sent absolutely free with complete directions, express prepaid. Please give AGE and full address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 94 Pine Street, New York City.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to solid gold. Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send you the watch, express prepaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain.

ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 28, Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

BY ASTROLOGY

By a Special arrangement PROFESSOR EDISON, the "Wizard of the Stars," will send every reader of this paper a very complete Horoscope of their life absolutely FREE. Professor Edison is the most wonderful Astrologer in the world, and can tell you your life from the cradle to the grave, thus enabling you to make the most of your life's chances. Send your sex, the date of your birth and a 2-cent stamp for the return postage, at once and your Horoscope will be sent FREE by return mail. Address PROF. EDISON, Dept. T, Binghamton, N. Y.



CROWN MFG. CO., Box 1197, Boston, Mass.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

A Standard Remedy. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for Particulars, Testimonials and "Booklet for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2888 Madison Square, Phila., Pa.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under order. No experience needed. American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lead or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

10 CENTS PAYS FOR ALL one beautiful 18K. gold plated 18K. engraved or Wedding Ring, 25 Lovely Silk Remnants, Pearl Top Pin, Fine Leather Pocket Purse, 2 Studs, Silver Plated Watch Charm, Beautiful Rose Pin, Gold Plated Bracelet, also Amethyst Necklace. This entire lot, with our big bargain list and 25-cent cash coupon, postpaid, only 10 cents. Address, L. E. GOGGINS, Box 31, ROSELLE, N. J.

\$1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE!



THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CAGE—TRY TO FIND HIM

Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest where both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. It may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer in immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard, and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon, to us at once, who knows but what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We hope you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 22 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.



A Gold Lined Silver Dish FREE!

To introduce our famous little Giant Oxen Pills, giving all the chance to derive the wonderful benefits from these new life-giving wonders, we send two boxes absolutely free, all charges paid. You sell the Pills for 25c. per box, send us the money within 20 days, 50c. in all, and we give you as a premium this wonderful Gold Lined Silver Dish free. These dishes are warranted quadruple plated silver; they are dished top and beautiful and useful ornaments; they are suitable for dining table use, or used as side dish for bon bons they are elegant and will last for years. Send your name and address at once so your friends can derive the great benefits coming from the use of Oxen Pills and you get the profits as the dish can be sold in a minute for 75c. These Pills are noted for their quick action on Liver, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, and special organs of either sex. All ills vanish as if by magic if you use these Pills. Send quick so as to be sure of a dish before they all go, and get full particulars of our great money-making agency proposition, where you get hundreds of dollars from a one dollar investment. Address,

THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. M, Augusta, Maine.

A SEAMLESS CARPET FREE!

These ALL MADE CARPETS are coming into vogue more and more every day. We send you one of these elegant Art Square Carpets all ready made to put down on any floor in any room in any house. The most satisfactory and serviceable floor covering in existence. They are woven the same as any carpet only all in one piece and they have a border and fringe and refinement. They are reversible and they wear any length of time and give a beautiful and artistic. You can change these carpets very easily and quickly from one room to another at short notice. No long, hard, dreary hours to now be spent by the tired housewife in making her carpets. By the innovation of this style of carpets moths, dust and bugs are easily prevented from working ruin and general havoc in the household as by being able to get around the edges of your carpet you can keep everything quickly clean and prevent the destruction that surely comes to all old-fashioned full-covered carpeted floors. These Art Carpets come in different colors and sizes and we will send you one of these beautiful fine colored figured pattern 7 1/2 x 9 feet Free, all charges paid, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers to this paper at 25c. each. This carpet will be suitable for a room 12 to 15 feet square or all right to use as a large rug in a much larger room.



Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Carried by Storm.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY E. BURKE COLLINS.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.



HE stood among the roses, dainty, slim and pansy-eyed, with sun-kissed hair, but upon her small, perfect face the most insufferable pride and hauteur. The only child of a purse-proud millionaire, the desire and sole ambition of her heart was for gold and jewels and rich attire.

Her robe of rich crimson silk trailed after her over the marble floor, and the exquisite lace which festooned it was caught with jewels, blazing diamonds and rubies, a shining, costly heap.

From the further end of the veranda a man was watching her, a handsome young man, with a dark, picturesque face. In his hand were some sheets of manuscript, but his eyes were fixed upon her as though he could not bear to look at any other but that one perfect and peerless picture.

"Are you ready, Lenore?" called her father. "Quite ready, father," she answered, and the young man hastened to assist her into the carriage, at her father's side.

"Edgar," said the millionaire, when the girl had been carefully seated at his side, and the silken wrap placed around her shoulders; "you will answer letters tonight, and then there are some telegrams to await. My agent at my office will report to you by telephone."

"Yes, sir." "There are important matters to look after, and possibly a final decision in the case of which I was speaking yesterday."

"Yes, sir." "I refer to the case of that claim against me; that claim of the East Side property. Edgar, you must watch that decision, and bring me word as soon as possible. I must confess I am troubled in regard to it; for upon the decision depends much."

"You do not really think those people have any claim, papa?" asked his daughter. Judge Pardee elevated his eyebrows.

"Not a shadow, dear—unless—well, it will consume too much time now to explain; so never mind. No doubt it would interest you to hear about it, but of course, I spare you any annoyance. We shall not be late, Edgar," he resumed, "and if any serious news should arrive, come to me immediately."

"Very well, sir." And then they drove away and Edgar Delmaine was alone. He stood watching the carriage out of sight, then stooped and picked up a magnificent American Beauty rose which Lenore had dropped, and pressed it to his lips.

"How beautiful she was tonight!" he murmured. "Oh, well, I must not think of her!" He slipped the rose into his breast and went to work with a will, with such a result that by dark the work was done.

Judge Pardee and his daughter had gone to a lawn party at the home of one of their aristocratic friends, and Edgar knew that the old gentleman awaited some more than usual intelligence that night from some business deals which comprehend half his fortune.

Only the day before had been Lenore's eighteenth birthday, and upon that day Alden Reeves, the multi-millionaire, had placed his betrothal ring upon her white finger. She was his promised wife, and even if there were not the gulf of poverty between her and Edgar Delmaine, her father's secretary, she belonged to another. And at best no one would have expected her to look at him. So it was madness to waste time upon Lenore Pardee; she was as unattainable and far away as a star.

Alden Reeves was a gold-worshipper of the most sensuous type. He lived, moved and had his being all for the sake of gold. No other object touched his existence, and even though he loved with all his strength, that love would be base and sordid. No innocent motive or noble impulse ever dominated Alden Reeves' nature; he desired only shining gold. Even the beautiful girl who had promised to be his wife was a secondary consideration.

The secretary was thinking now of the man who had wooed and won lovely Lenore, and his heart was very bitter. Surely, he had more than his just rights. Wealth immeasurable, high position; but that comes in the wake of gold; and more than all else, he had Lenore. But her love! Edgar felt his lip curl with fine scorn, for well he knew that in the problem of life, love mattered nothing—nothing in the estimation of this rich parvenue.

A curious light flashed into Edgar Delmaine's dark eyes. It was as though he had just remembered. Ah! he had a secret of his own. Only a week ago great news had come to the secretary; news which had made a change in his affairs, but he was wiser not to make that secret public, yet.

He seated himself in a big armchair in the library, and awaited the first summons to the telephone. It came. Bad news for Judge Pardee. The law-suit had been decided against him. There had been an appeal to a higher court; the decision was final. Edgar looked distressed.

Another ring at the telephone; Edgar hastened to investigate. A ship belonging to Judge Pardee, on its homeward way, had been wrecked at sea and all on board lost.

Again, a ring at the telephone. A certain mine was flooded and several miners killed and great loss sustained. And while Edgar sat there, once more came the fatal register and death and loss were multiplied. Somehow, the episode reminded Edgar of the many calamities that befell Job.

And trouble and calamity came in such numbers, and the force of the blow was so great, that the young man learned that which he had never expected to learn on earth,—how a man's life can be crushed out into utter dark-

SWANSON'S 5-DROPS KILLS THE POISONOUS EFFECT OF MOSQUITO BITES

DESTROYS THE GERMS
A REMEDY FOR POISONOUS BITES OF INSECTS

Medical and scientific authorities agree that the spread of an infectious disease is more frequently caused by the carrying of the disease germs from one person to another by insects than in any other way. The examinations by the medical board appointed by the U. S. Surgeon General to investigate infectious diseases, etc., points conclusively to the mosquito as being responsible for the spread of yellow fever, malaria and other dangerous diseases. Disease is spread by an insect biting a person who is in an unhealthy condition and then carrying the poison to another person who may be in the best of health, but is quickly in the throes of disease brought on by the inoculation of poisonous matter into the blood by the bite of the insect. Keep a bottle of "5-DROPS" with you, ready for use at all times. "5-DROPS" applied to the bite will destroy disease germs and kill the poison. A leading authority in the medical profession writes:—"The sting or bite of a mosquito can be compared to a Hypodermic Syringe, loaded with the most virulent poison." Another authority says:—"Statistics prove that a mosquito-ridden neighborhood is a most dangerous locality for residence and that in localities infested with these disease-carrying insects the death rate is exceedingly high."

An application of "5-DROPS" to the bite of insects will at once kill the poison that has been injected and quickly relieve the irritation and soreness.

The tests last year in the south, in Cuba and in other parts of the world prove beyond question that the mosquito is the most dangerous of all insects, carrying and spreading disease wherever it goes.

J. R. KEAN, Surgeon U. S. V., writes: "The role of the mosquito in the transmission of certain diseases is now well established. The evidence is now perfect and conclusive that malaria, as well as filarial infections are carried by this insect."

As an illustration of the terrible effects of mosquito bites we refer to the city of Winchester, Va. where these deadly insects caused so much trouble that in the Spring of 1901 the City Council of Winchester, Va. passed an ordinance compelling every occupier of a house in that city to use the most strenuous efforts to rid the locality of these insects. Get a bottle of "5-DROPS" at once. It will prevent suffering and sickness.

"5-DROPS" Purifies the Blood.

"5-DROPS" taken internally kills all disease germs, purifies the blood, causes a perfectly healthy flow of clean blood through every portion of your body. When this is done, disease is bound to disappear and you will be strong and well. It is a perfect blood purifier.

Get a bottle of "5-DROPS" at once and begin using it. It will make you feel like a "new person." It will give you strength, vigor and vitality. It cures nervousness, sleeplessness and restores the whole system to a natural, healthy condition.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a never failing cure for these diseases. It is an internal and external remedy, and is an absolute cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia. "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all impurities, thereby effecting a permanent cure. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the pains almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use.

Kidney Trouble. You, who are suffering from Kidney Trouble or Liver Complaint, will find a positive cure in "5-DROPS." It is the most effectual remedy ever discovered for these diseases. A single dose will give immediate results. It goes direct to the spot. It keeps the liver-cells properly at work. It restores the kidneys to their normal condition by removing the acids which are the cause of the trouble.

FREE. A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any of the above named diseases. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address. Write today.

NOTE.—Large Size Bottle (300 Doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town, order from us direct. AGENTS WANTED.

THE "SWANSON PILL" CURES CONSTIPATION.

An ideal cathartic pill that cures constipation, stomach troubles, heartburn, belching, fullness and distress after eating, etc. Causes a natural, healthy action of Bowels, Kidneys and Liver.

PRICE OF PILLS, PREPAID BY MAIL, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTICE.—Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a household remedy that every family should have, and we advise our readers to take advantage of the liberal offer made by SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., and secure A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE. Cut out the coupon and write them at once.

ness suddenly, by worldly calamities. In one night, at one fell blow, Judge Pardee's ruin was wrought, and in that one night he became a poor man.

Somehow, Edgar gained courage to help him through the ordeal, for to him the ordeal was almost as bitter as though it were his own individual sorrow, blow for blow. And how would she bear it? She, who lived for the world alone? He shuddered, and then his eyes lit up with a smile. But, no! he would keep his secret yet.

There was a ring at the doorbell, and a servant ushered in Alden Reeves! The secretary arose, and his face was very pale and stern, as he acknowledged Reeves' cool, insolent greeting.

"You are Judge Pardee's private secretary?" he queried. Edgar bowed quite as haughtily as Mr. Reeves himself, and truth to tell, the secretary held his own with good grace.

"I have heard some rumors regarding Judge Pardee's affairs," went on the rich man; "is there any truth in the unfortunate stories?"

Edgar's face grew white. "Unfortunately, indeed; but I prefer to say as little as possible. I am going now to see the Judge."

"You corroborate the report?" persisted Reeves; "I am—was—to be his son-in-law, and I have a right to know."

"There is nothing to hope for," returned Edgar impatiently. "I have to go to Judge Pardee, Mr. Reeves."

"Then, the girl may break her heart in single blessedness, for all of me!" exclaimed the millionaire.

"Miss Pardee will never marry a cad!" the words fell from Edgar's lips in the white heat of anger. Reeves straightened up threateningly, but thought better of it.

"There may be a chance for you," he sneered. But his insolence was cut short, for Edgar Delmaine's right arm shot out from the shoulder, and Mr. Alden Reeves measured his length on the rich carpet.

"I will meet you whenever and wherever you like," said Edgar, coolly.

But the other staggered to his feet without a word, and white and crestfallen hastened from the house.

Half an hour later, Edgar was at the aristocratic mansion of Judge Pardee's friend, where the lawn party was in progress, and there

breathed forth his terrible tidings to the old man. Judge Pardee uttered no cry nor moan; his cheek grew deathly white, but he said no word. He summoned his daughter, and with as much calmness as though nothing serious had happened, placed her in the carriage, got in at her side, and together with Edgar they drove homeward. Alas! they had no home in the world now!

In the grand entrance hall at the old Pardee mansion, Edgar paused and glanced swiftly into Lenore's beautiful, proud face. She was pale with premonition, but her father had not yet broken the news to her. The young man's eyes met the full, startled gaze of the girl, and with a swift movement his hand closed softly, firmly around her white fingers. She withdrew her hand as though his touch had profaned it, and with a haughty gesture, stepped aside.

"Lenore!"

Their eyes met, and a swift thrill of something which she did not understand, flashed through her veins. Her father had stepped into the library; somehow Edgar's dark eyes seemed to thrill the girl through and through. With a low cry he caught her in his arms. Yes; the haughty, exclusive millionaire's daughter was in the arms of the poor secretary!

"My darling! my darling!" he cried. "I have loved you always."

The library door, opening just then, aroused him from his trance of rapture; rapture, for she had not repulsed him. And he saw before him, Judge Pardee, white to the lips, and shaking feebly, like one half estranged. But still, his proud old face was convulsed with a storm of ungovernable rage and wounded pride.

At that moment Alden Reeves strode in at the library door, pale and passion-tossed. He had gone, to verify without the possibility of a doubt, the secretary's story of loss and beggary, and now had returned to the old man, to cut the Gordian knot that bound him where there was no longer gold.

In a few broken words he stammered out the story of his regret over the betrothal; and Judge Pardee knew that his peerless daughter was thrown aside like a faded flower or a worn-out glove; and there in the presence of the secretary (oh! bitter shame and humiliation), Judge Pardee listened to the shameful words that told him that, his daughter's gold gone, the man who had asked her to be his wife

was giving her up forever.

He listened and lived through it all, through all the shame of the bitter blow. And did no voice whisper to his heart of the mockery of a marriage built only upon a foundation of gold and false sentiment? Edgar Delmaine came forward, and his white face confronted the old man, as Alden Reeves slunk away.

But, trembling and panting, he motioned the secretary out of his path. His wrinkled face wore a look of unyielding and undying pride.

"How dare you?" he choked huskily. "You have dared to take unpardonable liberties,—you, the poverty-stricken secretary—such unparalleled boldness because—"

"Because I love your daughter, Judge Pardee!"

Silence. It was the awful hush when a human soul suddenly goes forth into the great unknown.

"I—I do not know your meaning," gasped and faltered the old man. Then, turning, he pointed to the door. "Go!" he faltered.

But Edgar stood gazing into Lenore's eyes, glorious eyes! "You do love me, Lenore?" he questioned softly. Her face was turned to his; she bowed her haughty head—proud—but she had found her master!

"Go!" commanded the old man cruelly once more. "She is mad—you shall not insult her—because—because she is poor."

"She shall not be poor, nor you," returned the young man quietly. "I may as well keep my secret no longer. Your wealth is gone, it is true. But my grandfather, who died a few weeks ago, has left me heir to millions. It is all my own. We love each other—Lenore and I—and I have found it out; I have carried her heart by storm, Judge Pardee,—will you give her to be my wife? Surely you will not refuse?"

And he did not.

THE seven wonders of the world are the colossal statue, or brazen image of the Sun at Rhodes; the Egyptian Pyramids; Diana's Temple at Ephesus; the Mausoleum of Mausolus, King of Caria; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; the statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias, at Elis in Peloponnesus; and the Pharos, or watch tower of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on the small island of Pharos, in the Bay of Alexandria.



"5-DROPS"

CURES

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Malaria, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Creeping Numbness, Paralysis, and all Blood Diseases.

COUPON No. 11000

Cut this out and send it with your name and address to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will be sent a bottle of "5-DROPS" free, postpaid.



(TRADE MARK)